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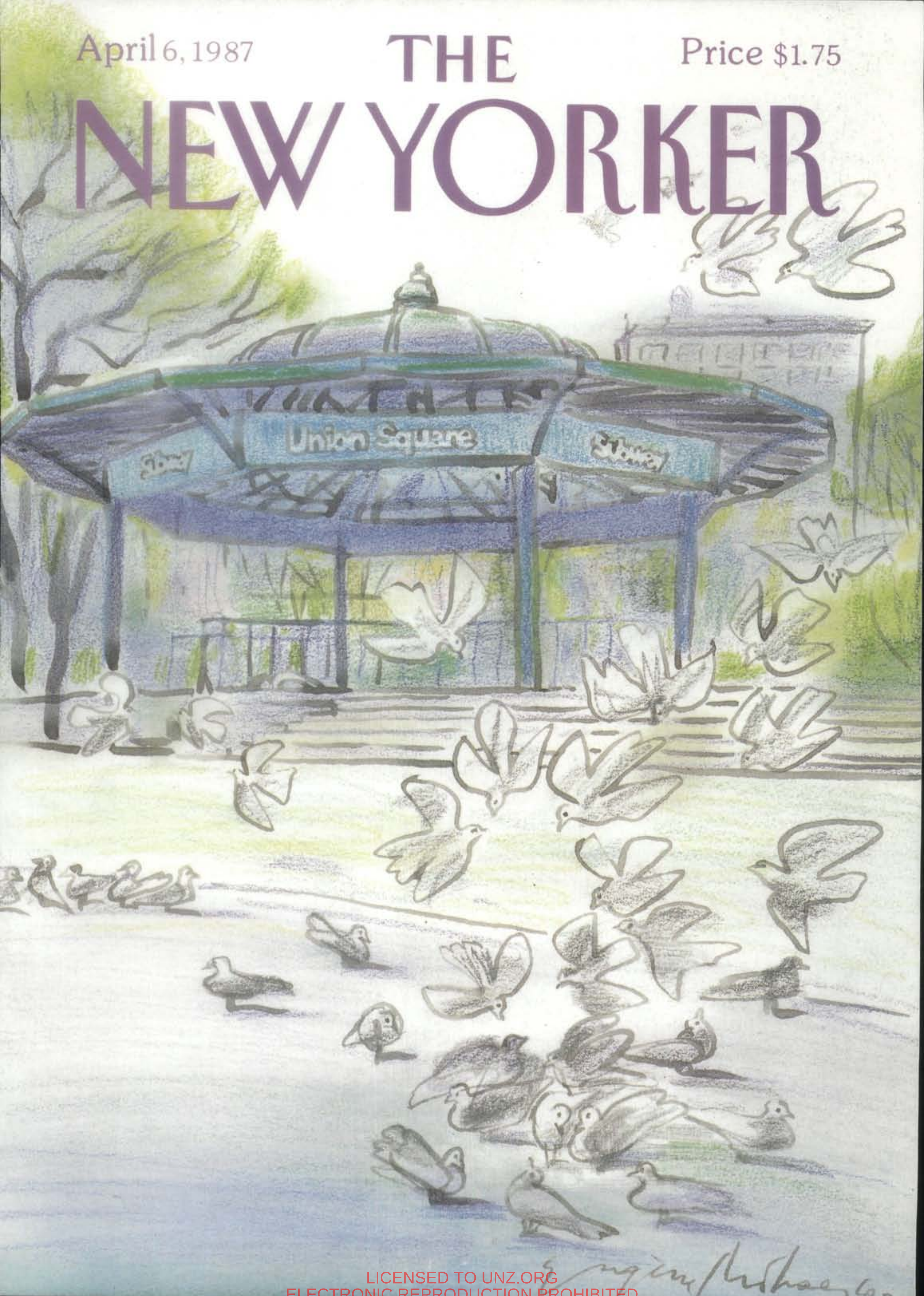

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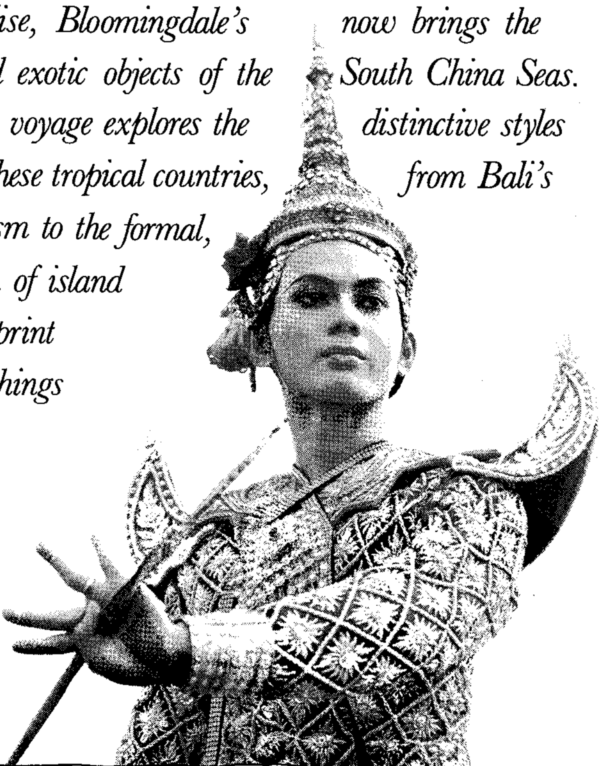

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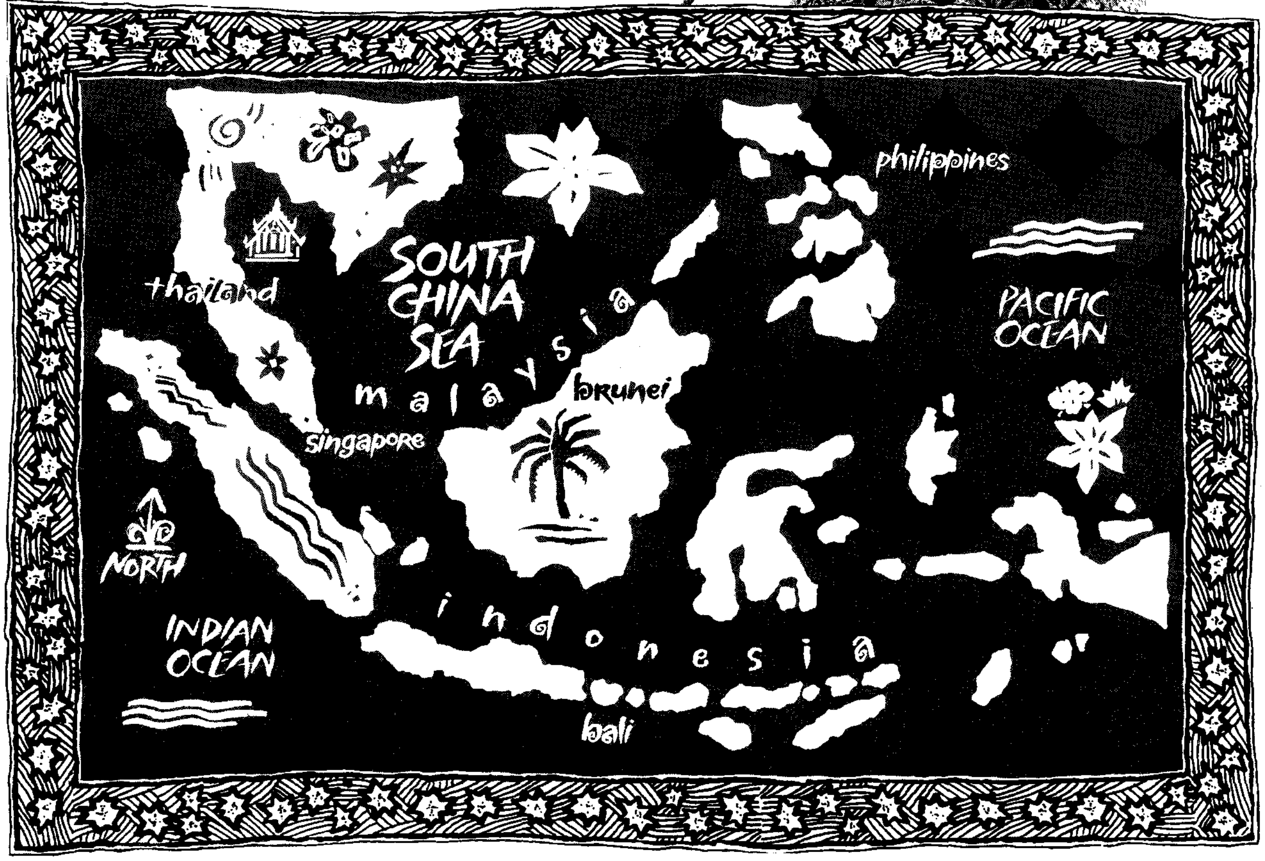
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Blithe Spirit—Richard Chamberlain, Blythe Danner, Judith Ivey, and Geraldine Page are featured in a revival of Noël Coward's comedy. Directed by Brian Murray. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Broadway Bound—A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. The cast includes Linda Lavin, Jonathan Silverman, John Randolph, Philip Sterling, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. The director is Gene Saks. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The sixth in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of the 1939 musical **too many girls**, with a score by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart, and a book by George Marion, Jr. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hunger Artist—Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke and "created with" the actors who perform it, this evocation in words, music, and dance of the works of Franz Kafka makes a long, depressing evening. (3/9/87) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30 and 9:30; Friday at 8; and Saturday at 7:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, April 4.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewis comedian, the George Washington of th Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and wh knows why? Perhaps they are being offere the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and th sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freu himself to break down and sob as he sough to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Knife—A very, very solemn cantata abou an Englishman, married and with three children, who undergoes a sex-change operation The show doesn't amount to much, in spite o the good singing and acting of Mandy Patinkin, as the patient, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, as a woman who loves him. Davi Hare was both author and director; music b Nick Bicât and lyrics by Tim Rose Price (3/23/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598 7150. Wednesday through Saturday at 8 Matinées Wednesday at 2, and Saturday an Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play o sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8

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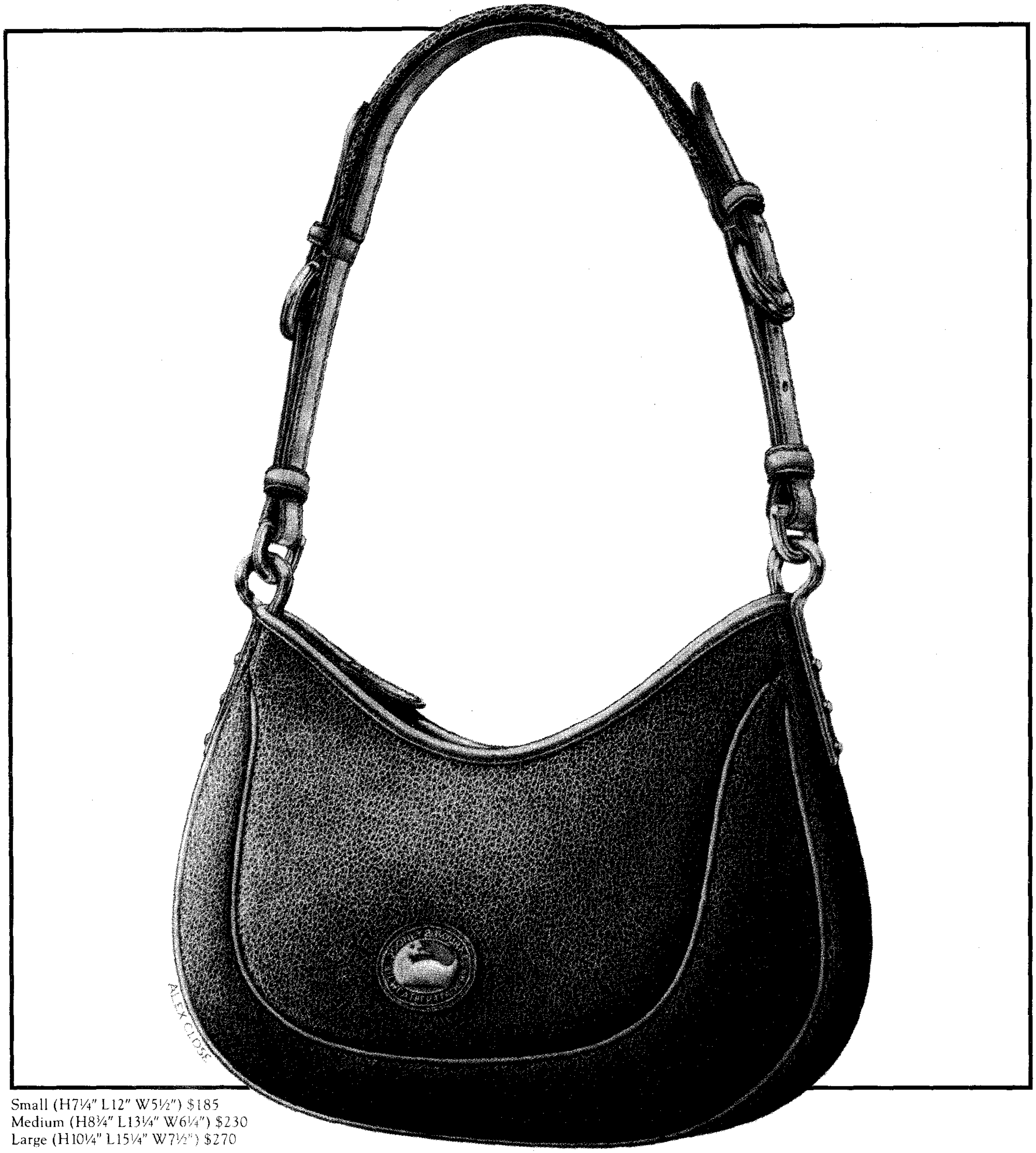

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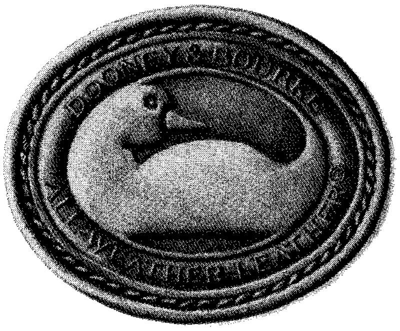

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Me and My Girl—A fifty-year-old British musical once starred in by Lupino Lane. His worthy successor is Robert Lindsay, who in his day has played Hamlet and can evidently play anything. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mikado—The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, seen earlier this year at City Center. Previews Wednesday, April 1. Opens officially on Thursday, April 2, and will run through Sunday, April 19. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Miracle Worker—Karen Allen stars in a revival of William Gibson's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 19.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A comedy whodunit written and directed by John Bishop, recently seen at Circle Rep. Previews through Sunday, April 5. Reopens on Monday, April 6. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

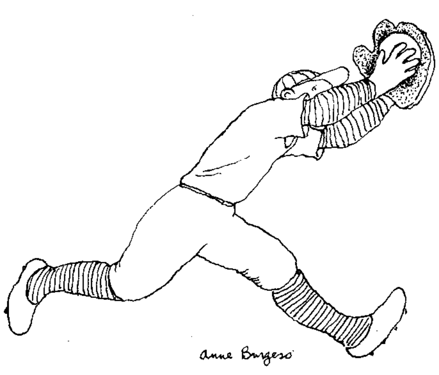
The Nerd—This farcical comedy by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man, who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Verge—A diverting little comedy by Eric Overmyer, about three Victorian lady explorers who travel through time (from the eighteen-eighties to 1955) over terra incognita. Lisa Banes, Patricia Hodges, and Laura Hicks play the indomitable heroines, and Tom Robbins plays everybody they meet on their journey. Garland Wright was the able director. Scenery, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, were designed by John Arnone, Ann Hould-Ward, and James F. Ingalls, respectively. (3/30/87) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Safe Sex—A trilogy of one-acters by Harvey Fierstein, who appears in two of the plays. Directed by Eric Concklin. Previews through Saturday, April 4. Opens officially on Sunday, April 5. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, April 1, at 2.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

South Pacific—This production, by the New York City Opera, is haunted by the original, and apparently irreplaceable, performance; nevertheless, the score and lyrics and book are strong enough to carry it. This time, the stars are Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. (3/16/87) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (3/30/87) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Stardust—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—A failed comedy by A. R. Gurney, Jr., about a divorced artist in middle age and a young man who is her son's roommate at college. Four actors (Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton) portray this woebegone couple, who love neither wisely nor too well. (1/19/87) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux, played by Hallie Foote and Eric Stoltz. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Beware Women—Howard Barker's drama, based on the seventeenth-century play of the same name by Thomas Middleton. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

York Theatre Company—A revised version of "The Apple Tree," a 1966 musical by Jerry
Bock and Sheldon Harnick. (York Theatre,
E. 90th St. 534-5366. Fridays and Saturda
April 4, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matiné
Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Satu
day, April 11.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version
"*The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*
Twain's great novel has been respectful
dealt with in a book by William Hauptma
with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Hei
Landesman has somehow managed to put t
Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Nei
230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays throug
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays ar
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . .
CAGE AUX FOLLES: A dazzling production of
musical that has little wit and a lot of phor
sentimentality about the tenderhearted fan
ily life of homosexuals. The music, by Jer
Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palac
Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesda
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays
3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T.
Eliot "Old Possum," and under that nan
Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cat
and now the cats are on display on Broa
way, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webbe
scenery and costumes by John Napier, ar
direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garde
Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, e
cept Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays ar
Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group
young dancers audition for a handful of ch
rus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and b
the time the evening is over we know ever
thing about all of them. (Shubert, 225 V
44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sunday
at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays
2.) . . . **DROOD:** Old-fashioned mock-Victoria
nonsense, with book and songs by Rupe
Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. T
cast is headed by George Rose. (Imperia
249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, exce
Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays ar
Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,2
performances so far. (Sullivan Street Pla
house, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St., 67
3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Satu
days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:3
Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** On
upon a time there was a silly-wonderf
Warner Brothers musical about a youn
hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled st
and herself becomes a star overnight. T
legitimate musical that has been fashion
from the movie musical is just as silly but b
no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 V
44th St. 239-6200. Moves on Tuesday, Apr
7, to the St. James, 246 W. 44th St., 39
0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Ma
inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, an
Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Her
Gardner's synthetic, though often entertai
ing, comedy about two old men who share
bench in Central Park, starring Ossie Dav
and Hal Linden. (Booth, 222 W. 45th S
239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORROR**
Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quic
ie about a man-eating plant, this exuberan
jokey musical is wholly free of camp. Th
score is by Alan Menken, and Howard As
man directed and wrote the book and lyric
Martin P. Robinson designed the menacin
plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th S
239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at
and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Su
days at 2 and 5.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A music
comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbank
432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays throug
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an
Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **O**
CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches tha
purport to give us a refreshing view of se
and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302
2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Sa
urdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at
Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays a
3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Double
bill performances of "Trial by Jury" an
"The Sorcerer" begin Friday, April 3, an
will run through Sunday, April 19. (Sym
phony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday
and Saturdays, and Wednesday and Thurs
day, April 8-9, at 8. Matinées Saturdays an

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, April 8, at 2. For information about tickets, call 769-1000.)

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-seventeenth edition opens Tuesday, April 7, and will run through Sunday, May 17. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, April 7, at 2 and 7:30; Wednesday, April 8, at 7:30; Thursday, April 9, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, April 10, at 2; and Saturday, April 11, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30.)

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, April 1: "Allegro Brillante" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, April 2-3: "Toccata e Due Canzoni," "Bugaku," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, April 4, and Sunday matinée, April 5: "Footprints Dressed in Red," "Fancy Free," and "Firebird." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 239-6200. Evenings at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3.)

Meredith Monk and Ping Chong—In a revival of "The Travelogue Series: Paris/Venice-Milan/Chacon," with a twenty-member company. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2 and 7:30.)

Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians—"Magnetic" (New York première), "Tympani," and "Sky Light." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, April 7, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, April 8-10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 2 and 7:30.)

Dai Rakuda Kan—A Japanese Butoh troupe appearing here for the first time. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday, April 8, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, April 9-10, at 8; Saturday, April 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

Battery Dance Company—"Thirteen Winds" (première) and "Last Dance." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Thursday, April 9, at 6:45; Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, at 8; and Sunday, April 12, at 3. For information about tickets, call 219-3910.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies—**SHIMAZAKI DANCERS:** Wednesday, April 1, and Friday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2. . . . **DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS:** Thursday, April 9, and Saturday and Sunday, April 11-12, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

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Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Alec Wilder lived here, Noël Coward floated in and out of here, and Burton Lane recently dropped by to hear **MARGARET WHITING** sing his "Old Devil Moon" as well as songs by Wilder and Coward, "Moonlight in Vermont," several songs by her father, and a number that Susan Hayward, sounding a lot like Margaret Whiting, pretended to sing in the movie "Valley of the Dolls." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautically appointed bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Sea dogs account for a very small percentage of the clientele. Singer **LODI CARR'S** trio is on board Friday and Saturday, April 3-4. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has a wee girl's voice but it is expressive and her diction is impeccable, and the songs she chooses to sing ("I'm Hip," "My Attorney, Bernie," "Bye-Bye Country Boy," "Bruce") are perfectly suited to her. Early-evening concerts (quiet, please) at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. **KAREN AKERS** sings Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A large, carpeted, bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. Brazilian-born dynamo **TANIA MARIA** sings and plays piano with her trio through Sunday, April 5, and starting Tuesday, April 7, organist **JIMMY SMITH'S** threesome trades sets with a band led by tenor saxophonist **HOUSTON PERSON** and blues belter **ETTA JONES.** Music after nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, beboppers, urban cowboys, and rock-and-roll fundamentalists. Wednesday and Thursday, April 1-2, jazz guitarist Larry Carlton; Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, the great tenor saxophonist **SONNY ROLLINS;** Monday and Tuesday, April 6-7, country-music singer and leading man **KRIS KRISTOFFERSON** and Mary Chapin Carpenter; Thursday, April 9, percussionist and performance *artiste* David Van Tieghem; and Friday, April 10, **TAJ MAHAL,** whose music the blues-loving poet Philip Larkin once pronounced "conservative and good" (it's still good). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228 6440)—A real New York bar: it has dar wood panelling, Type A conversationalist and some very good pianists (who play th very beautiful concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) an bassists. **HILTON RUIZ,** a sometimes driving an sometimes dreamy pianist, works with **RA DRUMMOND** through Saturday, April 4, and o Monday, April 6, **KENNY BARRON** and **SAN DEBRIANO** swing into action. On Sunday April 5, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMA** heads up a trio. Music from nine-forty-fiv Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982 3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwor and long tables with pink tablecloths an pink napkins—you might mistake it for jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Singer-pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** i here through Sunday, April 5, and on Tuesday, April 7, singer-songwriter **OSCAR BROWN JR.,** takes charge. Mondays are reserved fo the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCK** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine ever night but Monday, when it begins at eigh Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744 1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among caf singers, is once again presiding over the littl principality known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** ar his aides. Shows Tuesdays through Saturday at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, Ludwig Bemelmans' rabbits perform everyday stunts on the walls an **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the pian Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533 7902)—**MICHAEL BRECKER,** who plays tenor saxophone and a reedlike electronic gizmo calle a Steinerphone, will be in this velvet-and mirror-walled music box with his quinte through Sunday, April 5. On Tuesday, Apri 7, hard-blowing altoist **PHIL WOODS** brings i his Little Big Band (his usual quintet, plu three horn men). Mondays remain th property of guitarist, recording whiz, an raconteur **LES PAUL.** Music from eight Tuesday through Sundays, and from nine on Monday Dining.

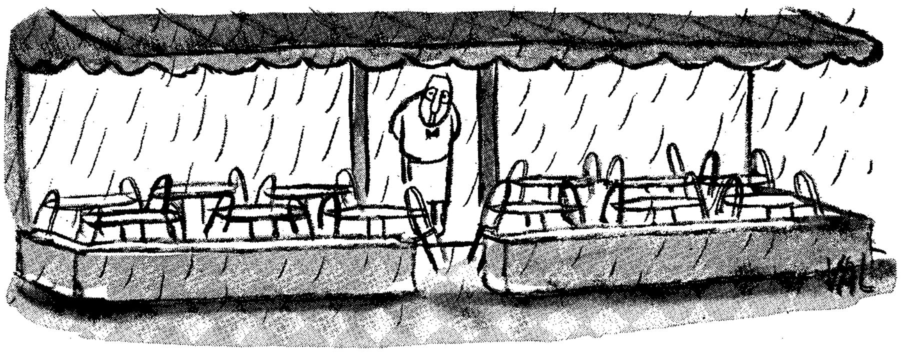
Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Whe **SYLVIA SYMS** isn't singing she's talking—abou a birthday party for Lorenz Hart, or C Coleman, or her good friend Frank Sinatra, o the night-club impresario Julius Monk, who she says, called her "the Diva in the Round" —and when she isn't talking her husky contralto is making wonderful sense of "Then There Eyes" or "I Didn't Know What Tim It Was" or "I Could Have Danced Al Night." Shows at nine Wednesday an Thursday, April 1-2, and at eight-thirty an eleven Friday and Saturday, April 3-4.

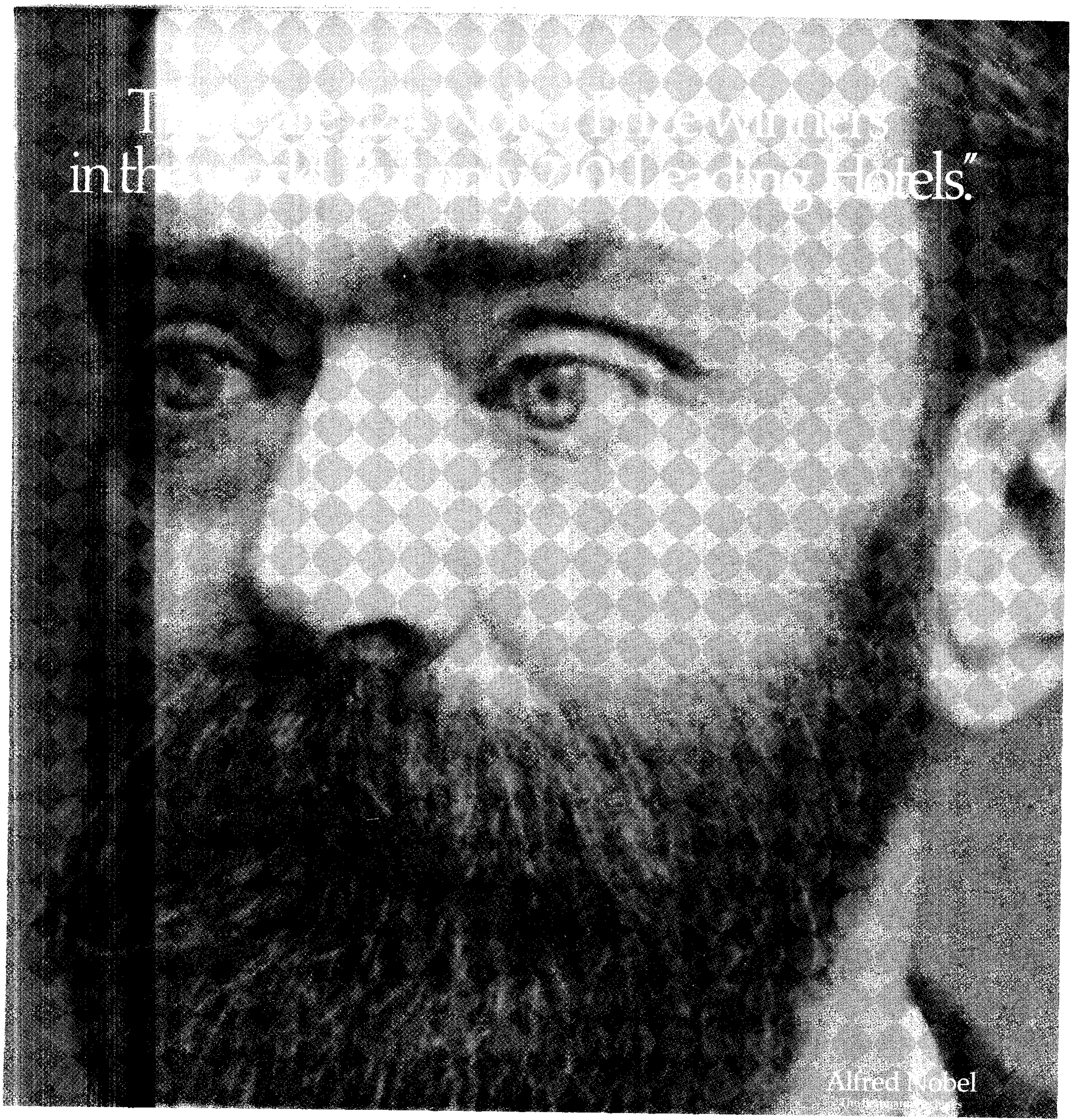
Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)— cathedral-size bar and restaurant. Pianist practice their art in a little grove of palms, half mile or so from the bar. Bring your binoculars. The piano belongs to **HAL SCHAEFE** through Saturday, April 4, and to **ARME DONELIAN** starting Tuesday, April 7. Sets begi at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and a seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Close Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kit Moran sings with her faithful backing crew pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau Ellington scholar and stride ace **BROOKS KERR** i at the upright on Sundays; Stan Edward sings on Mondays; and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio is on duty on Tuesdays. Musi from about ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **KENNY BARRON** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** collaborate through Saturday, April 4, and starting Tuesday, April 7, **JUNIOR MANCE,** the author of "How to Play Blues Piano," and his longtime partner **MARTY RIVERA** engage in bluesy duets. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Scary-movie buffs like the epic-size iguana on the roof of this establishment; Texans like the reminders of home; and the mu-

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sicians like the Texans, the New Yorkers, and the other visitors from this planet who regularly fill the joint up. Thursday, April 2, Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers and the Surreal McCoys; Friday, April 3, bluesman Duke Robillard & the Pleasure Kings; Wednesday, April 8, saxophonist **OLIVER LAKE** and his reggae-and-funk band, **JUMP UP**; Thursday, April 9, country-blues singer **TRACY NELSON** and Louisiana swamp cat **DR. JOHN**; and Friday, April 10, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION**, Elvis-era rock and rollers from Memphis. Music after nine. Dinin'.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the back room, which is where you want to be, you can see the mighty blues and ballad singer **JOE WILLIAMS.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra saves the clarinettist's chair for Woody Allen. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A popular, north-of-chic upper West Side gathering place, where, however, because of the city's Prohibition-age cabaret laws, you will now find no more than three musicians gathered together at one time. Baritone saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** and a legal number of sidemen occupy the bandstand on Friday and Saturday, April 3-4. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Friday, April 3, the KBC Band, with Jefferson Airpeople Paul Kantner, Marty Balin, and Jack Casady; Saturday, April 4, Zebra; Monday, April 6, middleweight-championship fisticuffs (in grainy video-screen detail), starring Marvellous Marvin Hagler and *Sugar Ray Leonard; Thursday, April 9,* Monty Python's **GRAHAM CHAPMAN**; Friday, April 10, Wang Chung; and Saturday, April 11, the **GOLDEN PALOMINOS** and **RICHARD LLOYD.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Tropical-forest décor (*including a larger-than-life parrot suspended* above the bandstand) and head-swirling music from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and the U.S.A. Wednesday, April 1, trumpeter **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and his salsa ensemble; Thursday, April 2, Yomo Toro, who plays a ten-string Puerto Rican folk instrument called the *cuatro;* Friday, April 3, the Brazilian samba band Sugarloaf; Saturdays, April 4 and 11, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7-8, the great romantic tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ;** and Thursday, April 9, singer Yana Purim. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—According to Pliny the Elder, sweet basil mixed with rose oil and vinegar and applied as a liniment relieves headache and fatigue. No ailment-specific claim can be made for the South African-born pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his lilting septet, **EKAYA,** but something like wellness may overtake you during one of their sets. The group plays *every night but Monday, when* **GIL EVANS'** shimmering, electrified orchestra holds forth. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club, now a venerable ten years old. Wednesday, April 1, Velveteen and Blonde Fox, featuring **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE,** the pulchritudinous, double-jointed singer and multi-instrumentalist who likes to play the piano with various parts of her bod, including all ten of her classically trained fingers; Thursday, April 2, Roger Miller Maximum Electric Piano; Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, West Coast bluesmen Frankie Lee and Sonny Rhodes; Monday, April 6, the **LOUNGE LIZARDS,** a somewhat more polished version of the outfit that used to play ha-ha "fake jazz" for downtown hepcats; Wednesday, April 8, **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** and Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, Chicago blues titan **OTIS RUSH.** Shows after nine-thirty.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Peppy salsa bands play for their excitable fans in the gym-size downstairs room on Mondays after nine. On April 6, **CONJUNTO CLASICO, CHARANGA AMERICA,** and tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** the guest soloist, will all be on hand. Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can observe the effects *of spring on pedestrians and listen to the* buoyant two-fisted pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** who performs with bassist **CLINT HOUSTON** every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** leads his quartet through Sunday, April 5, and on Tuesday, April 7, pianist **MAL WALDRON** descends the stairs with his quintet. Mondays are Blast Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines and the jukebox is a room full of jazz and comedy. A band co-piloted by pianist **STEVE COLSON** and singer Iqua Colson and featuring tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** works out *through Sunday, April 5, and on Wednesday,* April 8, vibist Joe Locke arrives with his quartet. On Mondays, comedians do whatever comes into their wacky little heads. Shows from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, *putting an end to some discussions and inspiring* others. Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF,** pianist **JOHN BUNCH,** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** swing it gently but firmly through Saturday, April 4, and on Monday, April 6, pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** commence a six-night stand. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and Mr. Moore play quietly fervent, highly melodic, room-stilling jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

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JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Pretenders—With the Smithereens. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100 Wednesday through Friday, April 1-3, at 8.)

Iron Maiden—Madison Square Garden. 564 4400. Thursday, April 2, at 8.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday April 5, at 2.

Sharon Freeman Septet—St. Peter's Church Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, April 5 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night o the concert.

Don Pullen—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St 598-7150. Monday, April 6, at 8.

Paquito d'Rivera—*With his Havana–New York* quintet, plus Louie Ramirez and his ensemble. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824 Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Papo Vasquez & Bombajazz—Americas Society Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, April 10, at 8 Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Julius Hemphill Trio—Greenwich House, 2 Barrow St. Saturday, April 11, at 8 and 10 Tickets at the door on the night of the concerts.

Jazz Center of New York—Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 9: Emiko Mizoguchi, with the Katsumi Tani trio, and the Hiko Band . . . ¶ Sunday, April 5, at 8: Wesleyan University big band. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Apri 8, at 8:30 and 10: Ed Palermo big band. (38 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 o 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

James Bishop—Fifteen sand-colored oils on pape by a minimalist. Through April 25. (Simon Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

Victor Elmaleh—Tiny abstract watercolors, plus paper collages and two tapestries. Through Saturday, April 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael Goldberg and Norman Bluhm—Severa paintings apiece, from the fifties and sixties by two second-generation New York Schoo artists. Through April 18. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Raoul Hague—Eight large abstract sculptures in walnut and one in cherry. Through May 2 (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—More than seventy drawings, including early sketches of his mother and father, and a few paintings among them "Sunlight in a Cafeteria" (1958) Through April 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E 70th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941) **and Andreas Jawlensky** (1902-84)—Thirty-four paintings by the elder, and thirty-five paintings and pastels by his son. Through May 30. (Hutton 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Neil Jenney—New paintings that combine serial images, words, and frames. Through April 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

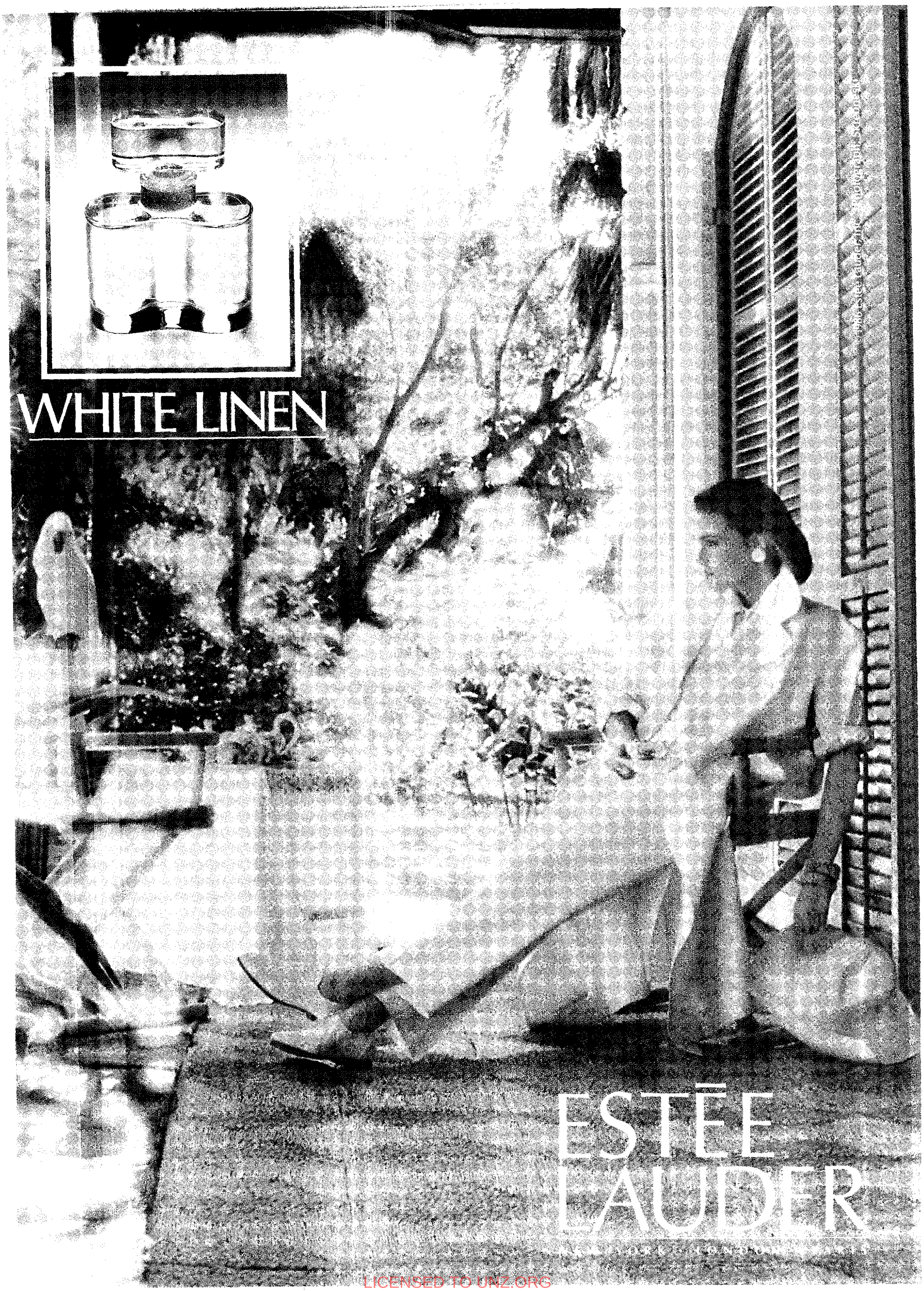
Lois Lane—A ten-year survey of her paintings, revealing a certain continuity between the 1977 black-on-black canvases and the 1987 black-and-white-and-gray works. Through Saturday, April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Musical instruments inspired this group of eighteen highly polished wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Constructivist works, *including watercolors, photo*graphs, drawings, and collages, mostly from the early twenties. Through May 16. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Paul Resika—The Provincetown Pier at sunset, and other paintings and drawings of Provincetown. Through April 25. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sandra Mendelsohn Rubin—Sharp-focus landscapes of Northern California, cityscapes of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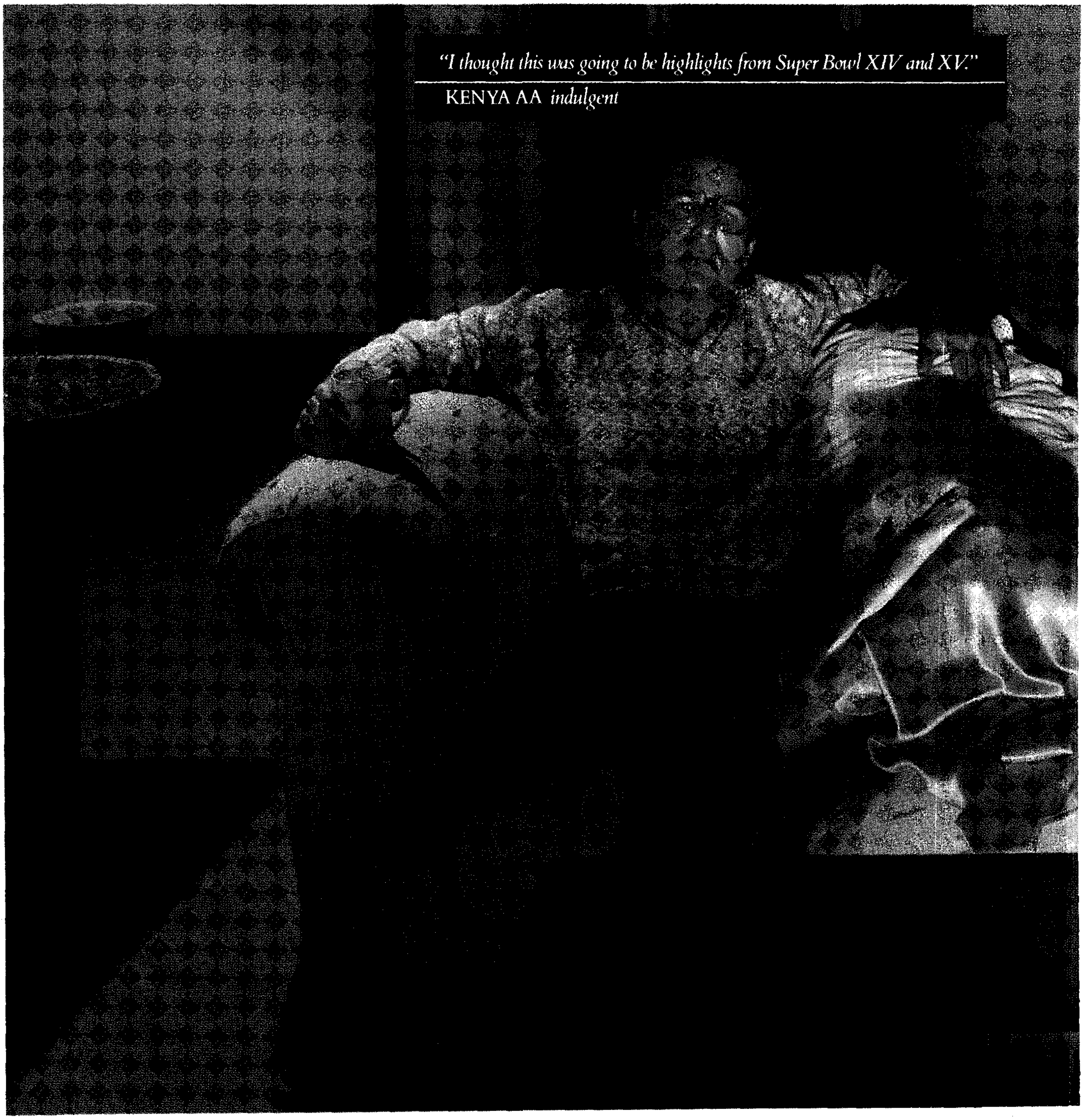

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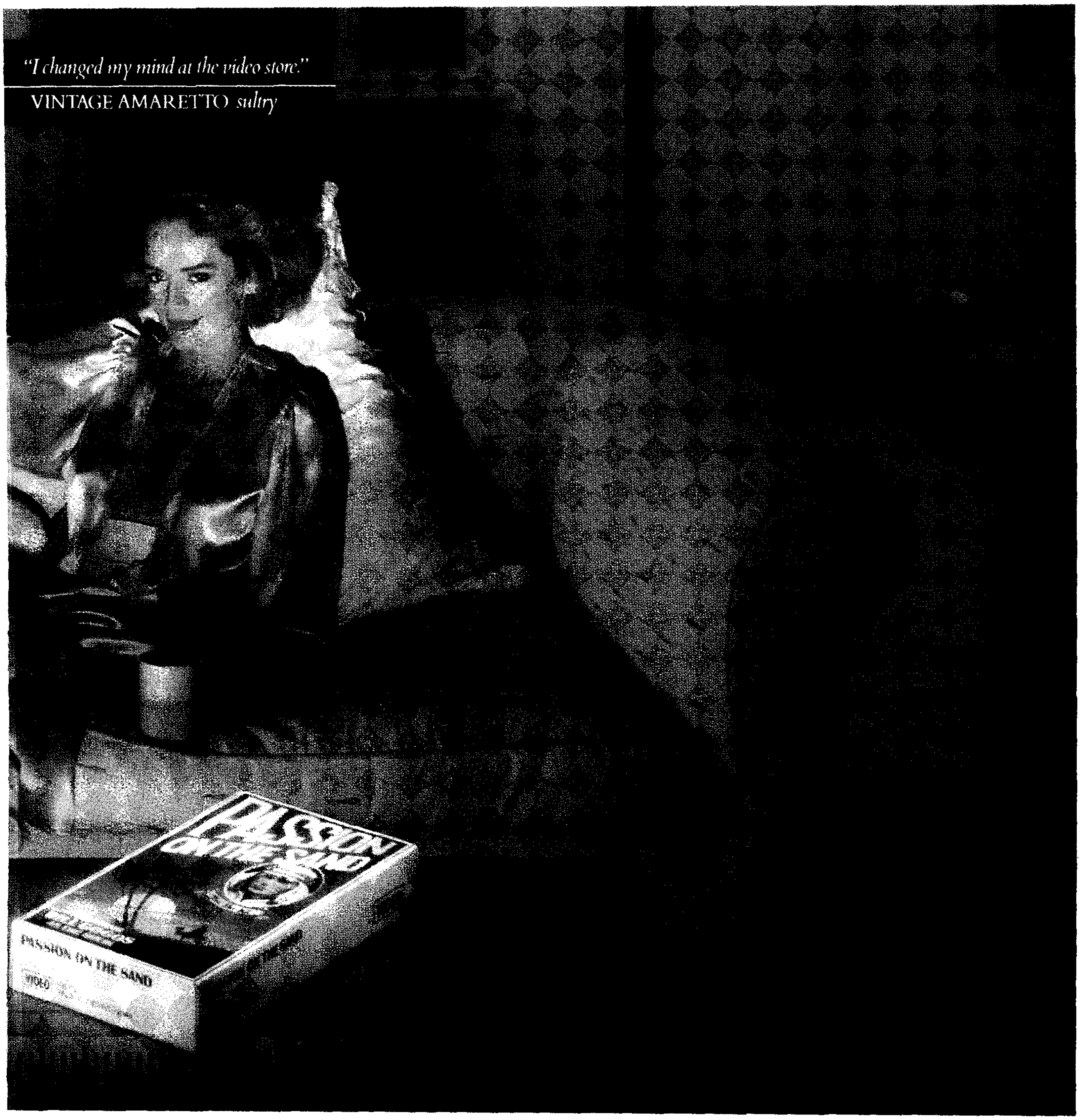
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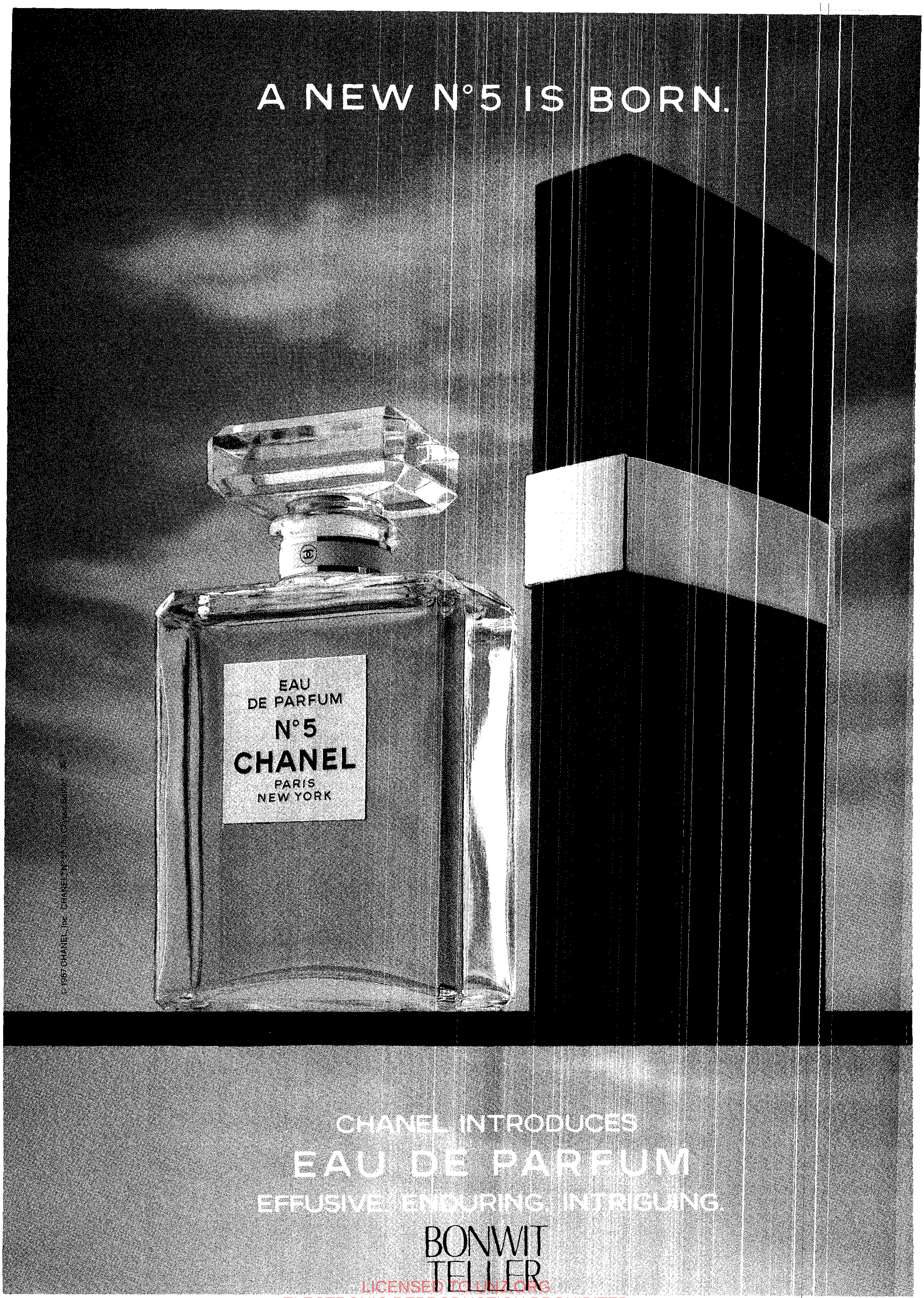
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Venice, California, and self-portraits. Through Saturday, April 11. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through May 2. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Andrew Stevovich—Telling scenes captured in precise, stylized paintings; a jeweller showing a string of pearls to a bourgeois couple, for instance. Through April 21. (Coe Kerr, 49 East 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pierre Alechinsky—Two gallery shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Recent paintings and drawings at Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Prints at Isselbacher, 41 E. 78th St. Through April 25.

Jake Berthot—Graphite abstractions scratched into enamel on paper, plus several watercolors caricaturing the artist at work. Through April 18. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nell Blaine—Robust views of Riverside Park, the Hudson River, and Gloucester Harbor, plus still-lifes and garden scenes. Through April 22. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings from the early seventies. Through April 25. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976) / **Alfred Jensen** (1903-81)—Bronze sculptures, mostly from 1944. / Patterned abstractions. Through April 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lesley Dill—Wood and synthetic-cement sculptures of elongated figures, some blackened with paint or tar. Through Saturday, April 4. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Pablo Gargallo (1881-1934)—Portrait sculptures, radical in their day, by a Spaniard whose work has rarely been shown here. Bronze and copper were his main materials. Through Saturday, April 4. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—New figurative drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through April 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Willy Heeks / Rex Lau—Paintings by a young artist whose calligraphic strokes ally him with first-generation Abstract Expressionists. / Abstract relief paintings. Through April 25. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Watercolors. Through May 2. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Kushner / Nancy Burson—Bronzes, in the artist's first show of sculptures. / Cibachrome prints co-opting paintings by van Gogh, Cézanne, and El Greco, by an artist who starts off the process at the keyboard of a personal computer. Through April 18. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joe Lasker—New oils. Through Saturday, April 4. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986) / **Brian Wall**—Eighteen photographs that Moore took of his sculptures, both indoors and out. / Six small steel sculptures. Through May 9. (Lowinsky, 38 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Etchings and lithographs by Moore at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. (Through April 18.)

Robert Natkin—Acrylic paint that the artist applies with sponges wrapped in cloth gives these bright-colored abstractions a subtly textured appearance. Through April 25. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jules Olitski—Painted-and-folded Plexiglas sculptures. Through Saturday, April 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arnaldo Pomodoro—Bronzes inspired by columns, spheres, and spirals. Through April 18. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—New works on paper. Through Saturday, April 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Gerhard Richter—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Oi Sawa / Tazuko Fujii—Abstract oil-on-tin paintings. / Abstract paintings, drawings, and collages. Through Saturday, April 4. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

Millard Sheets—Stylized paintings from the thirties to the present. Through Saturday, April 4. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

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Aaron Shikler—Oils and pastels of still-lifes and female figures. Through April 25. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Kevin Sinnott—Figures rendered in broad brushstrokes—a man sitting in a beach chair and biting his nails, people engaged in deliberately enigmatic activities. Through April 25. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.)

Donald Sultan—Paintings and photographs. Through May 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman—Painted-aluminum wall reliefs of genre scenes—"Bucket Brigade," for instance. Through Saturday, April 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Christopher Wool—Glossy black-and-white enamel-on-steel paintings whose all-over patterns were applied with a roller. Through Saturday, April 4. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

Early-Twentieth-Century Europeans—A loan show of paintings and sculptures, among them two Bonnard nudes, an early and a late Mondrian, and figures by Giacometti. Through April 25. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Paintings and sculptures from 1875 to 1945 by American women, including Malvina Hoffman and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through May 16. (Grand Central Art Galleries, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Large-scale painted-wood constructions. Through April 18. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Recent works. Through April 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Lynda Benglis / Robert Mangold—Recent wall sculptures. / Works on paper. Through April 18. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Siri Berg—Hard-edge paintings with contrasting rough and smooth textures. Through April 18. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

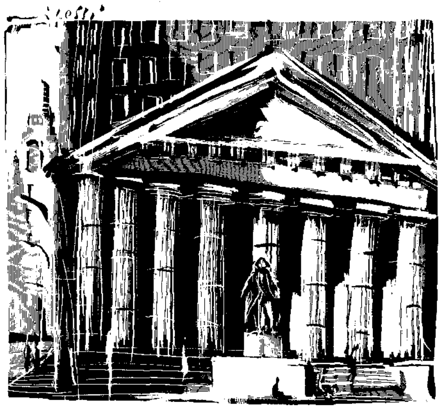
Carolyn Brady—Watercolors of the tulip beds in Baltimore's Sherwood Garden are among these floral paintings. Through April 29. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Donna Byars—Six large sculptures. Through April 18. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Aharon Gluska—Small, heavily worked canvases. Through May 2. (Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Julie Gross—New abstract paintings. Through April 15. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Hambleton / Alan Sonfist—Paintings of idyllic landscapes interrupted by geometric forms. / An installation of cast-bronze branches and real leaves which is part of an effort by the artist to broadcast his concerns about endangered trees. Through Wednesday, April 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)



Betti-Sue Hertz—Paintings of numerous attenuated figures, creating an effect tantamount to abstraction. Through Saturday, April 4. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Robin Hill—Leaning freestanding sculptures in wire mesh, concrete, and wood, all of which is covered with pigmented beeswax. Through Saturday, April 4. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Catherine Lee—Paintings on shaped panels. Through April 25. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Geometric abstractions, eight painted on irregularly shaped canvases (called "imperfect" by the artist), one on a rectangular ("perfect") canvas. Through Saturday, April 4. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. A show of drawings is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Bronze figures in a year-long show. (Friends of Figurative Sculpture, a new gallery at 53 Mercer St. Opens at noon Fridays through Sundays.)

Keith Milow—Wall sculptures, some of them in hydrostone tinted with copper powder, and some in wood and sheet lead. Through April 18. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

Tom Otterness—A new bronze piece consisting of three large tables, with benches, that provide a platform for more than a hundred other sculptures. Through Saturday, April 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Omar Rayo—Thirty paintings from the past twenty years by a Colombian artist. Through May 3. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Halina Rusak / Leila Daw—Paintings of patterns found in folk-art textiles. / One-of-a-kind books and other works. Through Saturday, April 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

T. L. Solien—Stylized symbolic paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, April 4. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Imants Tillers—Paintings. Through April 15. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Grace Bakst Wapner—Fanciful all-white vaselike ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, April 11. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Margaret Wharton—Severely stylized wall constructions using chair parts, copper, and fabric. Through Wednesday, April 8. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Terry Winters—A group of seventy-six works on paper with the over-all title "Schema." Through April 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Wong—Recessed compartments, housing metal objects, are built into wood panels that are partly painted with encaustics and partly collaged with Japanese veneer paper. Through Tuesday, April 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **Castelli**, 142 Greene St.: The second part of the gallery's thirtieth-anniversary show includes works from the sixties and early seventies by Hanne Darboven, Laura Grisi, Joseph Kosuth, and others. Through Saturday, April 4. . . . **Einstein**, 591 Broadway: The second half of a show devoted to panoramic landscapes. Artists include Helen Miranda Wilson, Stephanie Sanchez, and Tahir Shafie. Through April 25. . . . **Gibson**, 568 Broadway: Conceptual works by Peter Halley, Bertrand Lavier, Olivier Mosset, Robert Smithson, and others. Through April 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Macyn Bolt—New wall sculptures. Through April 18. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Deutsch—Paintings dating from 1982. Through April 19. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Carroll Dunham—Twenty-five abstract drawings on alphabet-tabbed file cards. Through Sunday, April 5. (Gorney, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Peter Hopkins—Paintings and photographs. Through April 12. (American Fine Arts, 511

E. 6th St., between Avenues A and B. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Marilyn Lerner—New relief paintings showing her allegiance to Russian Constructivism. Through Saturday, April 4. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

David Nelson / Julian Beck (1925-85)—Small abstract oils on wood. / Works on paper from 1944 to 1950 by an artist who was better known for his theatrical work. Through April 18. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Randolfo Rocha—Painted silhouetted figures seen against billboard backgrounds. Some of the figures wear gas masks, and silk-screened military planes circling them add to the apocalyptic vision. Through April 25. (Neale, 320 Lafayette St. Opens at 1 on Sundays.)

Frank Stella—1958 paintings. Through May 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near 11th Ave.)

Philip Taaffe—Eight large canvases collaged with silk screens and painted. Through April 12. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michael Zansky—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil-and-encaustic on wood. Through Saturday, April 11. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruth Bernhard / Ellen Carey—Gelatin-silver prints of female nudes. / Photographs with paint and collage additions. Through April 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Jack Delano—More than thirty prints, from Farm Security Administration work to recent pictures taken in Puerto Rico. Through April 25. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Sandra Haber / Louis Faurer—Large-scale color montages of TV images. The viewer will recognize Caspar Weinberger and Max Headroom. / Photographs of street life in Philadelphia and New York a half century ago. Through May 2. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

W. Snyder MacNeil—Faces (of the artist's husband and daughter) and hands (of her friends) are the subjects of a series of platinum-palladium prints. Through April 16. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Barbara Pfeffer—Photographs of Jewish communities in New York, Israel, and Russia and of Mayor Koch, Teddy Kollek, and Isaac Bashevis Singer. Through Saturday, April 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—Photographs of people and life in Harlem from 1908 to 1956, many shown for the first time. Through April 19. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Joel-Peter Witkin / Josef Breitenbach (1896-1984)—Photographs and a single sculpture. / Portraits of Ernst, Brecht, and Joyce, among other prints. Through April 25. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Large-format photographs by Nancy Goldring, Sandy Skoglund, David Hockney, Elliot Schwartz, and others. Through April 20. (Baum, 109 Hudson St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of forty-eight French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings belonging to the Courtauld Institute of Art, in London. Renoir's "La Loge" and Gauguin's "Te Rerioa" are among them. Starts Saturday, April 4. . . . ¶ A show of paintings by sixteenth- and seventeeth-century artists from the Emilia-Romagna region of Italy—Correggio, Parmigianino, the Carracci brothers. More than half of the two hundred works are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. (There is also an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints of the period from the museum's collections.) Through May 24. . . . ¶ Ancient Chinese bronzes, jades, and other artifacts, the gifts of Ernest Erickson, are on view. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

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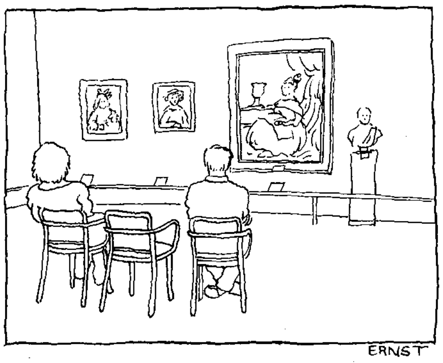
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through May 5. . . . ¶ A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. A complementary show (ending Saturday, April 4) is at the Leo Castelli Gallery, 420 West Broadway. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. Mr. Alechinsky has taken this border motif one step further by painting a rising sun around the museum's elevator entrances. (Complementary shows are at the Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St., and the Isselbacher Gallery, 41 E. 78th St.) . . . ¶ About sixty works that Peggy Guggenheim either showed at her gallery Art of This Century (open from 1942 to 1947) or donated to American museums, in an effort to promote the avant-garde of her time. There are works by Jackson Pollock, David Hare, and Matta that haven't been seen here since the forties. Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Early signs of the nascent Whitney Biennial are evident on the second floor, but full blossom will not be reached until Friday, April 10. . . . ¶ Portraits of carnival performers by Walt Kuhn. Through Sunday, April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Mary Frank's 1985 terra-cotta sculpture "Persephone," and drawings and monotypes of hers showing different representations of the goddess, among other works. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Peter Gourfain, including "Roundabout," a huge wheel-shaped construction incorporating clay, bronze, and wood relief which was nearly a decade in the making. Also, paintings and drawings. Through May 11. . . . ¶ A display of about two hundred works of ancient art donated to the museum by Ernest Erickson, a collector of textiles, ceramics, and metalwork from the Andes, India, Southeast Asia, and Egypt. Through May 18. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)



China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibition of Chinese folk art that once decorated the homes of rural Han peasants and had the additional function of protecting their well-being. Bad luck could be warned off with, for example, a red papercut of a figure that is blowing a horn, banging a drum, and, for good measure, balancing a rooster on its head. Papercuts, embroidered garments, fabrics, and woodblocks. Starts Saturday, April 4. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show devoted to Louis Sullivan (1856-1924), the influential Chicago-school architect and mentor of Frank Lloyd Wright. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. . . . ¶ The accomplishments of a contemporaneous Spanish architect, Anton Gaudí, seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit that includes architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age o Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) anc whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery) Through Sunday, April 5. (Open Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, from 10:30 to 5 Sunday, April 5, from 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., a 89th St.—The National Academy's annua juried exhibition of paintings, drawings prints, and sculptures. Prizes went to Rober Andrew Parker, Anne Poor, Gretna Campbell, Herbert Katzman, Charles Cajori Robert Birmelin, and others. Through Apri 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admissior charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Pat Steir ha transformed the walls of the museum into a huge personal sketchbook—the sketchbook o an artist who is practicing portraiture. The installation has drawings of eye after eye, ea after ear, mouth after mouth. Through Apri 12. *(Open daily except Mondays and Tues*days. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, anc Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Parl W., at 77th St.—A selection of silver collected by Sam Wagstaff, who at his death, earlie this year, was best known for his photography collections. Most of these pieces are late-nineteenth-century American hollowware and flatware. . . . ¶ Contemporary color photographs by Robert *Glenn Ketchum of th*e Hudson River and environs. (The photographs are on the second floor; Hudson Rive School paintings in the society's collection are on the fourth floor.) (Open daily excep Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all o them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palme Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, anc James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, anc combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Cheri Gaulke, with Christine Papalexis (performance), Thursday and Friday, April 2-3, a

8:30. . . . ¶ "Tristan's Break," a performance piece by Trinket Monsod, with a seven-member cast. Thursday and Friday, April 9-10, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Dana Reitz (dance), Thursday through Sunday, April 2-5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ New dances by two choreographers—Nelson Zayas and Cydney Wilkes—Thursday through Sunday, April 9-12, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Music programs (starting at 9)—Thursday, April 2: Broken Box, ¾" Boot, and Mofungo. . . . Friday, April 3: Fish & Roses, Zozobra, and the Spongehead Experience. . . . Saturday, April 4: Boris Policeband, Carey's Problem, Krackhouse, and Sharkey's Machine. . . . Sunday, April 5: Death on a Stick, The Scene Is Now, and Phantom Tollbooth. . . . ¶ Dance programs (starting at 9)—Friday through Sunday, April 3-5: Carol McDowell. . . . Friday through Sunday, April 10-12: Stephanie Skura and Company.

Note—John Kelly reviving three of his performances, done originally in 1982, 1983, and 1984. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Friday through Sunday, April 3-5, at 8. For tickets, call 674-8112.) . . . ¶ John Jesurun's film "Black Maria" runs simultaneously on five screens arranged so that the audience is in the middle of them. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Saturday, April 8-11, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 12, at 3 and 7:30. Through April 26.)

MUSIC

The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 1, at 8: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Dennis O'Neill, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, Gregg Baker, and Terry Cook; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Jessye Norman, Betsy Norden, Régine Crespin, and Florence Quivar; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, April 6, at 6:30: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 7, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Kaaren Erickson, Jessye Norman, Dawn Upshaw, Régine Crespin, and Florence Quivar; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 8, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Alexandrina Milcheva, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, and Terry Cook; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 8: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Aprile Millo, Placido Domingo, and John Macurdy; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Patricia Craig, Dawn Upshaw, Régine Crespin, and Lucine Amara; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 12:30: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Timothy Jenkins, Simon Estes, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Dennis O'Neill, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. (A nonsubscription performance.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Vineyard Opera Shop—James Kurtz conducting final performances of Giuseppe Sarti's 1782 opera, "Fra i Due Litiganti il Terzo Gode." Directed by Joseph LoSchiavo. See page 99, this issue. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting an all-Brahms program (with Krystian Zimerman, piano) Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, at 8, and Tuesday, April 7, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting an Ives-Schubert program (no soloists) on Thursday, April 9, at 8; Friday, April 10, at 2; and Saturday, April 11, and Tuesday, April 14, at 8.

Chamber Orchestra of Europe—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8: A varied program, with Frank Peter Zimmerman, violin. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8: An all-Beethoven program; no soloists.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—John Nelson conducting, with Zoltán Kocsis, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a program that includes the New York première of Ralph Shapey's "Symphonie Concertante." With André Watts, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 7, at 8.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a program that includes works by Oliver Knussen, Barber, and Brahms. With Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4120. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Richard Goode, piano, and David Taylor, bass trombone. (Saturday, April 4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Bach program. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, April 5, at 2. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Allan Glassman, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting, with Robert White, tenor, and the Big Apple Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8, and Saturday, April 11, at 2.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Mary Burgess, soprano; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Michael Best, tenors; and William Metcalf and Kevin Deas, basses. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 7:30.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (St. John's Episcopal Church, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Saturday, April 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Masterwork Choral Series—The third of seven concerts with Peter Tiboris directing a chorus of some four hundred people. More than eighty university and adult groups are participating in the series. (Avery Fisher Hall. On Monday, April 5, at 8, a Mozart-Williams-Bruckner program, with Jane Becker, soprano; Virginia Dupuy, mezzo-soprano; Steven Tharp, tenor; James David Robinson, bass-baritone; and the American Symphony Orchestra.)

St. Thomas Choir—Gerre Hancock directing Bach's "St. John Passion," with Peter Becker, countertenor; Mark Bleeke and Stanley Warren, tenors; Glendower Jones, baritone; Nathaniel Watson, bass; and the Concert Royal. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, April 7, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Benita Valente—Soprano, with Cynthia Raim, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Bruce Wolosoff—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—Joel Cohen conducting vocal and instrumental music of the Elizabethan era. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of Iberian theatre and dance music from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. With guest artists.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 2, and Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8.)

American String Quartet—With Karen Tuttle, viola. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Friday, April 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Michael Dash, Tony Boutte, and Kenneth Merrill—Countertenor, tenor, and piano, in an all-Britten program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, April 4, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin/viola and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Katia and Marielle Labèque—Duo piano, with Jean-Pierre Drouet and Sylvio Gualda, percussion. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 3. . . . ¶ Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The fifth in a series of six chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

Cremona Arts Trio—In a program that includes a new piano trio by Arthur Weisberg. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, April 5, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting Pomerium Musices, a vocal ensemble. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, April 5, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Dimitri Toufexis—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 8.)

Eugene Gratovich and Sylvia Golmon—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8.)

Odyssey Chamber Players—Performing works by, among others, Ezra Laderman, who will be present. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Monday, April 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Early Music at the Vineyard Theatre—Two groups performing on period instruments—Monday, April 6, at 8: The Aulos Ensemble playing works by Giuseppe Sarti. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8: Vineyardmusik playing English music. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—The Trio Bell-Arte will present the first in a series of four programs. (O. K. Harris Gallery, 383 West Broadway. Monday, April 6, at 8. . . . ¶ St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, April 11, at 8.) For information about tickets, call 666-9427.

Margaret Cusack—Soprano. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 7, at 8.)

Jörg Demus—Piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, April 7, at 8.)

Maurice Sklar—Violin. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 7, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Deirdre Manning—Flute. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Muir String Quartet—Chamber music. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Chamber Players of the League-ISCM—With Christine Schadeberg, soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8.)

Manhattan Marimba Quartet—With Barbara Wright Lindow, soprano, and Jocelyn Stewart, harpsichord. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Thursday, April 9, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 11. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Kim Kashkashian—Viola, with James Tocco, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Susan Belling and Zaidee Parkinson—Soprano and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Portland String Quartet—In a Mozart–Walter Piston–Dvořák program. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8.)

Robert Stallman—Flute, in a program of French music. With assisting artists. (Weill Recital Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The first of two concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's Austrian-based festival. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, April 10, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Leon Kirchner conducting, among other works, the New York première of his "Music for Twelve." (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8, and Sunday, April 12, at 5.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma and Emanuel Ax—Cello and piano. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Ida Kavafian, viola, and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of twentieth-century Ukrainian music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Baseball—First National League games at Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, April 7, at 1:35, and Thursday, April 9, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, April 10, at 7:35, and Saturday, April 11, at 1:20.

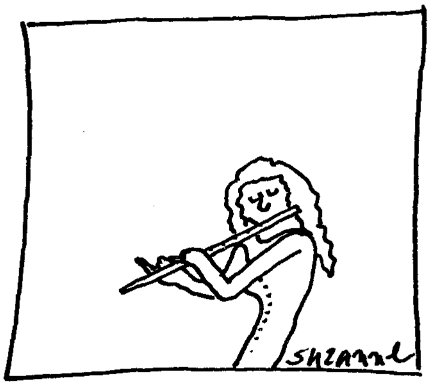
Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, April 1; Philadelphia 76ers, Friday, April 3; Washington Bullets, Wednesday, April 8; and Boston Celtics, Friday, April 10. *(Games begin at 7:30.)* . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Indiana Pacers, Saturday, April 4, at 7:30; Philadelphia 76ers, Monday, April 6, at 7:30; and Milwaukee Bucks, Friday, April 10, at 7:30.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 3, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, April 1, at 7:35, and Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, April 5, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, April 2, at 8:05, and Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, April 4, at 5:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, April 5, at 5:05.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, May 4.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Sunday, May 3. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.



ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Jan Morris reading from her own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W 10th St. Thursday, April 2, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ T. Coraghessan Boyle Laurie Colwin, Frank Conroy, and David Foster Wallace reading from their own fiction. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557 Friday, April 3, at 8.)

Daylight Saving Time—*Starts Sunday, April 5* at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—First American League games at Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Cleveland April 13 (day), and April 14-15 (night).

Racing—At **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky. The Kentucky Derby, May 2. . . . **belmont** May 6-Aug. 3.

Running—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 20.)

Tennis—Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 4-10.)

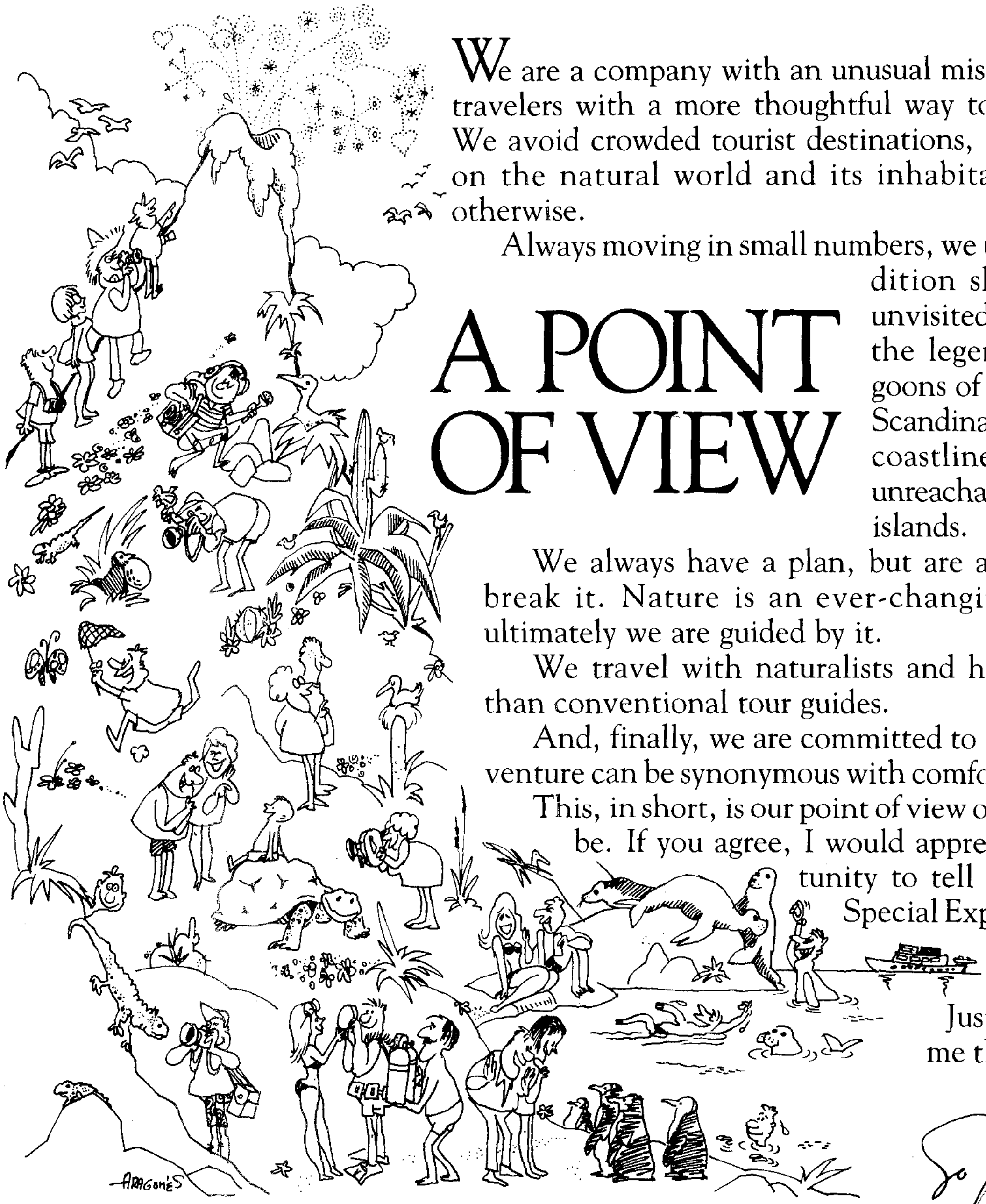
Music—**metropolitan opera** (362-6000): The season continues through April 18. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30 . . . ¶ Christa Ludwig and James Levine April 12. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 24. . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, April 26. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, May 6. . . . ¶ Canadian Brass Quintet, May 8. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7800): Isaac Stern, Jaime Laredo, Cho Liang Lin, Michael Tree, Yo-Yo Ma, and Matt Haimovitz, April 16. . . . ¶ Juilliard String Quartet, April 17. . . . ¶ National Arts Centre Orchestra, April 18-19. . . . ¶ I Musici, April 20. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra April 21. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, April 22 . . . ¶ Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig April 23-24. . . . ¶ Bella Davidovich, April 26. . . . ¶ Atlanta Symphony, April 26. . . ¶ Orpheus, April 27. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Orchestra, April 28-30. . . . ¶ St. Louis Symphony, May 1-2. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 3. . . . ¶ Isaac Stern, May 5. . . . ¶ New York Pops, May 8-9. . . ¶ Eugene Istomin, May 9. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 24 and 26-27 and May 3-5. . . . ¶ Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, April 26. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet April 29. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music May 9. . . . **92nd street y** (427-4410): Misha Dichter, April 25. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y, May 2 3. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, May 5 6. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Cleveland Quartet, April 20. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, April 23. . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, April 24. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, April 29. . . . ¶ Jorma Hynninen April 30. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, May 6. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, May 7.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Barbara Cook in "A Concert for the Theatre," a one-woman show. . . . ¶ A revival of Shaw's "Pygmalion," with Peter O'Toole and Amanda Plummer . . . ¶ A revival of Arthur Miller's 1947 drama "All My Sons," with Richard Kiley Arvin Brown is the director. . . . ¶ "Sleight of Hand," a suspense thriller written by John Pielmeier. . . . ¶ The Royal Shakespeare Company production of Christopher Hampton's "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," a new play based on the 1782 novel of the same name by Pierre Choderlos de Laclos.

Dance—American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 20-June 16. . . . ¶ Paul Taylor Dance Company, at City Center, April 21-May 17. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 28-June 28.

Other Dates—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1986 and estimates for 1987 are due Wednesday April 15. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 19.

SPECIAL EXPEDITIONS AND THE SEA:



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through April 2: At 6, "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (1955; directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); at 8, "Tasio" (1984; Montxo Armendariz; in Spanish); and, at 10, "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language).

April 3: At 6, "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes; at 8, "Orchestra Rehearsal" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and, at 10, "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla.

April 4-5: At 4, "Zazie" (†); at 6, "Woyzeck;" at 8, "Orchestra Rehearsal;" and, at 10, "The Marriage of Maria Braun."

April 7-9: At 6, "Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven" (†); at 8, "Women" (1978 †); and, at 10, "A Geisha" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

From April 10: At 6, "Lancelot of the Lake" (†); at 8, "Violette" (1978; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and, at 10:15, "Loulou" (1980; Maurice Pialat; in *French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard* Depardieu, and Guy Marchand.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†). No performances Monday, April 6.

Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover. (No performances Monday, April 6.)

Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon." (No performances Monday, April 6.)

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson. (No performances Monday, April 6.)

Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (†). No performances Monday, April 6.

Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†). No performances Monday, April 6.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Tin Men" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through April 2: "Blue Velvet" (†).

From April 3: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through April 2: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

From April 3: "Captive" (Paul Mayersberg), with Oliver Reed and Irina Brook.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through April 2: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons. From April 3: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim *Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.*

Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

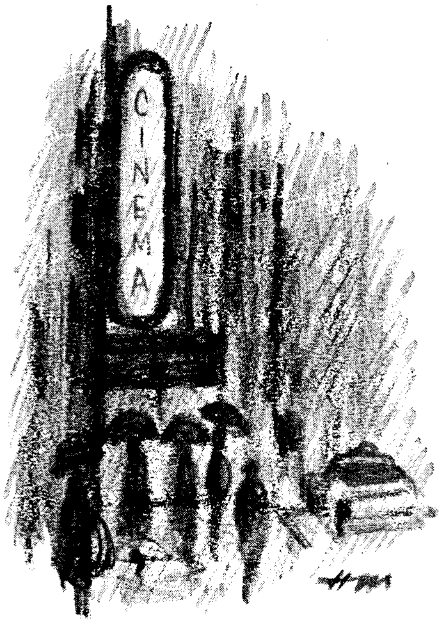
Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Hanoi Hilton" (Lionel Chetwynd), with Michael Moriarty.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through April 2: "Round Midnight" (†).

From April 3 (tentative): "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Man Facing Southeast" (Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in Spanish). From April 10: "Gothic" (Ken Russell).

Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through April 9: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve. From April 10: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.

Theatre 2: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).

Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Good Father" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Angel Heart" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through April 2: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

From April 3: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), *with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.*

Theatre 2: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson. From April 3: "Night Stalker." (No performances Monday, April 6.)

Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell). (No performances Monday, April 6.)

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through April 2: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

From April 3: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Only Son" (1936; directed by Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "I Lived, but . . ." (1983; Kazuo Inoue; in Japanese), a documentary about Ozu.

Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, *144 Bleecker St.* (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries. From April 3: "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

Theatre 2: Through April 2: "Blood Simple" (1985; Joel Coen), with John Getz. From April 3: "Animation Celebration."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through April 2: "Round Midnight" (†).

From April 3: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at *12th. (929-3350)*

Theatre 1: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.

Theatre 2: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).

Theatre 4: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune"(†).

Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).

Theatre 3: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through April 9: A two-week program of fourteen new films from Spain.

From April 10: "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through April 2: "Gospel According to Vic" (Charles Gormley), with Tom Conti.

From April 3: "Radio Days" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Kangaroo" (Tim Burstall), with Colin Friels and Judy Davis.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Theatre 2: Through April 7: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary. From April 8: "Sorekara" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).

Theatre 3: "Thérèse" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Law of Desire" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Theatre 2: Through April 7: "A Room with a

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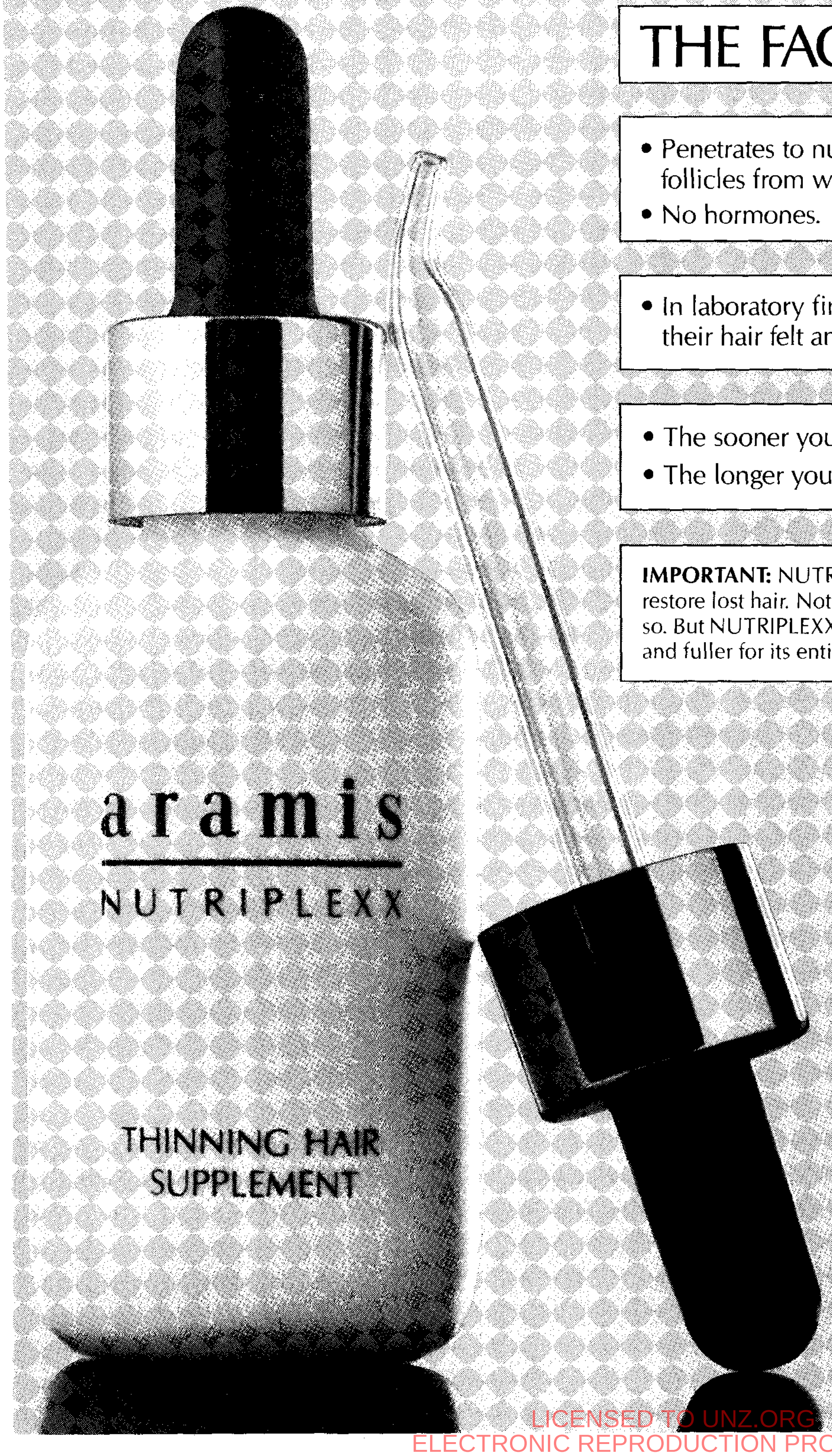

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

View" (†). From April 8: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tin Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 3: Through April 2: "Radio Days" (†). From April 3: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through April 2: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper. From April 3: "Radio Days" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Prettykill" (George Kaczender), with David Birney and Season Hubley. From April 3: "The Color of Money" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 2: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve. From April 3: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 3: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 4: (Separate admissions) "Mona Lisa" (†) and "Round Midnight" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †). From April 3: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (directed by Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 4: "Angel Heart" (†).
Theatre 5: Through April 2: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall. From April 3: To be announced.
Theatre 6: Through April 2: "Witchboard" (Kevin S. Tenney). From April 3: "Police Academy 4: Citizens on Patrol" (Jim Drake), with Steve Guttenberg.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Tin Men" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through April 9: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi).
From April 10: "The Secret of My Success" (Herbert Ross), with Michael J. Fox and Helen Slater.

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
Through April 9: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. (No performances Monday through Wednesday, April 6-8.)
From April 10: "The Aristocats" (1970), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Prettykill" (George Kaczender), with David Birney and Season Hubley. From April 3: "Return to Horror High."

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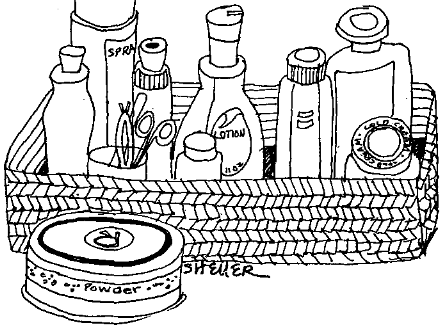
Theatre 2: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 2: "Room at the Top" (1958; directed by Jack Clayton), with Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret, and Heather Sears; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.
April 3-4: "And the Ship Sails On" (1983; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
April 5: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "The Duellists" (†).
April 6-7: "Lost Horizon" (1937; Frank Capra), with Ronald Colman, Margo, Sam Jaffe, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (1939; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Guy Kibbee, and Beulah Bondi.
April 8-9: "The Last Woman" (1976; Marco Ferreri; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
April 10-11: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
April 1: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.
April 2: "El Cid" (1961; Anthony Mann), with Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, and Raf Vallone.
April 3-4: "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood; and "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood.
April 5-6: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Marina Vlady; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
April 7-8: "Carmen Jones" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.
April 9: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.
April 10-11: "The Hustler" (1961; Robert Rossen), with Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, Piper Laurie, Myron McCormick, and George C. Scott; and "Hud" (†).



Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 2: "The Circus" (1928; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin and Merna Kennedy; and four Chaplin short films—"Sunnyside" (1919), "A Day's Pleasure" (1919), "Pay Day" (1922), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).
April 3-4: "The Great Dictator" (1940; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin; and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale.
April 5-6: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†); "Our Hospitality" (†); and two Keaton short films—"The Boat" (1921) and "One Week" (1921).
April 7-8: "The Cameraman" (1928; Buster Keaton and Edward Sedgwick; a silent film), with Keaton; "Spite Marriage" (1929; Buster Keaton and Edward Sedgwick; a silent film), with Keaton; and "Convict 13" (1922), a Keaton short film.
April 9-11: "Sherlock Jr." (1924; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton and Kathryn McGuire; "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and two Keaton short films—"The Playhouse" (1921) and "The High Sign" (1920).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
April 1: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961 Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
April 2: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.
April 3-4: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977); and "Andy Warhol: A Film Portrait" (1975), a documentary.
April 5: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Gospe According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast o nonprofessionals.
April 6: "Lord Love a Duck" (†); and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
April 7: "It Happened One Night" (1934 Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert Clark Gable, and Walter Connolly; and "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944; Frank Capra), with Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair.
April 8: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940 George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Woman of the Year" (†).
April 9: "The Tall T" (1957; Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Richard Boone; and "Buchanan Rides Alone" (1959; Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott, Craig Stevens, and Barry Kelley.
April 10: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Bliss" (1986; Ray Lawrence).
April 11: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks) with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
April 1: "Way Out West" (1937; Jame Horne), with Laurel and Hardy; and a program of Laurel and Hardy short films.
April 2: "The Fuller Brush Girl" (1950 Lloyd Bacon), with Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert, and Lee Patrick; and "The Fulle Brush Man" (1948; S. Sylvan Simon), wit Red Skelton and Janet Blair.
April 3-4: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Jabberwocky" (1977 Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.
April 5: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontain

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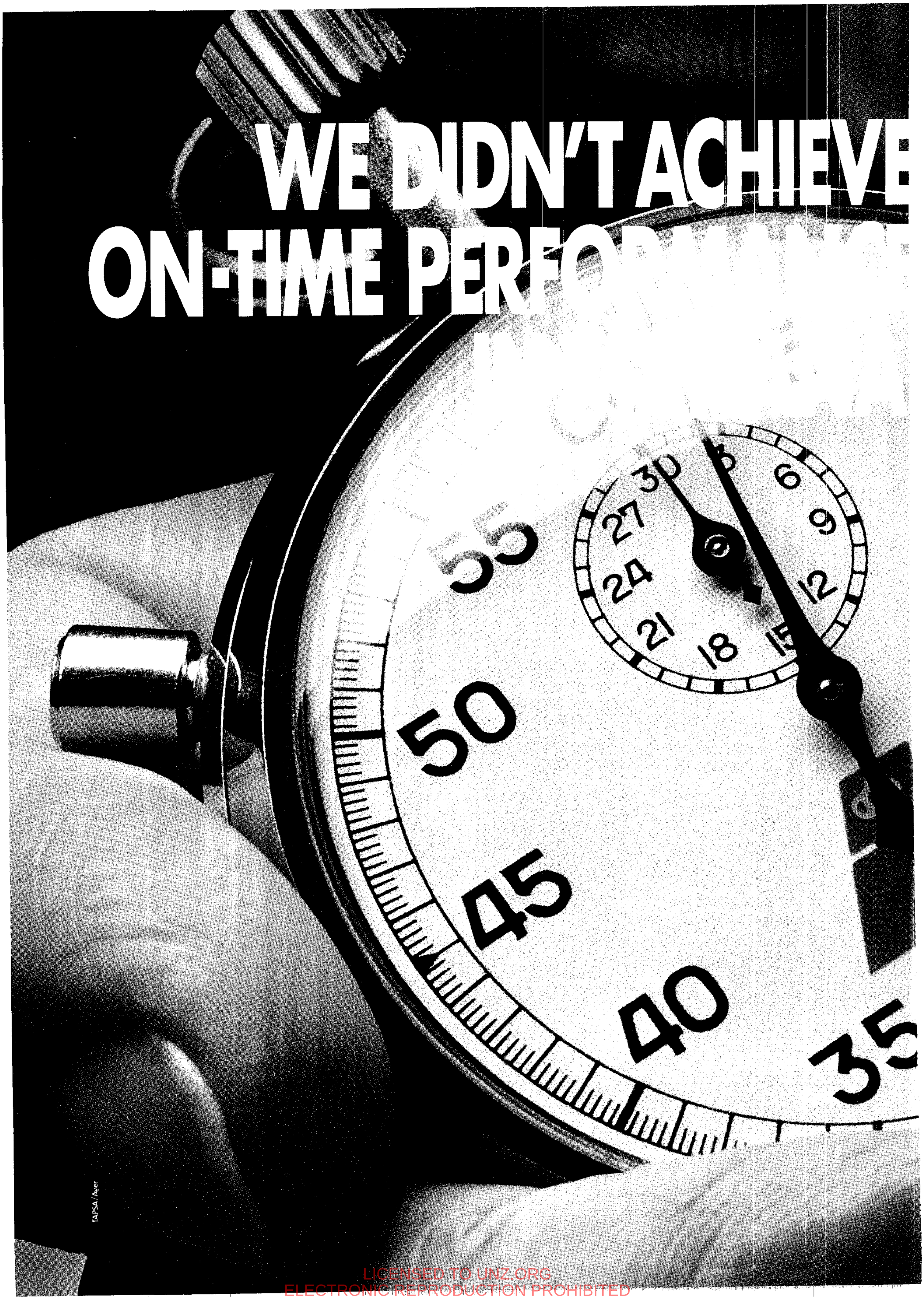
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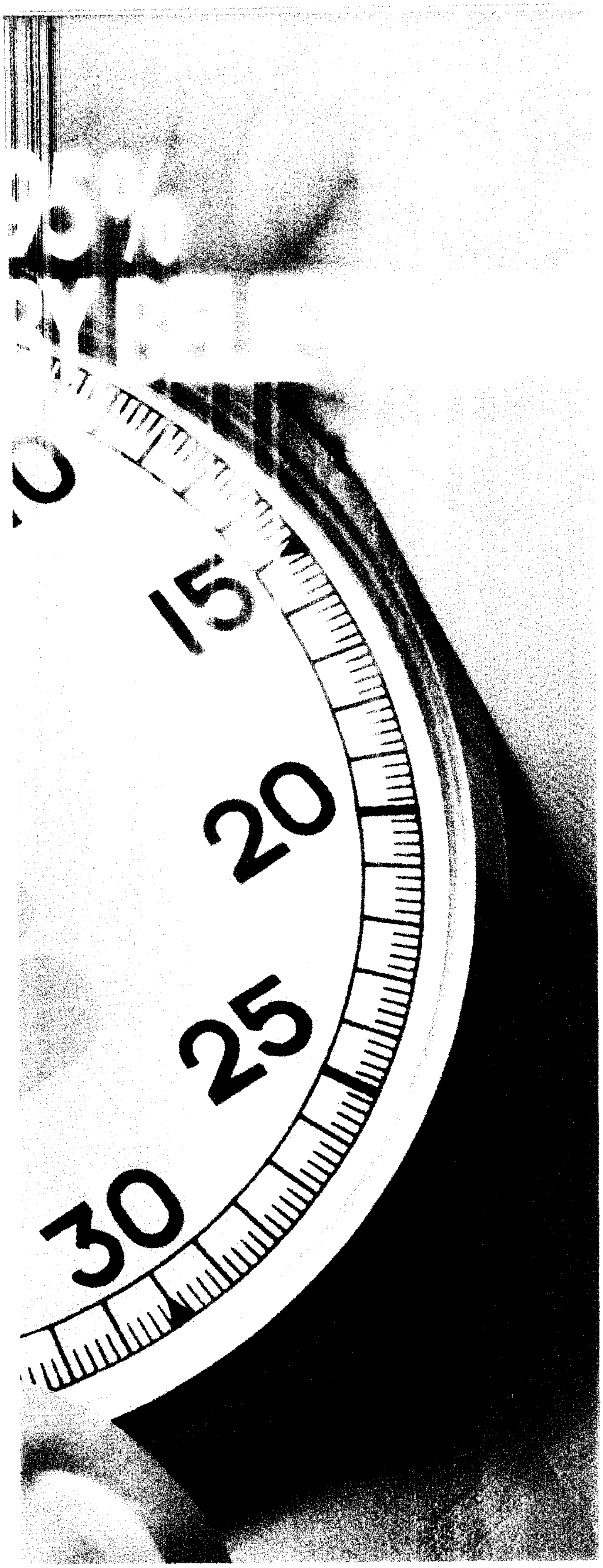

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and Louis Jourdan; and "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica.

April 6: "The Rose" (†) and "Divine Madness" (†).

April 7: "Sous les Toits de Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean; and "Le Million" (†).

April 8: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "Educating Rita" (†).

April 9: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956; Frank Tashlin), with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Anita Ekberg, and Pat Crowley; and "Rock-a-Bye Baby" (1958; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis and Marilyn Maxwell.

April 10-11: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "After Hours" (1985; Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 1: "Ball of Fire" (1942; Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper; and "Lady of Burlesque" (1943; William Wellman), with Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea, J. Edward Bromberg, and Iris Adrian.

April 2: "Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "The Desperate Hours" (1955; William Wyler), with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, and Arthur Kennedy.

April 3-4: "The Man Who Never Was" (1956; Ronald Neame), with Clifton Webb, Gloria Grahame, Robert Flemyng, and Josephine Griffin; and "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner.

April 5-6: "Les Misérables" (1935 †); and "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936; John Ford), with Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart.

April 7: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Sam Jaffe, and John Lodge; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.

April 8: "Dangerous" (1936; Alfred E. Green), with Bette Davis and Franchot Tone; and "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

April 9: "Easter Parade" (1948; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, and Peter Lawford; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor.

April 10-11: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: April 2 at 2:30 and 6: "Listen to Britain" (1942; directed by Humphrey Jennings), "San Pietro" (1945; John Huston), and "Bambini in Città" (1946; Luigi Comencini). . . . ¶ April 3 at 2:30: "Sacrificed Youth" (1985; Zhang Nuanxin; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "A Good Woman" ("A Girl of a Good Family;" 1985; Huang Jianzhong; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 4 at 2: "Yellow Earth" (1984; Chen Kaige; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 4 at 5: "The Black Cannon Incident" (1985; Huang Jianxin; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 5 at 2: "A Good Woman." . . . ¶ April 5 at 5: "Sacrificed Youth." . . . ¶ April 6 at 2:30: "Yellow Earth." . . . ¶ April 6 at 6 and April 7 at 2:30: "On the Hunting Ground" (1985; Tian Zhuangzhuang; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 7 at 6: "In the Wild Mountains" (1985; Yan Xueshu; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 9 at 2:30 and 6: "Meshes of the Afternoon" (1943; Maya Deren), "A Study in Choreography for Camera" (1945; Maya Deren), "The Potted Psalm" (1946; Sidney Peterson and James Broughton), and "Mother's Day" (1948; James Broughton). . . . ¶ April 11 at 2: "A Girl from Hunan" (1986; Xie Fei; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 11 at 5: "The Black Cannon Incident."

Theatre 2: April 2 at 3 and 6:30: "Of Grace and Steel" (1984; Phyllis Jaroslow) and "Sweet Jail: The Sikhs of Yuba City" (1985; Beheroze F. Shroff), both documentaries. . . . ¶ April 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Scattered Clouds" (1967; Mikio Maruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuzo Kayama. . . . ¶ April 10 at 3: "The Whistling Cobblestone" (1971; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Zoltán Paulinyi. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6:30: "Singing on the Treadmill" (1974; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles), with Ewald Schorm. Mr. Gazdag will be present. . . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "Package Tour" (1984; Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 11 at 5:30: "The Whistling Cobblestone."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—"Japan at War," films made in Japan between 1938 and 1947, shown in Japanese, with English subtitles. April 1 at 7:30: "A Ball at the Anjo House" (1947; Kozaburo Yoshimura), with Osamu Takizawa. . . . ¶ April 3 at 7:30: "The Victory of Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi), with Kinuyo Tanaka; and "Between War and Peace" (1947; Fumio Kamei and Satsuo Yamamoto), with Hatae Kishi. . . . ¶ April 8 at 7:30: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Maruse), with Musei Tokugawa. . . . ¶ April 10 at 7:30: "One Wonderful Sunday" (1947; Akira Kurosawa), with Isao Numazaki.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Angel Heart—With Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling; directed by Alan Parker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex. No performances Monday, April 6.)

Black Widow—Theresa Russell plays a slinky, cat-eyed dame who is somehow driven to marry a series of the richest millionaires in the country and murder them; Debra Winger plays an investigator at the Justice Department who notices the pattern in the sudden deaths and gets on the widow's trail. This may sound irresistibly succulent and trashy, but the director, Bob Rafelson, can't seem to give trash its due; he intellectualizes it. You expect the women to share identities or the picture to go lesbian, or *something*. But you're wrong. This is postmodernist film noir. Dennis Hopper and Nicol Williamson liven up their brief scenes as two of the widow's husbands; also with James Hong as a drugged-out private investigator, Terry O'Quinn as Winger's boss, and Sami Frey, Diane Ladd, Lois Smith, Leo Rossi, and David Mamet as a poker player. Cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/23/87.) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through April 2.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Eastside Cinema; through April 2.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry; and with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Olympia Quad; starting April 3.)

The Decline of the American Empire—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Cinema 3.)

Divine Madness (1980)—Essentially a one-woman show: Bette Midler is alone on the stage with her backup trio, the Harlettes, but she seems to have a whole troupe of people inside. In this film, shot on three successive nights at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, she tells jokes (she may be better at bawdiness than any other woman entertainer alive) and she sings. She's an emotional whirligig, and the film is terrifically entertaining, though the best numbers come at the beginning. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Thalia SoHo; April 6.)

The Duellists (1978)—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flareup of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production, a first film by the director Ridley Scott, is consistently entertaining

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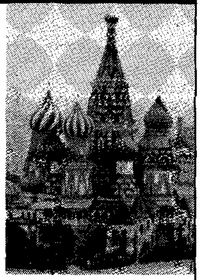

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and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (Cinema Village; April 5.)

EDUCATING RITA (1983)—It's no more than a two-character play—a duet—"opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who signs up for literature tutorials in the Open University and is assigned to him. She wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Caine lets nothing get between you and the character. You don't observe his acting; you just experience the character's emotions. You feel his smirking terror. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Thalia SoHo; April 8.)

THE GOOD FATHER—With Anthony Hopkins, directed by Mike Newell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (68th St. Playhouse.)

HUD (1963)—Hugely entertaining contemporary Western, set in the Texas of Cadillacs and cattle. The film is schizoid: it tells you to condemn the nihilistic heel Hud (Paul Newman), who represents modern materialism, but casting Newman as a mean materialist is like writing a manifesto against the banking system while juggling your investments to make a fortune. The plot involves Hud's wanting to sell off a herd that is possibly infected with hoof-and-mouth disease, and his father's rectitude in having the cattle slaughtered. As the ranch housekeeper, Patricia Neal, full-bodied and likable, has an easy, raunchy good humor; the sexual byplay between her and Newman has just the right summertime temperature—this is some of the best work the director, Martin Ritt, has ever done. The script is by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., from Larry McMurtry's novel "Horseman, Pass By." With Melvyn Douglas and Brandon deWilde. (Film Forum 2; April 10-11.)

LANCELOT OF THE LAKE (1975)—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. These are the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The film ends with a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry, the detritus of a shrivelled code. In French. (Public Theatre; starting April 10, showings at 6.)

LORD LOVE A DUCK (1966)—The picture is bright and inventive, but it's also a hate letter to America that selects the easiest, most grotesque targets and keeps screaming at us to enjoy how funny-awful everything is. Finally, we're preached at for our tiny minds and our family spray deodorants. Tuesday Weld has a wonderful blank, childlike quality as a Los Angeles high-school student who lusts after cashmere sweaters and wants everybody to love her. Directed by George Axelrod, with Roddy McDowall, Lola Albright, and Ruth Gordon. (Thalia; April 6.)

LE MILLION (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate, dreamlike inevitability. René Lefèvre plays the poor young painter who has a winning lottery ticket—only he hasn't quite got it: it was in the pocket of a coat he sold to a secondhand shop. The entire film is the hero's chase after the ticket, with his creditors, his girl (Annabella), his friends, and the police chasing after him. This movie is lyrical, choreographic, giddy—it's the best French musical of its period. In French. (Thalia SoHo; April 7.)

LES MISÉRABLES (1935)—"Uninspired" is too kind a word; this mild version of Victor Hugo's massive atrocity story, featuring Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert, is bottom drawer. The director, Richard Boleslavsky, can't seem to get things moving, and the outrages lack inspiration—even the sewers seem namby-pamby. The look of the actors, their makeup, their manner of speaking are all howlingly wrong. With John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Cedric Hardwicke, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, and John Carradine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 5-6.)

MONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a onetime petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad.)

MOTHER KÜSTERS GOES TO HEAVEN (1975)—A work of the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is frantically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (Public Theatre; April 7-9, at 6.)

OUR HOSPITALITY (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife), and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. Silent. (Regency; April 5-6.)

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. But with Arthur Hiller directing much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (Baronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 8.)

PLATOON—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is pre-

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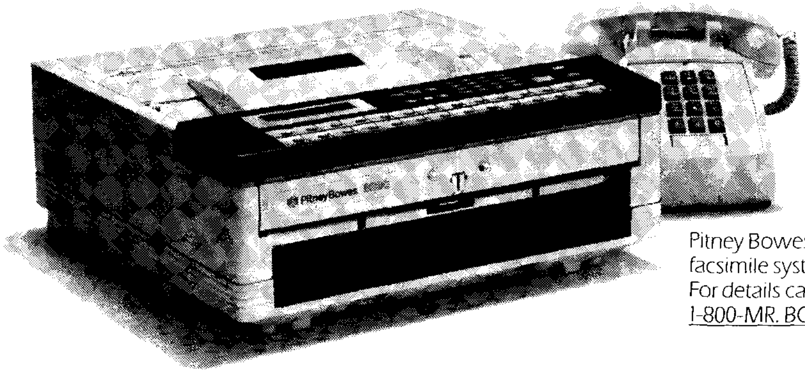

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sented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace. No performances Monday, April 6.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace. No performances Monday, April 6. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through April 2. . . . ¶ New Carnegie, and Metro Cinema; starting April 3.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through April 7.)

The Rose (1979)—Bette Midler plays "the Rose," a character loosely based on the singer Janis Joplin, who died of pills, alcohol, heavy drugs, and tiredness in 1970. The director, Mark Rydell, puts Miss Midler's considerable talent at desperate odds with the film itself, by trying for a wall-to-wall finale—one long seamless high. When Miss Midler's Rose is not screaming to be heard somewhere in the bad music, she is screaming in anger, or in tears, or in alcoholic fugue states, or in a phone booth shooting heroin—all hyper, none of it really in Miss Midler's own style. With Frederic Forrest, Alan Bates, and Harry Dean Stanton. (Thalia SoHo; April 6.)

Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and 8th St. Playhouse; through April 2.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly, rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. The film features a memorable comic cyclone and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (Regency; April 5-6.)

Swimming to Cambodia—With Spalding Gray, directed by Jonathan Demme. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Studio.)

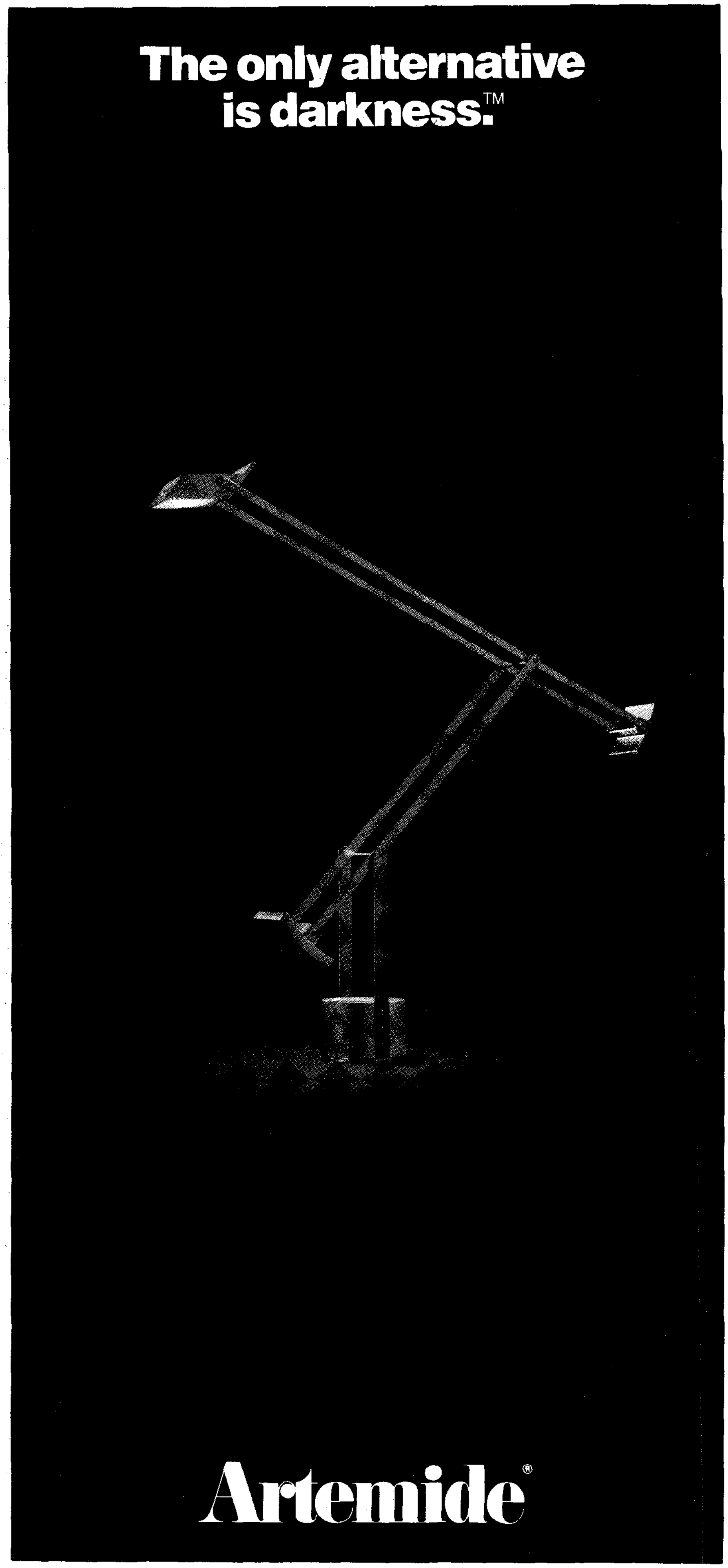
Thérèse—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is so measured that after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Tin Men—With Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey; directed by Barry Levinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Cinema II, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great, but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political journalist who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Thalia; April 8.)

Women (1978)—A Hungarian film, directed by Márta Mészáros, about an alliance between two women who are of great glumness. The film shares their rather stuffy melancholia, though it wishes to illustrate friendship. In Hungarian. (Public Theatre; April 7-9, at 8.)

Zazie (1960)—This anarchistic, impudent comedy (from Raymond Queneau's novel), a great success in France in 1960, seemed to be peculiarly disturbing for American critics and audiences alike; it seemed to go too far—to be almost demonic in its inventiveness like a joke that gets so complicated you can't time your laughs comfortably. Zazie (Catherine Demongeot) is a foulmouthed little cynic, age eleven, who comes to Paris for a weekend with her uncle (Philippe Noiret), a female impersonator, and, as in "Alice in Wonderland," nobody and nothing are quite what they seem. Louis Malle, who directed includes satirical allusions to "La Dolce Vita" and other films, and a parody of his own "The Lovers." Many of the modern styles in film editing which were generally thought to derive from Alain Resnais or Richard Lester actually have an earlier source in "Zazie." In French. (Public Theatre; April 4-5, at 4.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Travellers' advisories offer cautions about weather, and perhaps the weather of the spirit needs advisories, too. I think visitors to the city, to Manhattan, should be given warning that the city poses certain hazards to your mood, your sense of the world. For instance, in midtown at midday most color tends to disappear, and you get a bone-colored clutter: a clutter bustling, bleached, and dirty—dust-smeared glass, streaked aluminum, discolored brick, dirty concrete, potholed asphalt. Of course, if you look closely you can see that the city is not entirely a colorless mess, but the order and the colors don't stand out.

Take midday midtown reds—they are everywhere: in the signs on the sides of buses, in the folksy script announcing Bojangles', in the chunky letters spelling out "Burger King," in the "Express" of "Federal Express" (on white trucks), in the signs taped to the *Times*-dispensing machines which say, in white letters on a red ground, "Find Your World in Ours." But these advertising reds, like the reds of the stoplights and tail-lights, do not operate strenuously in the large white glare. Part of the reason is the way colors behave in bright light: diffusion and suffusion are limited, and so colors drown in the spectrum's imperialist, or total, white. Part of the reason is the discoloration of the air. Part is the bulk of the buildings: large, very large, continuous areas of streaked monotone, which, together with the blind glare of a just about uncountable number of windows, jolts the eye, probably our cleverest receiver of signals, and maybe the one most easily appalled. Or disappointed. I mean, nature intended the eye to be easily attracted—to be easily amused, so to say—and to discriminate among fragments and variations of texture and surface. It has no natural reason to study anything as stony and as monolithic and as unvarying as so many of our buildings.

Perhaps part of the architectural intention here was to startle and oppress the eye, commemorating immense power by means of brute geometry—in this case, solid rectangles that are simply immense. I would, I think, like to wallpaper many of the larger buildings for the sake of the amusement and health of the eye, and of the spirit of visitors as well as my own.

Then, too, one must be prepared for the daytime effect of so many windows—windows carried to such heights, all of them blind and gray, and without any suggestion of being looked out of. Glass is everywhere—fragile, disconsolate, uncomfortable, too vulnerable to produce the effect of masonry but often used for masonry, and giving the perverse impression at midday of needing to be shaded: a citywide impression of squinting shutteredness (in the midday brilliance and soot) and of a lack of color. Glass does have color, of course; it often looks green or blue. Much of it seems slate gray in daylight. Yet I would say the effect is of no color, of neutrality. Emotionally, the effect of so many blind windows is of blindness. Be prepared.

Dave Preston

The city goes on seeming bleached—without color or charm or romance—until late in the afternoon, when a carnal and carnival flavor takes over. The streets change, and so do the hallways and rooms inside the buildings. The enormous blind-windowed monoliths are no longer nearly no-color; they are the color of shadows and of late yellow light. And the sky often turns memorable blues. I have seen twilights that were even bachelor's-button blue. A great blue. It's then that the reds come into their own. They emerge from their daytime careers of sluttish advertising, and begin to glow and live as color, flirtatiously, seductively, juicily. We then have an evening spring, with luminescent poppies appearing everywhere. The tail-lights of cars begin to be, I swear it, heart-stirring. And the white of automobile headlights around eight o'clock in the dark is a courageous white. The prettiness is enough to soothe a troubled mind. Anyway, the reds proliferate, they spring up everywhere: neon bar and hotel names, record stores and painted signs, and the traffic lights and now irresistibly glowing tail-lights. The windows gleam with varihued lights. They no longer have the quality of masonry, are no longer blind. Walls look like walls. I find the sense of party then to be convincing. A poetry of parties, maybe. The New York reds—the tail-lights and stoplights and neon—proclaim this, and they shine until the sky itself takes on its nightly red tinge, and New York City vanishes into darkness.

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Dinner Party

JANET didn't invite us to her dinner party the other night, but she said she would tell us about it. When we asked, she said, "I've decided to quit my job. At my age, it's not called quitting, it's called retiring. Everybody says, 'Wait, get another job first.' My friends think I want to work. There's a difference between wanting to work and having to work. I'm thinking of putting an ad in the paper: 'Elderly woman with no degree wants high-paying job.' "

We nodded.

"Actually," Janet continued, "the job I have in mind is to be an interpreter for Mario Cuomo in Russia and Italy—I read that's where he wants to go. I have to learn Russian immediately. I speak excellent broken Italian already. I could probably learn to speak Russian well enough to speak to Mario Cuomo. What I really want to do is travel, make friends. My other idea of a job is to do nothing. Did I tell you about taking the bus from Kennedy when I couldn't afford a cab and I had a lot of extra bags?"

We said no.

"A young blond man offered to carry all the bags," Janet said. "I said 'Where are you from?' He said he was from Norway, so I asked him why he spoke with a Scottish accent, and he said he had lived in Scotland for three years. I asked him where he was planning to stay, and he said friends had advised him to stay at a Y. I said why didn't he stay at my house, at which point a Chinese guy in front of us started laughing and said had I heard of a restaurant called La Vie en Rose. I said no. He said he was from Honolulu and San Francisco, and then a guy directly in back of me said he was from New Zealand. We got off at the Port Authority, and they all followed me into the street. So I said, 'Why don't you all come to my house?' Their names were Jeff, Lars, and Cliff. The Chinese guy was Jeff. The cabdriver was from Africa, so I said 'What's *your* name?' and he said 'Call me Driver.'

"That's a typical day in my life," Janet explained.

"Oh," she said. "The I.R.S. They sent me a summons asking what had become of '82, '83, '84, and '85. I told them I had given eight hundred dollars to a man called Norman, who said he would take care of everything. The I.R.S. said I should sue Norman, so I called his friend, who had recommended him, and he said, 'What? Sue a dying man?' "

We alluded to the dinner party.

"Oh, yes," Janet said. "Rich friends who were going away for three weeks lent me their cook for one night, a Tuesday. So I invited a well-known figure, whose name I can't reveal, and his wife, plus two kids who went to Brown with my daughter and are married to each other, and an architect I picked up at the usual fund-raiser for David Dinkins at Tavern on the Green. There were only seven of us, because all the extra men I invited couldn't come. That may be because they suspected they were for me. My friend Lou says I should be on a ship as a cruise director, but I think I have to have either a face-lift or a suntan for that. I don't want to dye my hair."

We agreed.

"I apologized to the borrowed cook for not having a dining room. We decided on chairs and sofas with little tables. It started off with a discussion of whose side are you on in the Baby M case. I was on the mother's side. Then, during the Iran-Contra discussion, we had dessert. What's that puffed thing? Soufflé. Chocolate soufflé with whipped cream. The dinner was sedate, but a lot of fun, mostly because of the food. I was willing to give everyone a cognac, but nobody wanted any. Then I said I was thinking of quitting my job, and they all said, 'No, you're very valuable where you are.' "

Janet looked thoughtful. "At work, they're trying to move me into a closet," she said. "They call it a 'space.' I call it a closet. They may be right, because there's no door. Qualifications—that's it. I'm going to have to write down my qualifications. I'm not sure what they are. I once worked for Herman Shumlin, and he asked me if I spoke French. I said yes, so he handed me a letter. It started off '*Cher Herman*,' so I said, 'Dear Herman.' I didn't quite get the rest of it. He fired me. I once asked someone I know at Philip Morris for a job, and he said, 'We retire people at your age, Janet.' I don't want to end up in the ladies' room of some theatre where everyone I know will be coming in and giving me a quarter and saying, 'What are *you* doing here, Janet?'

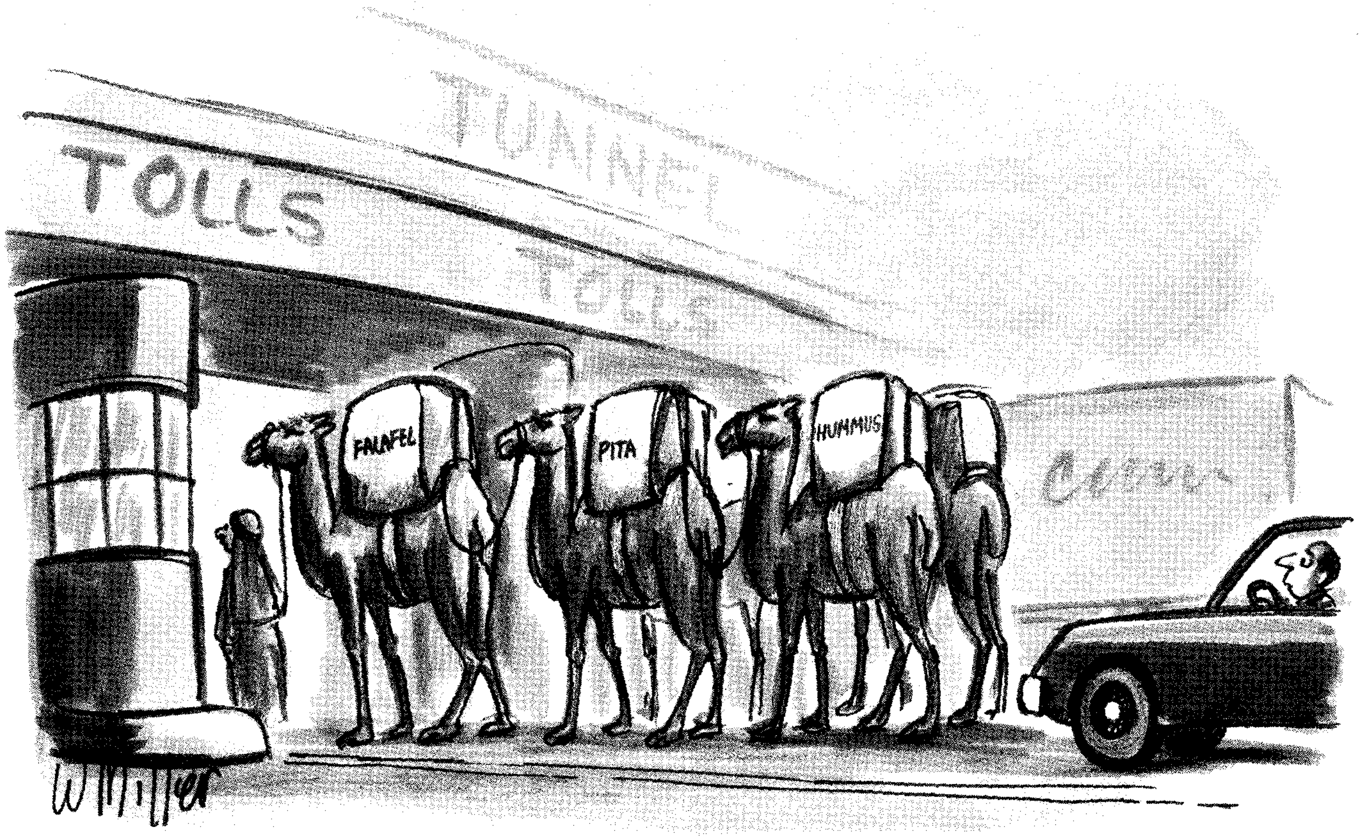
"I don't think I lived my life right," Janet said. "It's driving me crazy."

Sinatra

EIGHT-FORTY-FIVE on a Thursday morning, and Sid Mark is searching for a connection between Frank Sinatra and the Indian Ocean. Sid has just begun recording another of the four-hour "Saturday with Sinatra" programs of Sinatra songs which he has presented on WYNY every Saturday night for the past seven years. For a while, Sid always broadcast the program live on Saturday night. But a recent press of business has forced him to tape some programs on Thursday morning—has forced him, in fact, to adopt a schedule by which he gets up at his home, in Philadelphia, at three o'clock in the morning, drives to the RCA Building, records "Saturday with Sinatra," and immediately drives back to Philadelphia to begin preparing his three other radio programs: "Friday with Frank" (four and a half hours of songs by Frank Sinatra), "Sunday with Sinatra" (five hours of songs by Frank Sinatra), and "The Sounds of Sinatra" (two hours of songs by Frank Sinatra). Sid estimates that in the past thirty years he has been responsible for the broadcasting of more than six thousand hours of songs by Frank Sinatra.

Right now, Sid is disconsolately studying a sheet of information from the Government of India Tourist Office. Sid's quarter-century-long monopoly of a format that one might think could easily be duplicated by any disk jockey with a lot of airtime and a pile of Sinatra albums is due in large measure to his extraordinary skills as a kind of jazz pitchman. Sid improvises almost all the commercials on his shows, ad-libbing from a few key facts—a kind of rough chord chart—handed him by each of the sponsors. It is Sid's special gift to be able to relate nearly any product or service to the life, art, and opinions of Frank Sinatra. But Sid has just discovered that a segment of this week's program has been purchased by the Indian Government, to encourage vacations on the beaches of India, and even Sid cannot, just yet, see the latent Sinatra potential in Indian beaches.

"Have you ever been to India?" he asks Lloyd Prezant, his technician,



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who sits directly across the recording console from Sid and is monitoring the Nelson Riddle arrangement of "I've Got You Under My Skin" on his headphones. Lloyd hasn't been to India. "Have *you* ever been to India?" Sid asks a visitor to the studio. The visitor hasn't, either. A picture of discontent—like Sinatra himself studying an unpromising arrangement of a bad novelty song—Sid returns to the sheet of information about India.

Sid believes that his sales technique was developed at his parents' children's-clothing store, in Camden, New Jersey, where he worked as a boy. "You never wanted to sell, sell, sell," he explains. "We always *invited* customers to do things—try on the jacket, slip on the coat. Then you would invite Mom or Pop over—not to sell, just to *admire*." But Sid always knew he would rather be in radio than in children's wear. He wangled a tryout on a local radio station in the early fifties, finally got his own jazz program ("The Mark of Jazz") on WWDB, in Philadelphia, and then, one fateful night in 1956, took a listener up on a casual suggestion that he play an hour of nothing but Sinatra songs. "That hour," Sid remarks gravely, "turned into thirty years." The show was an instant success, grew to two hours, then three, then four, and then fissioned like an amoeba and threw a duplicate out onto Sunday mornings, also on WWDB. In 1979, Sid was invited by WYNY to reproduce the program on Saturday nights in New York.

Now "The Lonesome Road," the number that Sid has chosen to follow "I've Got You Under My Skin," is drawing to a close, and Sid slips his headphones back on and faces the Indian problem. "May we invite you to write away for a brochure, at absolutely no obligation, that the Indian government has prepared for you," he begins smoothly. He mentions Kipling. He mentions Gandhi. Then, suddenly, he has it: "Perhaps you've always wanted to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight. Or perhaps you've always wanted, as Frank suggested in song just a few weeks ago, to take a dip in the Ganges. Well, if you have . . ."

After Sid finishes, the visitor asks where, exactly, Frank Sinatra sang about bathing in the Ganges. " 'Moonlight on the Ganges,' on the 'Come Swing with Me' album," Sid explains. "I suppose it was the word 'moonlight' that brought it to mind."

Sid's arrival in New York was not uncomplicated. The late William B. Williams was already playing a lot of Sinatra on WNEW, as was Jonathan Schwartz. In what turned out to be a three-way contest of competitive flattery, Sid found himself in a situation not unlike Cordelia's. "William B. told a reporter that Sinatra had charisma. So then they called and asked me if *I* thought Sinatra had charisma. And I just said no. Because I think that what he has is so much *more* than charisma. But then it comes out in the magazine 'Sid Mark Says Sinatra Has No Charisma.' I was very concerned."

Frank and Sid are friends, although it was only after Sid had been doing ten years of all-Sinatra radio that he was granted an audience with the singer. "It had to go through channels," he explains. "When people ask me how often Sinatra and I speak, I have to say, 'Whenever he wants.' " The two men *have* spent weekends together in Las Vegas and Atlantic City, and one of Sid's fondest memories is of a long evening spent with the singer in Vegas which ended with the two men alone at five-thirty in the morning at the Galleria in Caesars Palace. "Frank said to me, 'Sid, what can I do for you?' And I thought, you know, the house in Palm Springs, the private plane. But then I thought some more, and I just said, 'To be my friend. To be my friend.' And he said, 'O.K. You've got it.' "

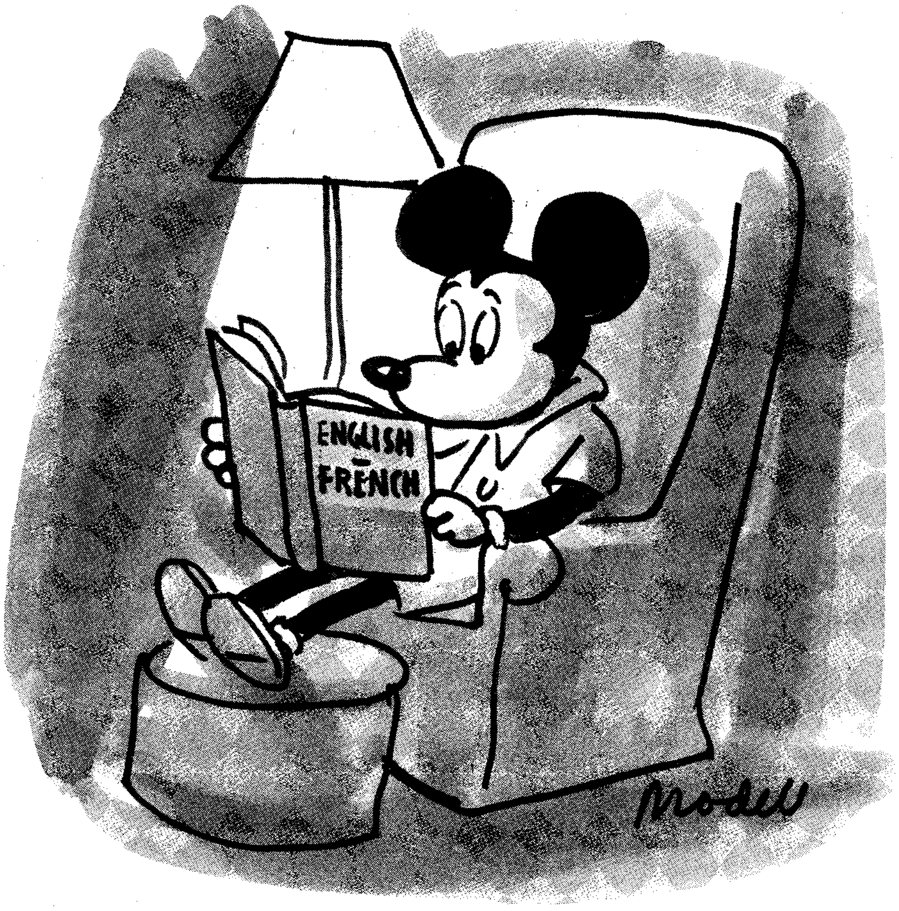
The hour turns, and Sid begins playing a few slow songs—"to ease our way," as he says, "into the ballad portion of the show." The final hour of "Saturday with Sinatra" is always given over entirely to slow, sad songs. For a long time, Sid thought that his listeners made love during the "ballad portion," but a recent telephone survey, supervised by Lloyd, revealed that by the ballad hour many of Sid's younger listeners have stopped listening—have "left the program to pursue other Saturday-night activities," as Lloyd's survey puts it. Lloyd's survey demonstrates that it is probably not Vincent (23, Brooklyn) and Gloria (27, Brooklyn) who are listening to the final hour but, rather, Ralph (65, Port Washington) and Felix (65, Hicksville). This appeals to Sid: the final hour is for the lonely.

"We invite you to turn your pillow to the cool side," Sid says now, addressing Joe (57, Bronx) and Angie (55, Brooklyn), "and listen to . . . *Sinatra!*" Halfway through the final hour, he discovers that his recording of "Blue Hawaii" has some slight, disturbing surface noise. He and Lloyd listen nervously, heads cocked, like spaniels. "Kill it," Sid says. He decides to replace the record with a Joe Raposo tune, "There Used to Be a Ballpark." The change means a delay of several minutes as the tape is rewound and cut, the new song is inserted, and Sid prepares a new introduction. He calls his driver to let him know that they'll be late returning to Philadelphia. He seems perturbed, but he says, "That's just the way we have to do things. It's just— Sometimes people here at the station ask me why I do the show in real time, why I don't just dub in the intros without listening to the music. I mean"—he shakes his head in exasperation—"I just can't understand that kind of thinking. I just can't work that way. I have to do it this way because . . . because that's what *he* would do."

La Chaîne des Rôtisseurs

THE year 1248: Louis IX recognizes the trade guild of goose and swan roasters, and calls it La Chaîne des Rôtisseurs. Consumption of goose and swan is restricted to the nobility.

1789: The French Revolution puts the chefs of the nobility out of work; the guild is defunct.



1950: Four Frenchmen having lunch complain about the postwar lack of culinary creativity. After lunch, they start a gourmet society of amateurs and professionals, and make a formal request to parliament for permission to use the Chaîne's ancient crest. Permission granted.

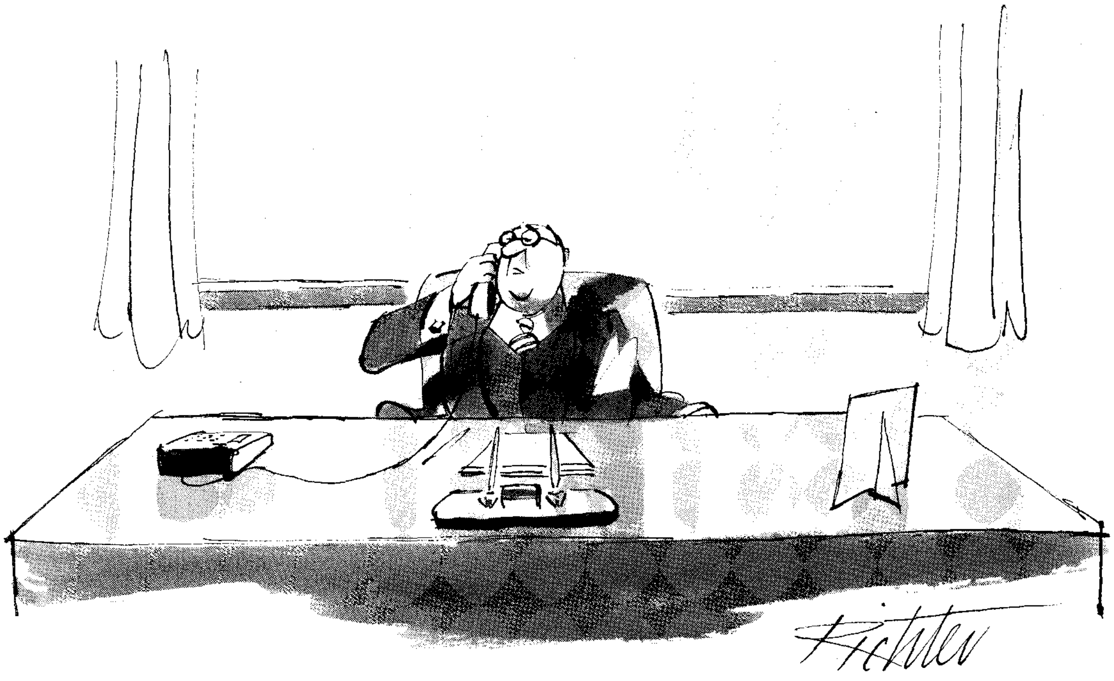
SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1987: The Chaîne, now active in a hundred and twenty-two countries, including Russia and China, sponsors the second annual View from the Vineyards party at the Pierre Hotel, featuring food from twenty-three restaurants, wine from eighty vineyards, and thirteen hundred and fifty guests, paying a hundred and twenty-five dollars each. Near the front of the Grand Ballroom, Gloria (a.k.a. Glorious) Parker, dressed flamboyantly in red and gold, runs her fingers around the rims of twenty-eight crystal wineglasses, and strains of "Begin the Beguine" fill the room. Scattered through the crowd are eight models wearing leaves of green Ultrasuede and grapes of purple satin and posing as spirits; they hold still for several minutes, then change position—never flinching, never smiling. Roger Yaseen, the national president of the Chaîne, presides.

"The models *announce* to you that this *is* a party," says Mr. Yaseen, tall, elegant, and quick to smile. "There's nothing more marvellous than to throw a party, have people pay, and then have them come up and *thank* you for paying." He nods as passersby murmur phrases studded with superlatives. "I'm so pleased," he says, and raises a flute-shaped glass of Korbel champagne.

Lynne Roberts, an energetic young woman who has been working on the party full time since December, stops by Mr. Yaseen's table. "We have a photograph of Kathleen Turner and Cheryl Tiegs talking to each other," she says. "And Dr. Ruth sitting up on a table. Have you sampled the soups?"

Nearby, four models in grape leaves and shimmering bodysuits change position.

Robin Blackburne, a British wine consultant who lives in Bermuda, appears from another room and pauses next to a tureen of shrimp in red-pepper-and-coconut sauce. "Roger Yaseen has turned out to be a remarkable fellow," he says. "Last night, there was an auction at Windows on the World. A chap from Ecuador was there donating a weekend for four in



"Money talking."

• •

Quito in June. Roger Yaseen got two and a half thousand dollars for any two bottles from his cellar, with the exception of his 1961 Château Pétrus. Who are these people in gold lamé who are holding grapes and lying down on the tables? That's an extraordinary art form, I guess you would say."

"The man behind the models is Frank Dorcy," says Bill Bennett, of Dorcy Productions. "Frank hired the models, created their roles, designed the backdrop—you see the painted wizard and the wine bottle and the rainbow? We're all from Kansas City. But Frank's been to Hollywood, where he studied under Cecil B. De Mille during 'The Ten Commandments.' He was a dancer at Disneyland, and once he was Snoopy. Then he went back home and put all his talents and knowledge together. The models here are all either bodybuilders or dancers. They're supposed to freeze for a count of a hundred and fifty and then change position. If you walk up to the one in the hallway, near the mineral water, and say, 'Give me a grape,' he'll give you a grape. Here comes Frank."

Mr. Dorcy, a small, Fred Astaire-like gentleman wearing a Chaîne medallion on a large green ribbon, approaches. "The models are trained to hold a pose," he explains after sampling some duck ravioli with pimento and basil. "They breathe in through the right nostril and exhale through the left. They try not to use their diaphragms; they use their pectorals. If they breathe normally, they can lose their balance."

One of the models rises from a table and, with a dramatic sweep of her right arm, assumes fourth position. Behind her, Adam Strum, creator of "The Wine Enthusiast" catalogue, is demonstrating a gadget called the Vintage Keeper. "Nitrogen is an inert gas," he says.

Back near the entrance, Gloria Parker dips her fingers delicately into a bowl of water and begins to play "There's No Business Like Show Business." "This is a rare instrument introduced in America by Ben Franklin in 1761," she says. "I can play jazz and swing. I'm known as the Princess of Marimba on the vaudeville circuit. In 'Broadway Danny Rose,' Woody, who is also a musician—he plays the clarinet, you know—calls me the Jascha Heifetz of the singing glasses. There are a little over two octaves here, perfectly tuned. One drop of water either way makes a difference. It's a wonderful feat with the hands. Get it?"

Brett and Patty, dressed formally, are resting on a tiny baroque couch beneath some curving marble stairs. "You get a lot farther using your nose than your palate," Patty says about wine-tasting. "Some wines smell like watermelon. Others smell like model-airplane glue or makeup."

"If a wine smells like a wet dog, it smells like a wet dog," Brett says. "I've always wanted to go into the restaurant business. My aunt and uncle owned restaurants, and when I was five they used to put me up on a milk crate in front of a dishwasher and I'd load it up. In college, I studied things like how to make crêpes Suzette. My roommate was a chemistry major, and while he was sitting at a desk worrying about formulas I was in the kitchen flipping crêpes."

Descending the stairs is Mr. Yaseen. "Everyone's been so generous," he says. "Maxim's donated all the flowers. You have men here like Bern Laxer, who's a master of steak and has a wine cellar that must contain two million bottles. He's practically a vegetarian, and he doesn't drink wine with meals, but at his steak house in Tampa you can get the greatest steak the world's ever seen and the greatest wine the world's ever tasted. I love giving parties. Last year, I gave one on Bastille Day, and asked twenty restaurants and pâtisseries to re-create what they thought Marie-Antoinette had in mind when she said, 'Let them eat cake.' In May, I'm going to hold a salmon-slicing symposium at Petrossian. Everybody should know how to slice their own salmon. It costs practically nothing—four-fifty a pound. To have it sliced brings it to eighteen dollars. It will be like medical school, where every four people share a cadaver. Here every four people will share a side of salmon. Listen, we are not a bunch of wealthy people engaging in hedonistic revelry. Many of our functions are benefits. Just recently, we raised twenty-six thousand dollars to send twenty chefs to take part in a culinary competition in Frankfurt."

One of the models onstage rolls her eyes as another's arm descends perilously close to her head. Near the foot of the marble stairs, hotel guards close the double doors leading to a room where one or two hundred of the guests, presumably still hungry, will soon be served dinner.

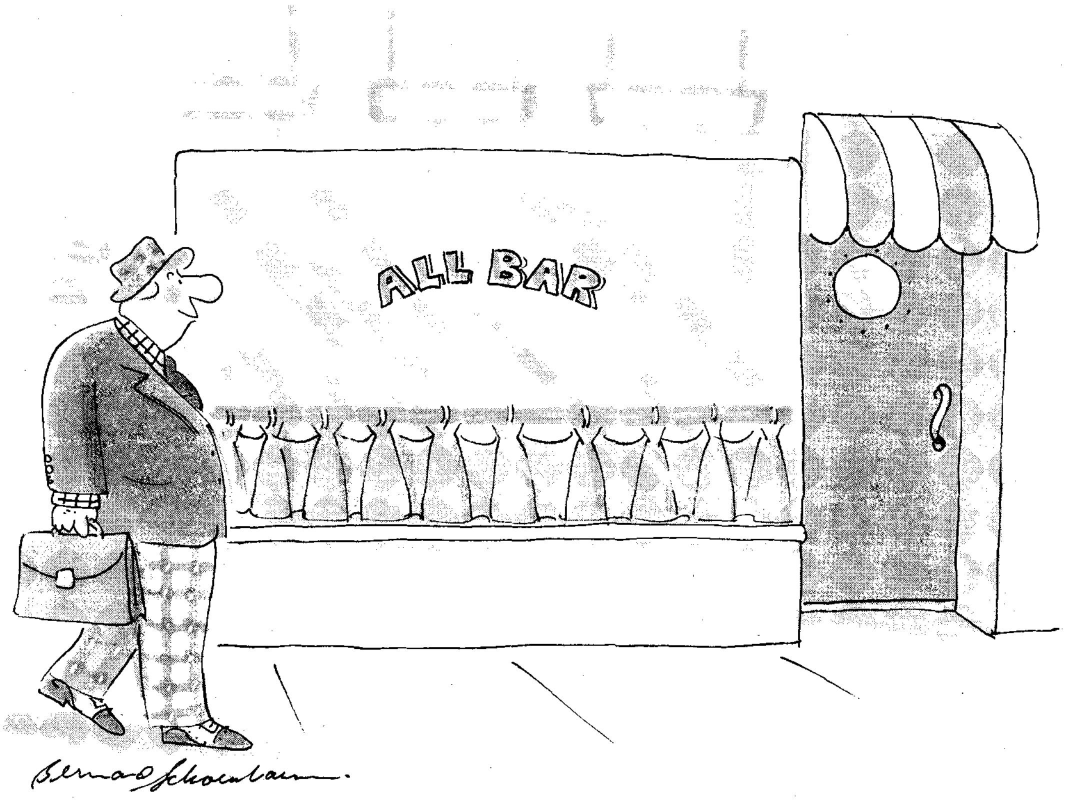
FAUX PAS

KYRA was a transparent liar. She said, "I hate myself for having to run home," and her tongue touched the corners of her mouth, as it invariably did after lies, in a tic she was sure her five-year-old son noticed, but never her husband, Charlie, and never her English lover of the last six months, Brian. To whom she was lying now, adamantly yet without heat. She knew not to invest a lie with heat; the truth was so seldom invested with it. In fact, she was willing, even anxious, to catch a taxi once this dinner of Brian's was eaten and over with, because it would mean she was honoring a promise she had made to herself, and then set herself strictly to keep. Although Charlie had taken Nicholas away, with another American father and son, to visit Stonehenge—which meant they'd be gone through tomorrow, late—she would not spend the night in Brian's flat. She did not spend nights with Brian, that was the promise, and she wouldn't this time, though it presented the perfect occasion, because she believed she'd be yielding more than a night if she stayed. She would be permitting some irreversible erosion of her real life—her life with Charlie—or of her sense of the inevitability of her life with Charlie. They had been together since Charlie was a senior at Michigan State, she a shy, green-eyed sophomore. Though to Kyra her unfaithfulness had lately seemed the essential fact of her existence—she had thought Charlie could surely read it in her guilty, radiant face—Charlie remained an innocent. She meant for that innocence to save them, and she had hemmed it about with nervous protective strategies. That morning, Charlie had left home in a state of high excitement; he was far more entranced than his son by the idea of standing Druid stones.

Home was in this case across London, and not America, though New York was where she and Charlie and Nicholas would be before the month was out. For Kyra, that return flight was running away as well as running home, and she was relieved to have it looming so close. Charlie's company had wanted him to spend a year in London. For half that year, she'd been seeing Brian, and had proved unable to extricate herself from the affair. The flight would have to do it for her. She considered his cropped English head with new pity.

Pity was lost on him, as her lie-betraying tic had been, because his back was to her. In his cold kitchen, with its floor of black and white tiles, the kind of cheap tiles that (Kyra now knew) were in kitchens all over London, Brian put the kettle on and shook olive oil into a saucepan, finding only two gold drops. He answered, "Right," either to what she'd said or to finding the tin empty. "Right" was a word covering numerous disappointments and afflictions with rueful adroitness; it struck her that she'd heard it too easily, too often, from him. It was disturbing that though the weight of her accumulated refusals—to say she loved him, to listen seriously to his sketchy plan for coming to New York next fall and working there—was very great, and though in addition she'd just lied to him, he was not going to catch her out. They were not going to quarrel, though lines from the quarrel they were not going to have floated through her head.

He whistled, his signal that he wanted her attention. Brian believed her to be a great daydreamer; in this belief she thought he was, as he so often was, several shades too kind, or too unobservant, in his assessment of her. She set her wineglass down and went to the window in a halfhearted attempt to provoke. A second-story window in the house he'd lived in for years, it looked out over a part of London still unknown to her. He lived not far from the river; the neighborhood's light was changeable, its houses small. The cold evening had gone a slate blue that was steady even through the rain, which had swept in, darkening the brick backs of the closely built houses, their roofs a uniform steepness, their drenched, coal-black gardens long since cleared for winter.



Brian stood behind her and observed, of the rain, "Stair-roddy," so that when she looked again the rain sliced down in ranked, vertical lines, domesticated and English. Tidy, she thought. On their single fugitive trip into the country, she'd laughed at a petrol-station sign, "KEEP BRITAIN TIDY," and he hadn't known why she was laughing. After that, a current of small misunderstandings and wrong interpretations had seized them, though she was conscious that they were both willing it away—their mutual incomprehension. It had not quite deserted them, even when the brief trip was over.

"Coming?" He was persuasive, interrupting her. He was going out for more olive oil, and if she said no he would, finally, be hurt, though he wouldn't show it. He wanted every minute of her that he could get from this evening, which he'd been anticipating for a long while; it was improvident, and therefore unlike him, to have overlooked the olive oil, thus opening an inconvenient gap in the time when he'd meant to keep them sealed together.

She shook her head. "Your cold," she said vaguely. "Don't get wet."

She stayed where she was. At the front door's slam, pleasure bloomed—the intense, rare pleasure of being alone in his flat. Once or twice before when he'd gone out, leaving her here, she'd imagined going through his things, his books and letters and the pockets of his shirts. The idea of carrying out this rapid, furtive search left her with a sense of being almost erotically privileged and secure with him, as if it were something he'd allow her, when in fact he never would. He was far too private, too neatly, self-sufficiently English, for that. It would not occur to him that she'd even consider a thing so alien. Stolen insights: those were American. He gave her, of himself, what he wanted her to know. She got nothing from him covertly, not even in lovemaking. By now she believed she could only be satisfied by those truths about him that he would somehow, sometime, unwittingly grant.

The ring of fluorescence on the ceiling flickered, its icy white blinked on the porcelain finish of the cooker and the crockery in the sink, and Kyra was alone in a kitchen she suddenly disliked: it represented the entire balked, failing evening, and *when* was she going to get home? She gave in to him, caught up her things, and ran down the dark stairs. Outside, there was rain in her eyelashes, rain in her hair, and rain to breathe, bearing its sooty smell of wet London pavements and alleys. Far down the street, seen from behind, with his worn Levi's, scuffed leather jacket, and close-cropped fair head, Brian could have been a rough American kid, even a gang member. This was a London ideal, and an illusion he spent some effort perpetuating. As she ran after it, it charmed her. The illusion was ruined by his huge, black, old man's umbrella. *He* charmed her. Half turning, not quite stopping, he dealt her one brooding look before he consented to own her again. They'd begun drinking while he prepared to cook, and in the resonant shelter of the umbrella she was suddenly drunk. Not noticing, he wound her black cashmere muffler again and again around her throat. Then they ran.

"For God's sake, László, I'm having enough problems with my identity as it is."

• •

The shop was dim inside, and cluttered, owned by a slender, vigilant Indian who at once adopted an air of injury, as if they had interrupted him at something crucial. If Brian hadn't sometimes insisted, Kyra would never have entered the store after the first time, when the Indian's dislike of her seemed so strong in the little coffee-fragrant box of a shop. Brian had an explanation: the shock of leaving India for this battered brown corner of London caused the Indian to detect in even the most everyday shifts and transitions in the lives around him a magnificent destruction. Appearing relatively recently, Kyra represented change, and therefore loss. She resented this nimbly expedient apology for someone's very visible dislike of her. Now, behind his counter, there was the Indian, with his crimped black hair in waves over his delicate forehead, his long, feminine eyes taking her in with crazy hatred. With Brian's umbrella no longer over her head, she was too exposed, too uneasily foreign for the frugal English smallness of the shop. It wasn't clean, and it was painfully quiet. She pretended to sort through the ice cream in the tiny freezer, but its interior was deep with drifted rime that seemed weirdly dusty, and she was disgusted. On the shelves along the walls there were the thrifty British sizes of everything: dwarf packets, toy tins, set out in grudging display, one or two of each.

"Daydreaming?" Brian said. He had got the oil. He bumped her out the door before him. She directed a late, languishing smile over her shoulder at the Indian, to confuse him. In the veiled shop darkness he appeared to be in pain. "What are you up to, child?" Brian demanded, but before she could answer there was someone standing near them, under an umbrella of her own but facing them, facing, particularly, Brian, who was startled into an awkward, tongue-tied stillness. Kyra stared. This was a way she'd never seen him before. It displeased her greatly.

"Um, Brian," the woman said.

"Pippa."

Pippa, Kyra thought drunkenly, excitedly, displeasedly. Pippa was Brian's ex-lover, and the last person in London he'd have wanted to run into with Kyra tonight.

"This is Kyra," Brian said. He sneezed.

Pippa said politely, "Kyra, hallo," and offered her hand. Kyra shook it. The three of them, under two umbrellas, stood very still.

"Since I've run into you," Pippa said to Brian, "I wonder if I might come round to pick up some of my things."

"Some of your things? There's nothing of yours."

"There is something I can't find now, and I think I know where I left it."

"I haven't seen it."

"Um," Pippa said. "That's the awkward thing. You wouldn't have done."

Kyra's nervousness was growing. She tried to think why, and couldn't; this was an ordinary enough conversation. The decisiveness with which Pippa pronounced "awkward" was lovely.

"What was it, then?" Brian said.

"My black jeans."

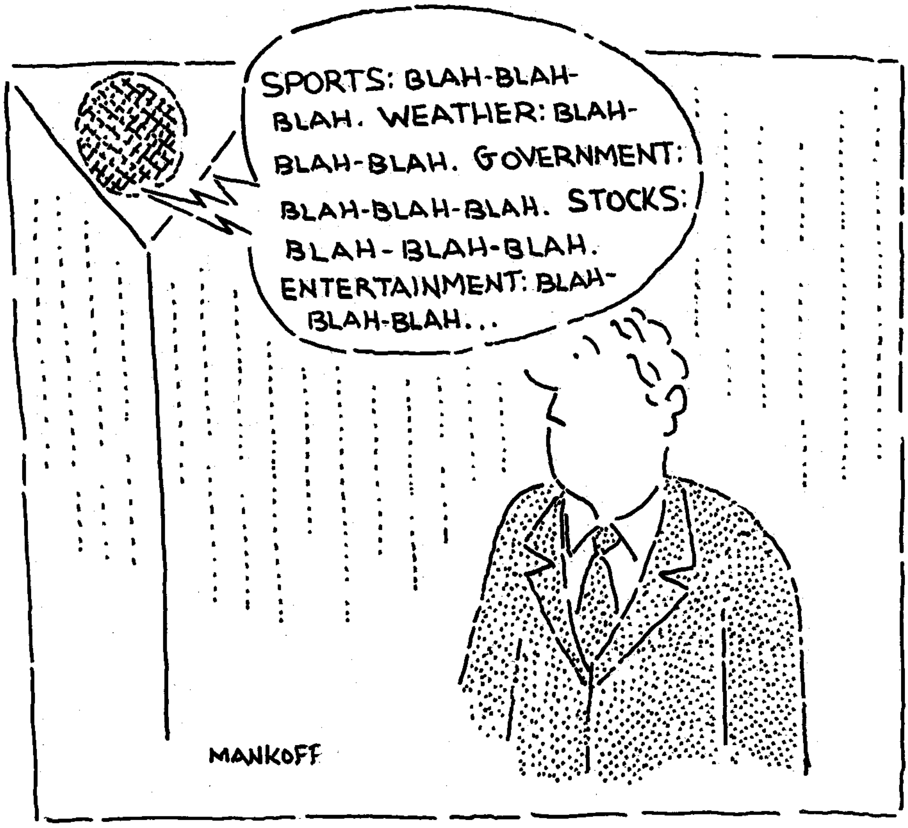
She hadn't wanted to confess that. Jeans, taken off, proved intimacy, setting up a little echo of past sex, hers with Brian. She'd been being discreet for Kyra, though she had no idea who Kyra was.

Pippa had beautifully cut fair hair that fell over one of her eyes. There was a tiny mole near the corner of that eye as well. Her muffler was wound again and again around her throat, and her fine nose was chapped with a cold the match of Brian's. She and Brian had moved nearer, their umbrellas touching to form this leakless, seamless black silk gloom, which shed rain only at their backs. Kyra was sure neither of them had given a thought to this positioning. Of their own accord, the umbrellas had lodged together into their old conversational fit.

"They're not there," Brian said, indignant.

"Brian, they are. You couldn't know they're not."

Because of the mole near the corner of her eye, or because she didn't know who Kyra was, Pippa's gaze wasn't absolutely candid. Through her drunkenness, Kyra began to feel slightly unreal, thinking how often, in the brief time Brian and Pippa had lived together, they must have met like this, one coming, one going, with stray details of their small, tidy, hateful household to discuss. Dinner, tea. Biscuits, tickets. Pippa was an actress. She'd appeared in Brian's first play and in two of his plays since—even, Kyra knew, in the play that had overlapped and partly caused their breakup. Though drawn out, that had been an Englishly gentle dissolution. Kyra had had no reason to expect what she now saw: in the needling downpour, confronted by Pippa, Brian had entirely lost his self-possession.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MANKOFF

NUZAK

He had unconsciously edged Kyra toward the umbrella's rim, and her shoulder was getting wet, but it was Pippa who noticed. "Brian, you brute," she said, and with a finger tipped his umbrella farther over Kyra's head. "She's getting quite drenched."

Pippa and Kyra locked glances and laughed. "Thoughtless monster," Pippa added, to Brian.

"If you're serious, Pippa, then come," he said. "Let's get out of the wet."

Absolutely not, Pippa, Kyra rehearsed for him silently. *There's no way you can stop by tonight. You see, this is my American lover. We never have the luxury of an entire evening together.*

Pippa fell behind, but not far enough so that Kyra could question Brian: What about dinner, how long would she stay? Kyra glanced back to determine if Pippa minded lagging behind the two of them, an unknown American and her own ex-lover, but Pippa was nonchalant, her gaze caught by each shining shopwindow they passed. At the house, a tomcat was sheltering in the recess of the front door, his torn ears flattened in annoyance at the relentless drumming-down wetness of the world. Pippa scooped him up and rubbed his big head against her chin until the cat broke into a purr dense as static. She dropped him, and, at the foot of the stairs, Brian and Pippa both hooked their umbrella handles over the banister. The suspended umbrellas flopped open enough to dry, though they dripped on the floor.

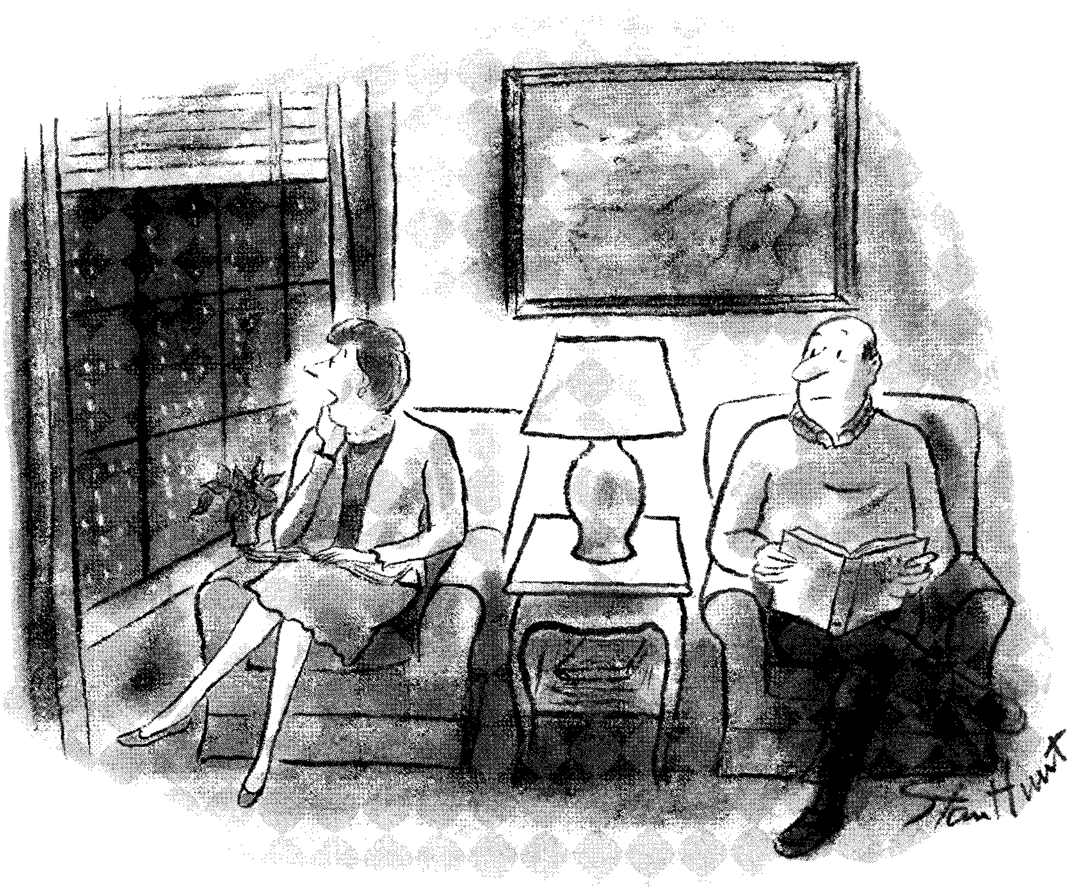
Upstairs, Pippa paused to peer into the kitchen and said, "Brian, you left the kettle on. It's all boiled away. You'll be burning the house down next."

"We didn't mean to stay away so long."

"Shall I start another?"

"Yes, please," Brian said.

So they would be bound together



"I was just wondering if out there, somewhere, someone is still stomping at the Savoy."

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until tea was over. Dinner was nowhere in sight. Kyra said, "I think it's time for my taxi, Brian."

"Oh, no!" Pippa said. "I've ruined your evening by running into you, haven't I? By coming up? Look, this is simple but it is awkward." That lovely "awkward" again. "Brian, I need to get into the bedroom."

"Bedroom," he repeated, and she nodded, her fair hair in her uncandid eye. They went into the bedroom, Kyra following.

"This *will* seem odd," Pippa said. "I can only say that I forgot." She bent over the bed, gave the mattress a twist that exposed the box spring, and tugged out a pair of slim black denim jeans.

"You did like shortcuts," Brian said.

She laughed. "Did and do." She folded the black jeans and clasped them to her chest, under her chin, as she had cradled the cat. "I wish you'd asked me to tea," she said, yearningly. "Then I wouldn't feel I'd made such a terrible faux pas. By intruding. But you know"—she turned abruptly to Kyra—"or you don't know, I lived here, and it made things very strange for me, the feeling that I'd left something here, and not only here, but, um, in the bed."

"They were quite safe here," Brian said. "They could easily have remained where they were for years." From his neutral tone, Kyra couldn't tell whether he was teasing Pippa or whether it was an oblique rebuke. Whichever it had been, Pippa absorbed it in silence, as well as the fact that she wasn't going to be asked for tea. She and Brian kissed goodbye. This was, Kyra guessed, from a need to stamp their accidental meeting with the companionable finality, the leaving of no doubts in anybody's mind, that had characterized their breakup. Pippa nodded sweetly to Kyra and then, as if suffering a rush of doubt or regret, extended her hand again, said, "Very nice meeting you," and went.

"This *is* awkward, but I would *so* like some tea," Kyra said. An impulse to mock Pippa as cruelly as possible had overcome her, though she was certain no cruelty of hers would be enough to twist Brian from his mood. Besides, her mimicry was imperfectly pitched. It sounded American and half admiring. She began again. "That was strange."

"Right," Brian said. "That was strange."

"You're repeating things. She started you doing that."

"What does it matter?"

"It matters like this: I've never seen you so thrown."

He sat on the edge of the bed and idly straightened the duvet, which had been rumpled when the mattress was lifted.

She said, "I've never thrown you like that."

"Haven't you." He punched the duvet. Then he leaned forward and put his face into her stomach, coughed hoarsely, and said loudly enough so that she could feel his voice resonating through her belly to her backbone, "You have. You do all the time. You change your mind, and you act as if I haven't even noticed it, as if you have an absolute right to reverse yourself, even where it involves my deepest feelings. As if I should learn to exist without expectations. I'm cheated of what I would feel if I could trust you more completely. You know you *lie* to me."

She knelt, instinctively wishing to bring her face nearer his. He was finding it hard to meet her carefully fixed and tender stare of comprehension. He said again, though not as loudly, "You lie."

But looking up at him she saw he loved her nonetheless, and she forgot that she wasn't at home.

—Elizabeth Tallent

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Deborah Shelton will return to "Dallas" in the role of Mandy Winger, mistress of J.R. Ewing, the actress' publicist said. An outpouring of fan mail was one of the reasons for bringing her back to the CBS series, said Randa Handler. Earlier this season, Mandy headed for Hollywood to become an actress but is due back in Dallas next month.

JANUARY

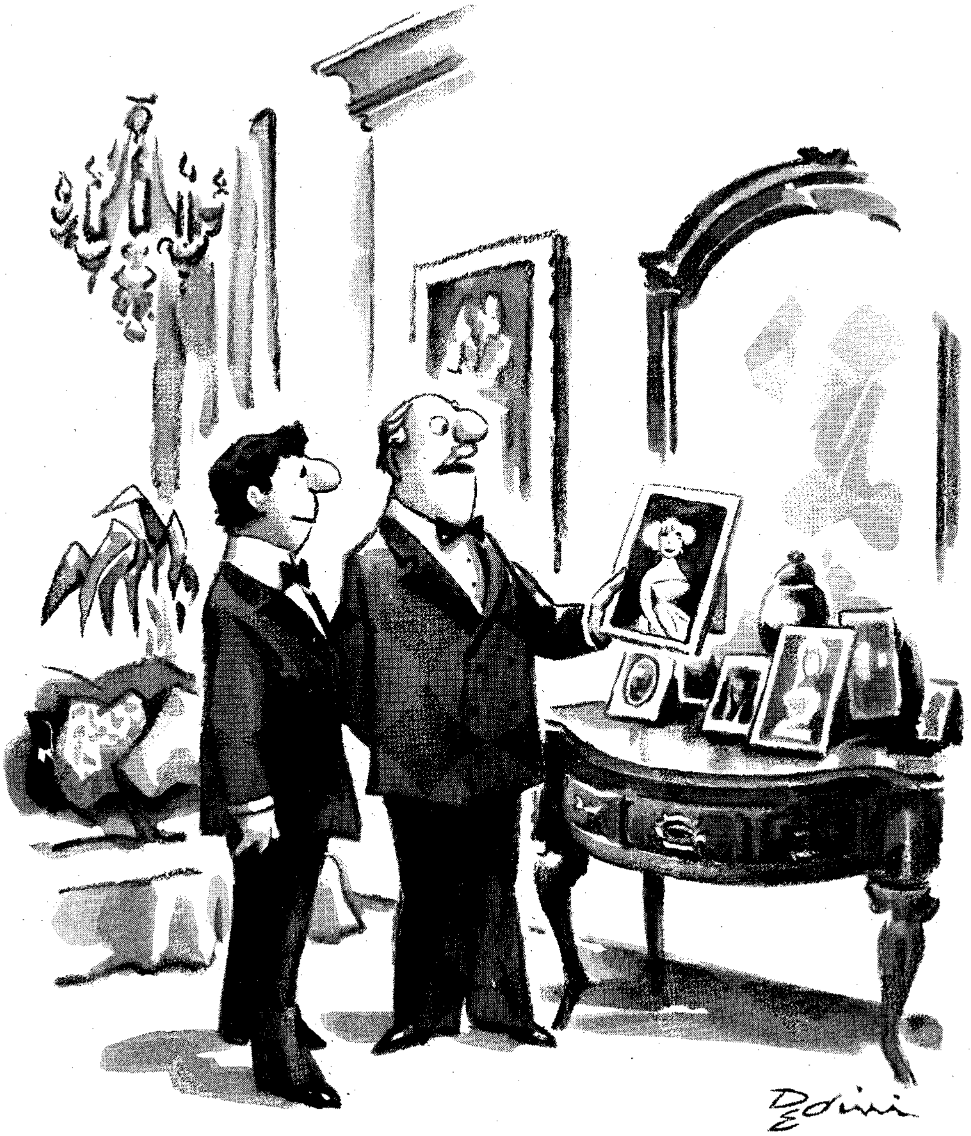
THE interview took place, appropriately enough, on St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands. Thomas Brecker was renting a small villa, before which a bougainvillea bloomed, on the outskirts of Charlotte Amalie. Brecker was wearing an orange-red tie with a light-blue cotton shirt and seemed very much at ease. He has a leg brace because of an early bout with polio but it does not seem to inhibit his movement, which is vigorous, athletic. At sixty-five, he has published seven books, from "Christianity and Culture" (1964) to, most recently, "The Possibility of Belief," for which he won the Van Baaren Prize awarded annually by Holland's Groningen Foundation. While we talked, on a sultry day in June, 1986, a houseboy attended us, bringing cool drinks on a brown plastic tray of the sort found in cafeterias. From time to time we were interrupted by Brecker's son Patrick, six, who seemed uncomfortable when out of sight of his father.

INTERVIEWER

You were a journalist when you began, I believe. Can you tell us something about those years?

BRECKER

I wasn't much of a journalist, or I wasn't a journalist for very long—two or three years. This was on a small paper in California, a middle-sized daily, a Knight-Ridder paper in San Jose. I started out doing all the routine things, courts, police, city hall. Then they made me the religion writer. I did that for two years. It was not a choice assignment, it was very much looked down upon, one step above being an obituary writer, what we called the mort man. Also, in those days it was very difficult to print anything that might be construed as critical of any given religion, even when you were dealing with the problems a particular church might be having. So many things couldn't be talked about: abortion, mental illness among the clergy, fratricidal behavior among churches of the same denomination. Now that's all changed.



"Your mother was young and restless and knew what she wanted. She wanted out."

INTERVIEWER

And that got you interested in religion.

BRECKER

Yes. It was very good experience and I'm grateful for it. I began to think of religion in a much more practical sense than I'd ever thought about it before, what the church offered or could offer to people, what people got from the church in a day-to-day sense, and especially what it did to the clergy. I saw people wrestling with terrible dilemmas: gay priests, ministers who had to counsel people against abortion when abortion was obviously the only sane solution to, say, the problem of a pregnant fourteen-year-old, women who could only be nurses or teachers when they felt they had a very powerful vocation for the priesthood itself. I came to theoretical concerns by way of very practical ones.

INTERVIEWER

You did your undergraduate work at U.C.L.A., I remember.

BRECKER

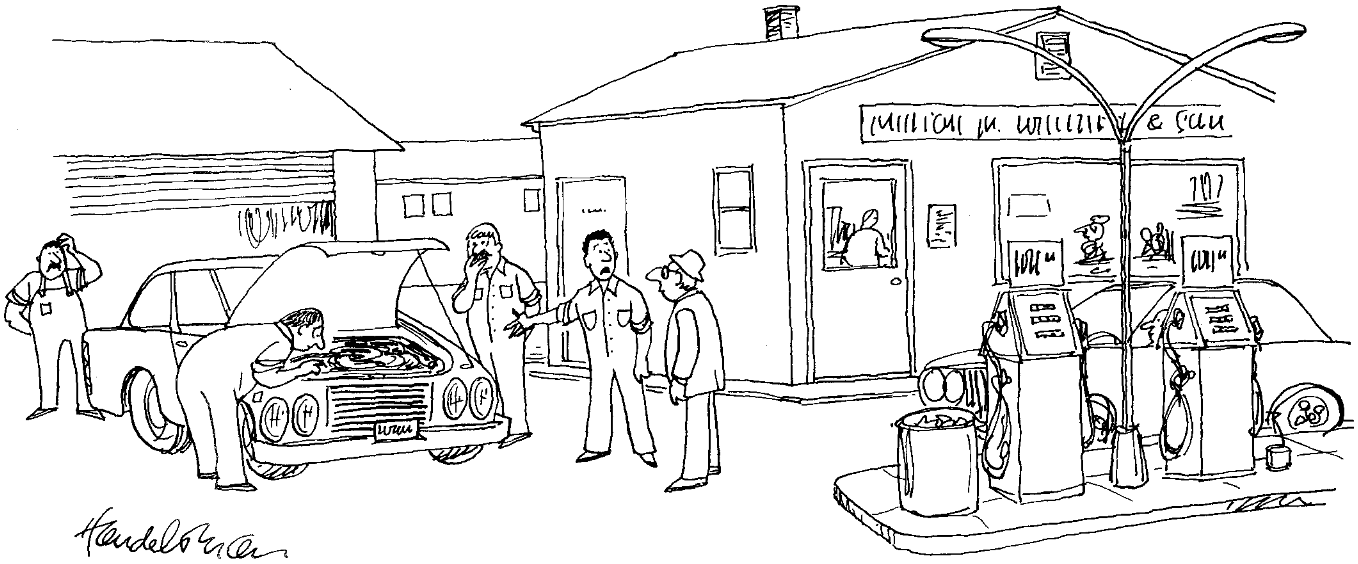
Yes. In chemistry, of all things. My undergraduate degree was in chemical engineering, but when I got out there were no jobs so I took the first thing that was offered, which was this fifty-dollar-a-week newspaper thing in San Jose. So after working on the paper I went back to the university and studied first philosophical anthropology and then religion. I ended up at the Harvard Divinity School. That would be the late forties.

INTERVIEWER

You did your dissertation with Tillich.

BRECKER

No. I knew him and of course he was of enormous importance to all of us. He was at Harvard until '62, I believe. He had an apartment on Chauncy Street in Cambridge, on the second floor, he used to have informal seminars at home, some of which I



"We can't come to an agreement about how to fix your car, Mr. Simons. Sometimes that's the way things happen in a democracy."

• •

attended. But he wasn't my dissertation director—a man named Howard Cadmus was.

INTERVIEWER

Your dissertation dealt with acedia.

BRECKER

In the forties that sort of topic was more or less in the air. And of course it's interesting, that sort of sickness, torpor, one wonders how it arises and how it's dealt with, and it's real and it has a relation, albeit a negative one, to religion. The topic was maybe too fashionable but I still think the dissertation was respectable, a respectable piece of work if not brilliant.

INTERVIEWER

What was the burden of the argument?

BRECKER

My thesis was that acedia is a turning toward something rather than, as it's commonly conceived of, a turning away from something. I argued that acedia is a positive reaction to an extraordinary demand, for example, the demand that one embrace the *good news* and become one with the mystical body of Christ. The demand is extraordinary because it's so staggering in terms of changing your life—out of the ordinary, out of the common run. Acedia is often conceived of as a kind of sullenness in the face of existence; I tried to locate its positive features. For example, it precludes certain kinds of madness, crowd mania; it precludes a certain kind of error. You're not an enthusiast and therefore you don't go out and join a lynch mob—rather, you languish on a couch with your head in your hands. I was trying to stake out a position for the uncommitted which still, at the same time, had something to do with religion. I may have been right or wrong, it doesn't much matter now, but that's what I was trying to do.

Acedia refuses certain kinds of relations with others. Of course there's a concomitant loss—of being with others, intersubjectivity. In literature, someone like Huysmans exemplifies the type. You could argue that he was just a nineteenth-century dandy of a certain kind but that misses the point, which is that something brought him to this position. As ever, fear comes into it. I argued that acedia was a manifestation of fear and I think that's true. Here it would be a fear of the need to submit, of joining the culture, of losing that much of the self to the culture.

INTERVIEWER

The phrase "the need to submit"—you're consistently critical of that.

BRECKER

It has parts, just like anything else. There's a relief in submission to authority and that's a psychological good. At the same time, we consider submission a diminishment of the individual, a ceding of individual being, which we criticize. It's a paradox which has to do with competing goods. For example, how much of your own autonomy do you cede to duly constituted authority, whether civil or churchly? And this is saying you're not coerced. We pay taxes because there's a fairly efficient system of coercion involved, but how much fealty do you give a government which is very often pursuing schemes which you, as an individual, using your best judgment, consider quite mad? And how much submission to a church, quite possibly the very wrongheaded temporary management of a church, whether it's a local vestry with ten deacons of suspect intelligence or Rome itself? Christ tells us not to throw the first stone, and that's beautiful, but at some point somebody has to stand up and say that such-and-such is nonsense—which is equivalent to throwing stones.

On the other hand, how much value should be attached to individual being? I take a clue from the fact that we *are* individual beings, that we're constructed that way, we're unique beings. That's also the root of many of our problems, of course.

INTERVIEWER

You're well known for critiques of contemporary religion, but also for what might be called an aesthetic distaste for some aspects of modern religion.

BRECKER

If you're talking about television evangelism and that sort of thing, it's a waste of time to be critical. I begin speaking from the position that I'm a fool and an ignoramus, which is true enough and not just a rhetorical device, and, having said that, I can also say that these performances give me very little to think about. There's so little content that there's almost nothing to talk about. A sociologist might profitably study the phenomenon but that's about it. You note the sadness in the fact that so many people draw some kind of nourishment from what is really a very thin version of religion. On the other hand, people like Harvey Cox, who speaks about "people's religion," by which I take him to mean religion in nontraditional forms or mixed traditions or even what might be called bastard forms, have a point too—it can't be disregarded, it has to be thought about. Not that Cox was talking about television specifically. He's thinking, after Tillich, about the theology of culture as a whole. His generosity is what's admirable, and I don't mean that as a way of saying that his thought is not.

Interviewer

Still, the whole thing, the millions of people watching and mailing in their money, is an example of what you characterize as the need to submit.

Brecker

It's that, certainly. But I'd rather talk about submission at the other end of the scale—say, the Catholic bishops in regard to Rome, or St. Augustine, any of the classic saints, very strong figures, bending to what they think or *feel* to be the will of God. Here you have the most sophisticated people imaginable, people for whom religion has been a central concern all their lives, people who have in every sense earned the right to speak on this sort of question, and you find a joyous submission. The other end of the scale from what we were speaking of as the madness of crowds. That's got to be respected but at the same time it can be examined, because the final effect is precisely submission. What is to be said of this kind of very informed, very sophisticated submission? That it reflects a proper, even admirable humility? It does. Or is it an abdication of responsibility? It's that too, or can be.

Interviewer

The question is one of degree, then. How much you give up.

Brecker

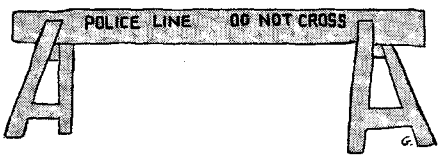
The question is, rather, what is proper to man? The right way to proceed in regard to these matters can be argued in so many ways, and has been, that the individual can be forgiven for chucking the whole business, giving up religion entirely, and many people do. Still, the question remains. Is a particular position a reasoned position or is it rather a matter of personality, or even pride, the *non serviam*? If it is a reasoned position, how do you deal with the finitude of human reason? What should be trusted, reason or authority? Authority or the individual cast of mind?

Interviewer

To get back to fear, why is it so central in your schema?

Brecker

It has to do with the problem of finitude, of which fear is an aspect. A mind without limit would have no fear, not even the fear of death. There'd be nothing to fear. Death, for example, would be understood so per-


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
G.

FOUR POEMS

THE GREEN ELEPHANT

Come, come close to the window.
I present you with a model
of the universe.

Let's inspect these trophies
and this fine collection of guillotines
with the blood wiped off

and the proud tusk of the Green Elephant
which I shot once from a low angle
in a moment of cowardice and screaming.
Despite the confusion, I still recall
the bow of his colossal knees.

Examine carefully these coins and
handkerchiefs of dead queens
from rainy towns
and this skull with its enormous
sad eye sockets resting uncomfortably
on its crossbones.

It shouldn't come as a surprise to you
that after such a great feat
there was no proper reward.
These injustices are quite common.
But come.
Come close to the window.

GHOST

A rug of dead butterflies at my feet,
dead and limp
(they don't experience rigor mortis).
I, on the other hand, am quite healthy:
I've extracted my liver,
plucked out my lungs,
wrenched out my heart,
and nothing hurts anymore.
To become a ghost
is a solution
I weakly recommend.

THAT ANIMAL

That animal was tamed by me.
I extracted it from chaos;
I smeared it
with the pale unction of my kindness.

And then it swallowed me!
What a foul muzzle!
How unworthy its bowels!

You hear me, Jonah?

THE YOUNG BAT

To begin, he circled my neck shyly
and laced it with his singing;
I almost fell in love with his ugly
triangular head, his squinting eyes,
and the sound of his frail bones.

At his first bite
I felt a great relief.
My pulse throbbed eagerly
knowing my blood would flow, diluted,
into another goitre, absolved of sin.

Then I grew weaker.
Clamped to my neck, the vampire
was drinking me, drinking me constantly.
His wings flared wide and free,
his eyes burned like two hieroglyphs—
but I couldn't decipher the message.

—Nina Cassian

(*Translated, from the Rumanian,
by Christopher Hewitt.*)

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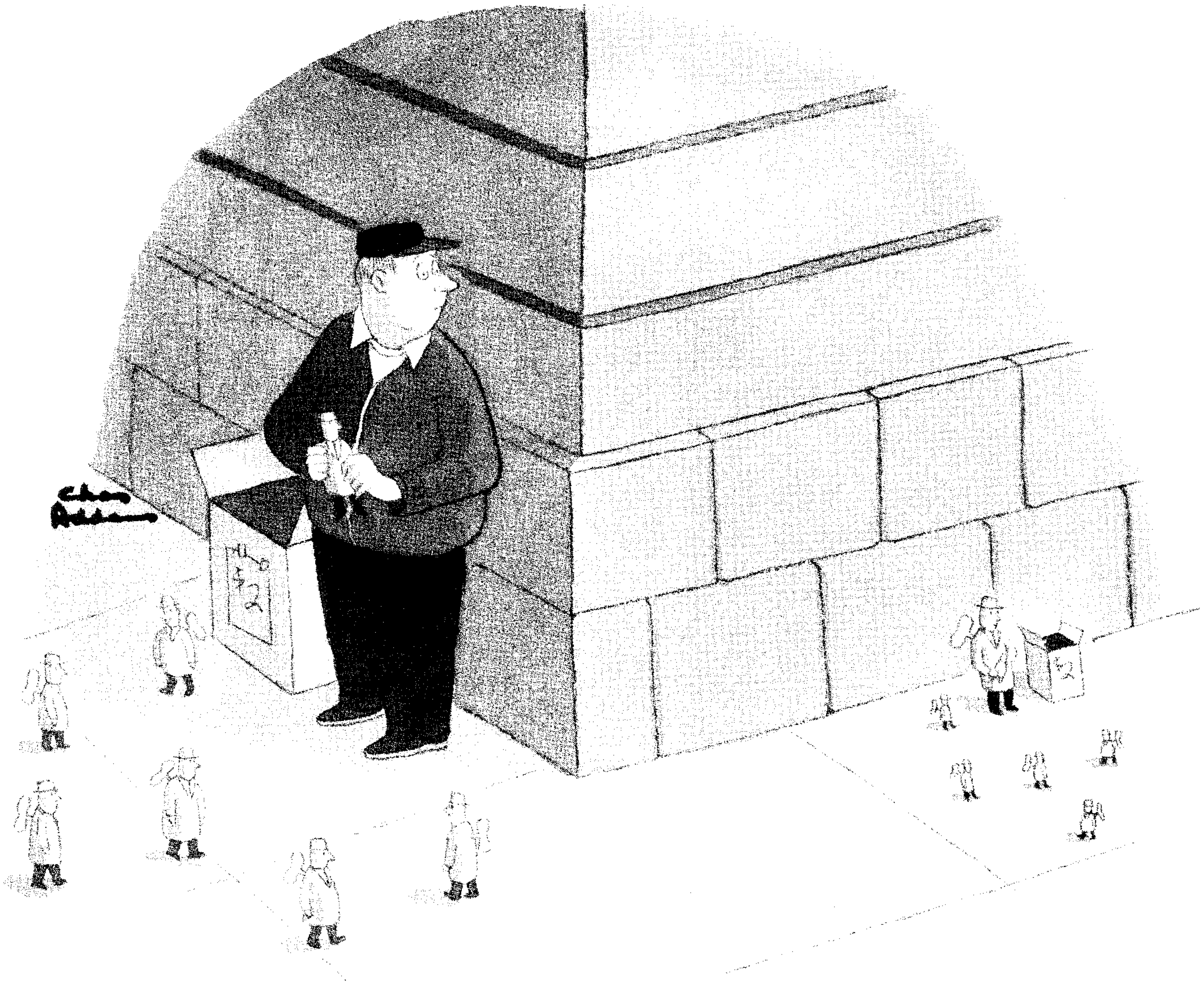

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fectly that it could contain nothing that could perturb the mind. It's the kind of thing the Eastern religions aim at. Obviously, we'll never get there, to this kind of serenity, because of the limits of human understanding.

But we are most ingenious, most ingenious. One of the finest religious inventions is the concept of absolution. I fall into error, confess it, and you give me absolution, or somebody gives me absolution. That cleansing—itself a very human idea, the washing-away—is of interest. It prevents us from being worse and worse, from in some sense stewing in our own juices. It makes new directions possible. It's just a bloody marvellous conception, and there are others just as good, of which the idea of life after death is merely the first example. Life-after-death may be seen as coercive, or as providing hope, or as pure metaphor, or as absolute fact. What's the truth of the matter? I don't know.

INTERVIEWER

But people can get that from psychiatry, absolution. Admittedly, with greater difficulty.

BRECKER

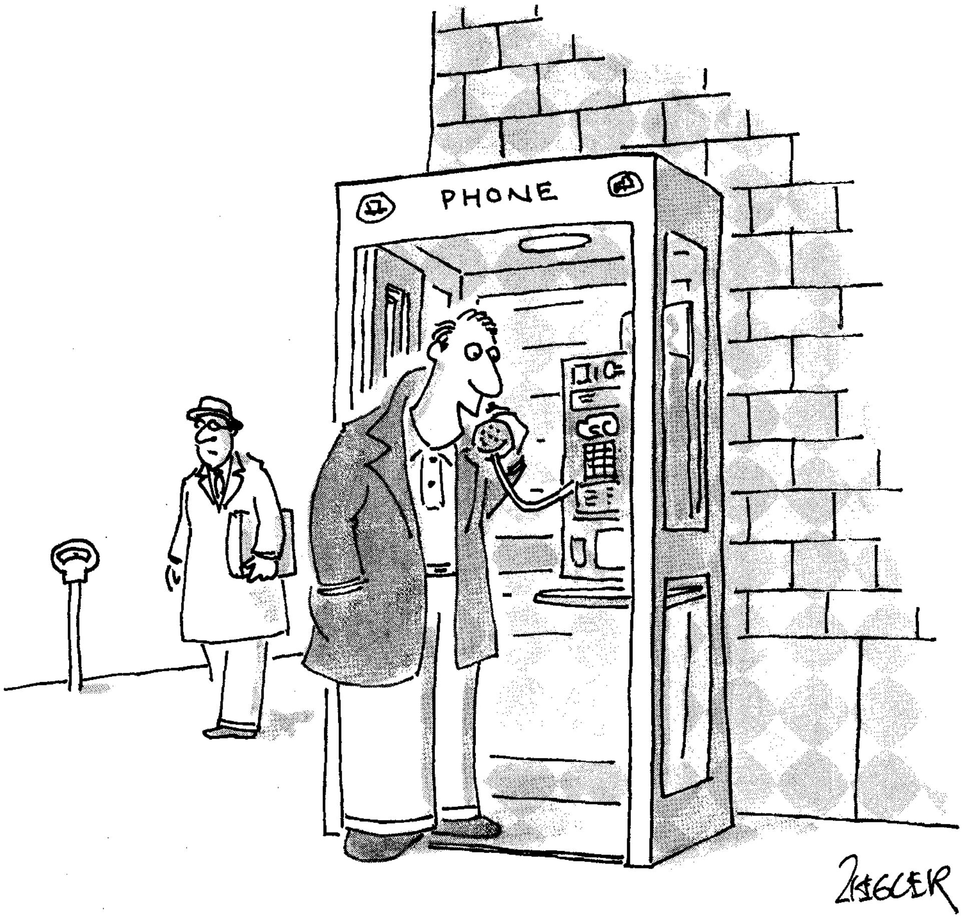
And perhaps greater efficacy. But as an immediate thing, the fact of absolution is inspired. Although there's a downside to that too, in that it restores one to the ranks of the blessed, and the idea of there being a class of persons whom we agree to call blessed is a bit worrisome. There's something psychologically worrisome about there being *the blessed.* I like better the notion that we are all sinners, from a psychological point of view. A sinner who knows himself to be a sinner is always tense and cautious, morally speaking.

INTERVIEWER

What influence would you say your books have had? What do you consider your audience?

BRECKER

Books are dealt with in different ways by professionals in a particular discipline and by ordinary readers. I try to write for both. Let's say I write a book, a book dealing with the kind of things we've been talking about. And you sit down to read my book. But let's also say that you're a specialist and you turn at once to the index—more or less to see where my book originated, if that's the right word. And going through the index you note, say, references to Alfred Adler, Hannah Arendt, Martin Buber, Dostoyevski, Huizinga, Konrad Lorenz, Otto Rank, Max Weber, and Gregory Zilboorg. So you feel you've read my book or at least have a pretty good sense of where it's coming from, as people say nowadays. You might, with



"Twenty-five cents, a phone booth, and—voilà!—thou."

• •

great courtesy, then skim the text in search of unfamiliar ideas, etc., etc. Or to see what I got wrong.

As for influence, I think it's very slight, tiny. I've yet to meet anyone who's been influenced in any important way by my books. I've met lots of people who want to argue particular points, which leaves me at a bit of a disadvantage. I'm not so much interested in resolving varying Christologies or in debating specific religious ideas—techniques of atonement, for example.

INTERVIEWER

Can you accept a disinterested objectivity as finally normative, in regard to historical Christianity?

BRECKER

I've never found a disinterested objectivity. You have to view each tradition in the context of its own historical particularity, and these invariably militate against what might be called a disinterested stance. Very often people establish validity through the construction of a criterion, or a series of criteria, which they then satisfy. The criteria can be very elaborate. It's a neat way of proceeding.

The "good news" is always an announcement of a reconciliation of the particular into the universal. I have a lifelong tendency not to want to be absorbed into the universal, which amounts to saying a lifelong resistance to the forms of religion. But not to religious thought, which I consider of the greatest importance. It's a paradox, maybe a fruitful one, I don't know. Looking at myself, I say, hubris, maybe, the sin of pride, again, but this feeling exists and at least I can look at it, try to understand it, try to figure out how widespread it is. That is, are there others who feel this way? Again a paradox, a movement toward the universal: I don't want to be the only one who wants to be out on a limb. Or I'm seeking validation from outside, etc., etc.

INTERVIEWER

On the question of—

BRECKER

Remember that I was the opposite of a charismatic figure, not a leader, not even a preacher. Perhaps because I had polio and was on crutches and all that. Polio might be said, by a shrink, to be the basis of my psyche in that it set me apart, involuntarily, and it may be that that apartness persisted, as a habit of mind. It would be curious if that accounted for my career, so-called. There are just too many variables to enable you to judge the quality of your own thought. Truth rests with God alone, and a little bit with me, as the proverb says.

Also, there's no progress in my field, there's adding-on but nothing that can truthfully be described as progress. Religion is not susceptible to aggiornamento, to being brought up to date, although in terms of intellectual effort the impulse is not shoddy either. It's one of the pleasures of the profession that you are always in doubt.

BRECKER

I think about my own death quite a bit, mostly in the way of noticing possible symptoms—a biting in the chest—and wondering, Is this it? It's a function of being over sixty, and I'm maybe more concerned by how than when. That's a . . . I hate to abandon my children. I'd like to live until they're on their feet. I had them too late, I suppose.

BRECKER

Heraclitus said that religion is a disease, but a noble disease. I like that.

BRECKER

Teaching of any kind is always open to error. Suppose I taught my children a little mnemonic for the days of the month and it went like this: "Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November, all the rest have thirty-one, except for January, which has none." And my children taught this to their children and other people, and it came to be the conventional way of thinking about the days of the month. Well, there'd be a little problem there, right?

BRECKER

I can do without certitude. I would have liked to have had faith.

BRECKER

The point of my career is perhaps how little I achieved. We speak of someone as having had "a long career" and that's usually taken to be admiring, but what if it's thirty-five years of persistence in error? I don't know what value to place on what I've done, perhaps none at all is right. If I'd done something with soybeans, been able to increase the yield of an acre of soybeans, then I'd know I'd done something. I can't say that.

—DONALD BARTHELME

ANNALS OF LAW

THE BETAMAX CASE—I

IN the first week of September, 1976, a letter reached the desk and caught the eye of Sidney Sheinberg, the president of Universal Pictures and its parent company, M.C.A. It came from an account executive at the New York advertising firm of Doyle Dane Bernbach, and it contained an enclosure: a crude sketch of an advertisement that with Sheinberg's consent would soon appear in newspapers across the land. "Now You Don't Have to Miss Kojak Because You're Watching Columbo (or Vice Versa)," the would-be ad began. It ended with the words "Betamax—It's a Sony."

"Kojak" and "Columbo" were two of Universal's most popular television series. They could be seen at 9 P.M. Sundays on CBS and NBC, respectively. The name Betamax was less familiar to Sheinberg. Like other Hollywood executives, he had in his office a Sony U-matic, a professional videotape recorder that he occasionally used for informal screenings of Universal productions. But Sheinberg had no idea that the U-matic was a transitional product in a long struggle by Sony to develop a videotape recorder for the home—one light, simple, and inexpensive enough to appeal to consumers as a device for recording television broadcasts. A console-model Betamax with built-in TV set had gone on sale the preceding fall (at the rather forbidding price of twenty-three hundred dollars), and a Betamax deck (at thirteen hundred dollars) had been spottily available since the spring. But the letter from Doyle Dane was the first that Sheinberg had heard of any of this.

At Doyle Dane, it had been assumed that Universal would regret the simultaneous scheduling of two of its top shows and would welcome an invention that promised to liberate the American people from the predicament of choosing between them. "In case you are not familiar with the product," the letter said, "the Sony Betamax enables one to videotape a program on one channel at the same time that you are watching a program on another channel. . . . We thought that these two particular shows, 'Kojak' and 'Columbo,' are highly representative of the situation where one wishes one could see both." The sender had helpfully enclosed a reply that had only to be signed and popped in the mail—and the sooner the better, since, "as always in our business, time is a problem." But as Sheinberg perused the letter he found his thoughts wandering from Doyle Dane's concerns to one of his own. "Something is wrong with this," he said to himself. "The issue here isn't whether or not we want to give these people permission to do these little things in connection with their advertising. The issue is: Should Sony be able to sell this product? We're crazy to let them. All we do is sell somebody the right to see—the privilege of seeing—a motion picture or a television program. This machine was made and marketed to copy copyrighted material. It's a copyright violation. It's got to be."

Stuffing the Doyle Dane letter into a pocket, Sheinberg set out for the federal courthouse in downtown Los Angeles to sit in on the last day of a trial involving rival plans by Universal and the producer Dino De Laurentiis to remake "King Kong." A lawyer himself, he took a close interest in his company's legal affairs. As he waited for the "King Kong" proceedings to begin, he showed the letter to several members of the Universal legal team. One of them, a lean, sandy-haired young man named Stephen Kroft, who had begun representing Universal fresh out of Stanford Law School in 1968, thought Sheinberg had chosen an odd moment for his inquiry. "I was preparing for final arguments in a major case," Kroft says. "I remember thinking, Why is this a problem we need to deal with at this moment?" But if Sheinberg thought it was, it was, and so they dealt with it—sufficiently, at least, to persuade Sheinberg that Kroft and his firm, Rosenfeld, Meyer & Susman, should make a thorough study of the question in order to determine if the law gave Universal a cause for complaint.

d. ehrenberg

The law, as it happened, was in a state of flux. After fifteen years of deliberations, Congress was on the brink of passing a new copyright act—the first since 1909. The new statute had been deeply influenced by the ancient legislative principle that the squeaky wheel gets the grease. The problems raised by the advent of personal computers, photocopiers, and cable television had all been addressed, one way or another, because powerful companies and constituencies were involved. But no one had complained about the videotaping of television programs, and the law—which Congress enacted that October—was also silent on the subject. In broad terms, however, the new statute, like the old, gave a copyright owner the exclusive right to reproduce his work, subject to a few exceptions that didn't seem to include copying "Kojak" in order not to miss "Columbo."

There was a kind of escape clause in the law, called the "fair-use doctrine," which allowed for certain activities that smacked of copyright infringement. No one had ever defined fair use; indeed, indefinability seemed to be one of its more firmly fixed qualities. The brainchild of the judiciary, it would be getting its first statutory acknowledgment in the new act, which said only that fair use could embrace "purposes such as criticism, comment, news reporting, teaching . . . scholarship, or research." In 1961, the federal copyright office had drawn up an illustrative list of fair-use practices: "Quotation of excerpts in a review or criticism for purposes of illustration or comment. Quotation of short passages in a scholarly or technical work, for illustration or clarification of the author's observations. Use in a parody of some of the content of the work parodied. Summary of an address or article, with brief quotations, in a news report. Reproduction by a library of a portion of a work to replace part of a damaged copy. Reproduction by a teacher of a small part of a work to illustrate a lesson. Reproduction of a work in legislative or judicial proceedings or reports. Incidental and fortu-

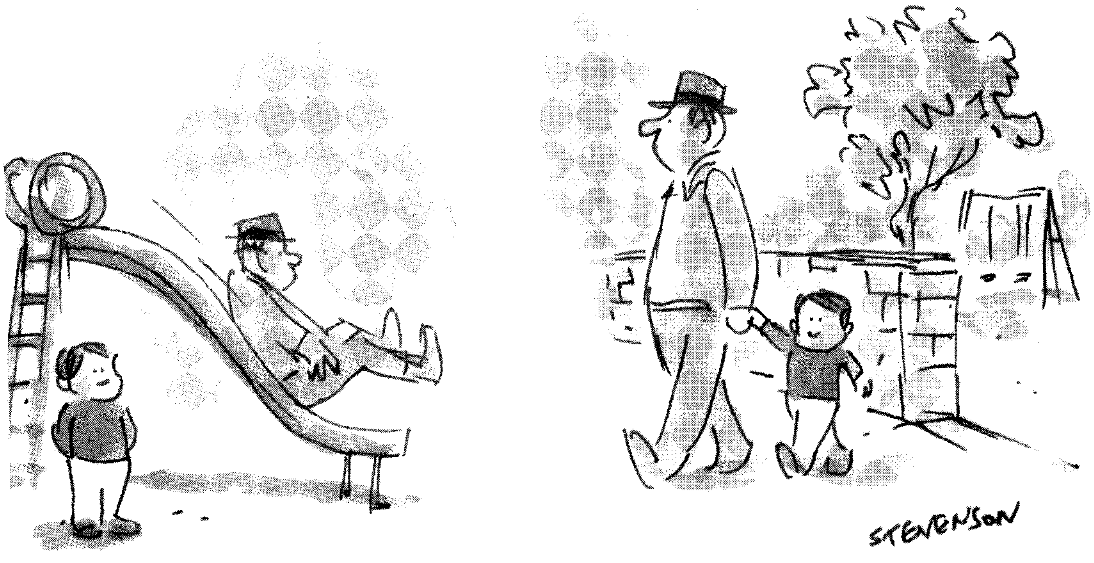
itous reproduction, in a newsreel or broadcast, of a work located on the scene of an event being reported."

This was not a list that struck Universal's lawyers as hospitable to the case of recording a television program on a Betamax. In each instance, the user of copyrighted material was a writer, a scholar, or a teacher, and his use posed no threat to the copyright owner, because it was on a small scale and generally involved only a part of the work, not all of it. The new statute enumerated four traditional criteria for determining what was or wasn't fair use: "the purpose and character of the use, including whether such use is of commercial nature or is for nonprofit educational purposes;" "the nature of the copyrighted work;" "the amount and substantiality of the portion used in relation to the copyrighted work as a whole;" and "the effect of the use upon the potential market for or value of the copyrighted work." When Kroft and his colleagues examined these criteria, and the ways that courts had applied them in the past, they concluded that all four weighed against a fair-use defense for home videotaping. In short, the law seemed reasonably unambiguous to them, and so they reported to Sheinberg. They also suggested, and he agreed, that Universal would need to move quickly if it meant to move at all. Only a few thousand Betamaxes had been sold. The more plentiful they became, the harder it would be to persuade a court to interfere with them.

At forty-one, Sidney Sheinberg was, statistically, part of a youth movement that had recently swept Hollywood. But he took a dim view of the new bar-hopping, lunch-doing, it's-the-deal-that-counts approach to the movie business. He was an older man's younger man—the protégé of Lew Wasserman, the chairman of M.C.A. He had a March of Time voice, an eye for fine, conservative clothes, and a forceful profile; he could just as easily have passed for the head of a bank or a brokerage firm as a movie studio. And Universal was not your average studio. "They have a very strong feeling about their image—probably more than anybody else in Hollywood," Lee Isgur, an entertainment-securities analyst, observes. "It's not by accident that all of them wear shirts and ties and look as if they might work for I.B.M. There are no jeans and open shirts at Universal."

In the nineteen-thirties, Universal had produced a memorable group of horror films starring Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi. Then had come a string of musicals with Deanna Durbin; the comedies of Abbott and Costello; a cycle of exotic adventures with the likes of Maria Montez and Sabu; and—after a deliberate turn from B to A fare—some glossy and well-received tearjerkers and bedroom farces, including the Rock Hudson–Doris Day series. More recently—and especially since its takeover by M.C.A., in 1962—Universal had shifted its resources toward television production, achieving a level and reliability of output that caused people in Hollywood to refer to the company snootily, but also enviously, as "the Factory." M.C.A., for its part, was founded as a talent agency in 1924. Bands and singers were its original stock-in-trade. (The initials stood for Music Corporation of America.) By 1958, under Lew Wasserman, the company had used its connections with some of the early stars of television to become the supplier of a third of the prime-time programs on NBC, and—spurred along by two government investigations into alleged anti-trust violations—it formally abandoned the talent-agency business upon purchasing Universal. With a movie studio under its wing, M.C.A. graduated to new heights of profitability, and Wasserman attained great influence inside and outside the industry. He bequeathed the day-to-day management of M.C.A. to Sheinberg in 1973, kicking himself upstairs to the post of chairman of the board.

One of Sheinberg's first acts as president of Universal was to O.K. a film about a great white shark with a monomaniacal determination to ruin the tourist business of a quiet beach community on Long Island. By the time the Sony Betamax fast-forwarded its way to Sheinberg's attention, "Jaws" had earned over a hundred and seventy-five million dollars on its original nine-million-dollar investment. The success of two other Universal films, "The Sting" and "American Graffiti," was also fresh in Hollywood's collective memory. Long considered a lightweight in the theatrical-film department, Sheinberg's company suddenly had the best of both worlds—the other world being inhabited by a popular roster of law-enforcing TV heroes, human (Kojak, Baretta, and Columbo) and cybernetic (the Six Million Dollar Man and the Bionic Woman). M.C.A. was also in the book and record businesses, owned a savings-and-loan association, and had



vast real-estate holdings, including Universal City Studios, a four-hundred-acre compound at the edge of the San Fernando Valley. Among movie companies, M.C.A. had the further—and remarkable—distinction of being almost debt-free. At the outset of fiscal 1977, the company had a hundred and seventy-five million dollars in cash reserves. It could stand a few years without a runaway hit, and Sheinberg, free of the make-or-break pressure that bore down on most of the other studio bosses, could afford to contemplate the future of the entertainment business, the impact of coming technological changes, and other abstract questions that his peers might consider frivolous, if they considered them at all.

When the locomotive of technological change pulled out of the station, Sheinberg wanted M.C.A. to be on it, not under it. He and the company were deeply committed to a system called DiscoVision, which used a laser beam to decipher a picture encoded on a plastic disk and played it on a television set. M.C.A. saw DiscoVision as an ideal way for people to watch movies in the home. The picture quality was as high as a television screen allowed; the disk was virtually imperishable; and the system was playback-only, so the studios would not have to worry about a market flooded with unauthorized copies of their movies. DiscoVision wasn't quite ready for the market, however. M.C.A. had spent millions of dollars bringing the technology to a level suitable for demonstration, but it was still shopping around for companies to make the disk-playing machines, and one of the prime candidates for that assignment—in Sheinberg's mind, anyway—was the Japanese technological powerhouse Sony.

ON September 13th, a week after Sheinberg's receipt of the letter from Doyle Dane, he and Wasserman went to see Akio Morita, the chairman of Sony, and Harvey Schein, the president of its American affiliate, known as Sonam. They met in Morita's New York office, which was on the forty-third floor of 9 West Fifty-seventh Street and afforded a spectacular view of the green-gabled roof of the Plaza Hotel and, beyond, the green of Central Park. The meeting got going in friendly business fashion with an hour of talk about DiscoVision, the issue at hand. Then the foursome retired to the Sonam boardroom for a catered dinner.

Managerial textbooks offer little guidance on choosing the best moment, in a meeting with potential business partners, to announce an intention to sue them. Sheinberg broke the news over dinner, with dusk sweeping across the Park below. Pulling from his pocket the memorandum that Rosenfeld, Meyer & Susman had given him, he matter-of-factly explained his company's belief that the manufacture, sale, and use of the Betamax was a copyright violation. Universal would be forced to sue, he said, unless Sony withdrew the product from the market or proposed some other form of accommodation. It is Harvey Schein's recollection—but not Wasserman's or Sheinberg's—that Wasserman added, "We may have to do this, because if the Betamax is successful the videodisk will never get off the ground." Morita, too, recalls hearing that comment from Wasserman's lips, and recalls answering, "No, I totally disagree with that argument, because in the future the videodisk and the video recorder will coexist, just as the record and the tape recorder coexist in the audio field." Disks were cheaper to manufacture, he pointed out, and they offered the possibility of random access—the ability to locate any moment in the program instantly, without a wait for rewinding or fast-forwarding. The videocassette, Morita said, would be the "door-opener" for the videodisk.

Morita told Wasserman and Sheinberg that he found it hard to understand how they could discuss a business deal and threaten a lawsuit at the same time. It was his policy and Japanese tradition, he said, that "when we shake hands we will not hit you with the other hand." Alone with Harvey Schein after the meeting, Morita said he could not believe that Universal would sue. "We've done a number of things together over the years," he told Schein, "and we're talking about the videodisk. Friends don't sue." Schein responded that in the United States "you could be the best of friends and sue." The movie companies were a litigious bunch by normal American business standards, he said, and M.C.A. more than the rest.

"The M.C.A. philosophy under Wasserman is that if somebody tries to take the tip of your fingernail, you come down very hard on them, because the next thing you know they'll have a finger, your arm, your whole body," Schein explains. "I said, 'Mr. Morita, these people are serious. Knowing Sid Sheinberg and Lew Wasserman, I can tell you they are very forceful people. They don't shy away from litigation.' "

Morita had recently succeeded Sony's founder, Masaru Ibuka, as chairman, and he was coming into his own as a captain of Japanese industry. Although he had studied physics and electronics at Osaka Imperial University and worked on secret military research during his naval service in the last year of the war, at Sony he was known as a master salesman. In the fifties, he had made a one-man study of American buying habits as a prelude to Sony's spectacular entrance into the United States market with its pocket-size transistor radio. He had been commuting between Tokyo and New York ever since. A charming man of fifty-five, with flowing white hair that he parted down the middle, Morita had an open manner and an ebullient self-confidence that made him, to the Japanese way of thinking, an American-style executive. But there were features of American commerce which still troubled him, and one was the American legal system.

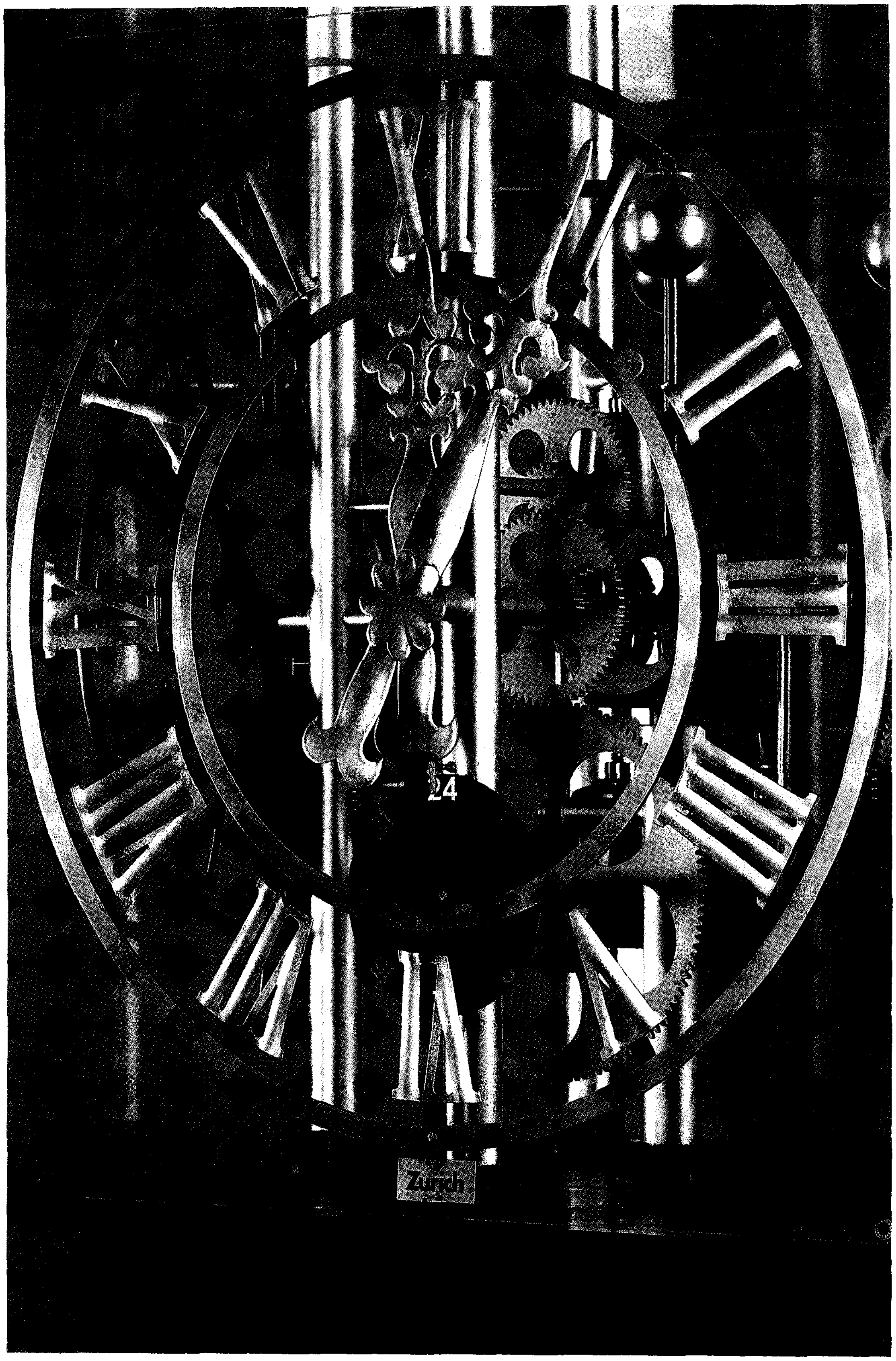
In Japan, a country with fewer lawyers than the United States has law students, filing a lawsuit is a sign of a complete breakdown of respect. Japanese business executives negotiate contracts without benefit of lawyers, and without that distinctively lawyerly urge to identify all possible points of contention and resolve them ahead of time. The power of Japanese contracts to induce consternation in American lawyers was something that Morita had observed in 1962, when Sony decided to issue shares of stock on the New York Stock Exchange. "I discovered a basic difference in our thinking," he recalled during a speech at Harvard a few years ago. "We had to have an army of American lawyers come to Japan to examine our records. We had many contracts with other companies, all of which, it seemed, had to be translated into English. When we translated them and showed them to an American lawyer, he shook his head. What, he asked, do these contracts *mean?* What confused him was the final chapter of each contract, which said that in the event of disagreement both parties to the contract agreed to sit down together in good faith and work out their differences. In fact, all Japanese contracts contain such a provision. This concept baffles Americans, who take an adversary approach to contract disputes: one side, they believe, is right, the other wrong, and a judge is needed to arbitrate."

By early October, Universal's legal preparations had moved past the memo-writing stage. Rosenfeld, Meyer & Susman had hired a private investigator, and he had begun visiting stores that sold Betamaxes. Without revealing his occupation—but without saying anything strictly untrue—he told salesclerks, "I'm interested in information regarding the Betamax, and I would like to see a demonstration." He was under instructions from Stephen Kroft to observe the copying of Universal productions. During a visit to the Broadway Department Store in Century City, he watched an employee play back a bit of an episode of the Universal series "Adam 12," but he failed to see it being taped. Told to be more careful, he returned precisely at the airtime of "Major Adams, Trailmaster," another Universal series, and managed to catch the recording and playback of fifteen minutes of it, and at Robinson's in Beverly Hills he observed a demonstration taping of Universal's "Gemini Man."

ME
THE REAL ME
D. Fradon

On October 16th, David Wexler, a colleague of Kroft's at Rosenfeld, Meyer & Susman, stopped by the home of a client for a drink and a look-see at the conversation piece in the client's living room, a console-model Betamax. Wexler's client was William Griffiths, the owner of a small television-production studio and the promoter of a women's roller-derby team. Wexler asked Griffiths how he would feel about being sued; his firm, Wexler explained, was on the lookout for a Betamax owner to act as a "nominal defendant" in Universal's lawsuit against Sony. In other words, Griffiths would be named in the court papers, he would be called to testify about his activities as a taper, and the court, if Universal had its way, would find him to be a copyright infringer; but Universal would promise, up front, not to seek any damages from him. Griffiths agreed, and, in so doing, solved a delicate problem. Sony was to be sued on the ground that the act of making and selling the Betamax and promoting its ability to copy programs off the air made the company responsible for its use. It was not clear that Universal had to sue a Betamax owner as well, but Stephen Kroft was afraid that a judge might read the law that way. "It would have been tragic for us to get way down the road and have him say, 'Well, you don't have a user here, so you don't have a case,' " he explains. On the other hand, there was nothing to be gained by seeking damages against a consumer, and there was something to be lost in the spectacle of a giant corporation's apparent persecution of an ordinary specimen of TV-glued humanity. "I didn't want to go after somebody I didn't know," Kroft says. "I didn't want to scare anybody." As a willing defendant, Griffiths could be counted on not to raise a stink with the press, and his testimony might serve to implicate the "higher-ups." Sony could be expected to claim that it wasn't responsible for what consumers did with its product. To counter that defense, Universal had to establish a chain of responsibility from consumer to retailer and on to advertiser, distrib-

At all Swissôtels throughout the world, even the time is Swiss.



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utor, and, ultimately, manufacturer.

Who should do the suing was a dilemma, too. Universal weighed the possibility of a class action on behalf of all affected copyright owners, or, failing that, a joint suit with the other studios. But class actions, like multinational armies, are slow on their feet, and a preliminary effort to get Hollywood aroused was discouraging. Only one studio, Walt Disney Productions, agreed to lend its name as a co-plaintiff. Disney was in the habit of re-releasing its most popular movies—"Pinocchio," "Snow White," "Sleeping Beauty," "Fantasia"—at regular intervals, and then putting them back in the vault to build up the allure that comes with inaccessibility. In the kingdom that Walt built, every generation of children, whatever fads it might fall prey to, was assumed to be a source of new revenue, and anything that compromised that state of affairs was tantamount to subversion. "The videotape machine would be used to steal our property," Peter Nolan, one of the company's lawyers, says, "and we could never be fully compensated for the loss that would occur."

Another studio, Warner Brothers, agreed to chip in a small share of the legal expenses, though without formally joining in the suit. The rest of the movie companies would provide their moral support through an amicus-curiae brief submitted in the name of the Motion Picture Association of America. But Sheinberg's fellow studio bosses did not, on the whole, approach the Betamax issue with a passion equal to his. On the details of his consultations with them, Sheinberg is vague. Years have passed. Memories have faded. In generalities, however, he speaks of "a constant problem in this industry: that most people in high places are not worried about what might happen ten years down the road—they're worried about getting to the Polo Lounge."

ON November 11th, Universal and Disney brought suit against Sony, Sonam, Doyle Dane Bernbach, several local retailers, and William Griffiths. The papers were filed in the United States District Court for the Central District of California, in Los Angeles, on a Thursday afternoon. Shortly after midday on Friday, in New York, Sonam's general counsel, Ira Gomberg, received a call from David Lachenbruch, the editorial director of *Television Digest*. "Did you know you've been sued by Universal and Disney?" Lachenbruch asked.

"My God, no, I didn't, Dave," said Gomberg.

Harvey Schein was lunching at NBC when the word reached him. He quickly convened a strategy session back at Nine West (as the Sonam people refer to their building) with several of his subordinates and several lawyers, including Edward Rosiny, the company's main outside counsel. Rosiny's firm—Rosenman, Colin, Freund, Lewis & Cohen—would handle the defense, with Rosiny, who was in poor health and getting on in years, playing a senior-statesman role, and Ambrose Doskow, the firm's copyright expert, in direct charge. Sony would also need a Los Angeles lawyer—a "local counsel"—on the case, and for that role Rosiny recommended his old friend Dean Dunlavey. Rosiny had worked with Dunlavey on a number of cases through the years, including a long dispute between Sony and Ampex over videotape-recorder patents, and he knew that Akio Morita held him in high regard. At about six o'clock that evening, Schein put in a call to Morita. "He was getting dressed to

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“He appears to have lost all of his resilience.”

• •

play golf—it was Saturday morning in Tokyo,” Schein recalls. “I told him that the lawsuit had been filed, and he let out a kind of death cry. I’m told by people who played golf with him that day that his game was way off.”

In his conversations with Wasserman and Sheinberg, Harvey Schein had been quick to defend Sony’s legal position. Sony, he had said, “has its lawyers, too,” and it believed that the right of the consumer to record programs for his own use, in his own home, was “absolute.” Privately, Schein was not so sure of his ground. It was true that Sony had its lawyers, and it was true that one of them—Ambrose Doskow—had rendered a favorable opinion on the propriety of making and selling the Betamax. But the company had received a heavy dose of contrary advice as well. Lewis Eslinger, Sonam’s patent-and-trademark lawyer, had been warning about the legal risks of home taping ever since 1964, the year before Sony unveiled the CV-2000, a black-and-white reel-to-reel machine that was briefly sold as a consumer product and then redirected into the academic and industrial-training markets. More recently, Eslinger had urged the placement of a disclaimer—“This machine cannot be used to record unauthorized material”—on every Betamax. He had made such a pest of himself on the subject, in fact, that Schein had issued an order barring Eslinger from further involvement in copyright questions. Still, Sonam had taken the problem seriously enough to put a warning label on most of the machines it sold for professional use, and while Schein had decided to forgo that precaution when it came to the Betamax, even now a Betamax owner would encounter, deep in the bowels of the instruction manual, a murky pronouncement on the same theme: “Caution. Television programs, films, videotapes, and other materials may be copyrighted. Unauthorized recording of such material may be contrary to the provisions of the United States copyright laws.”

Schein had spent fifteen years at CBS before assuming the presidency of Sonam, and much of his time there had been devoted to the record business. The occasion of his first meeting with Morita, in fact, had been the establishment, in 1966, of a CBS-Sony joint venture that eventually grew into Japan’s leading record company. So Schein understood the copyright owner’s point of view, and he took it on himself to see if he couldn’t fashion a compromise, Japanese style. A few days after the suit was filed, he met Sidney Sheinberg for lunch at the Lombardy Hotel, around the corner from M.C.A.’s New York offices, at Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. As Schein recalls the conversation, “I said to him, ‘Sid, this is silly! You’re not going to get this technological advance stopped. It’s like trying to hold back the tide!’ And I said, ‘I can understand your concern that these programs cost money and that if people can tape them off the air or store them for later use, perhaps they are getting some financial benefit and should pay for it. Why don’t we form a committee to approach Congress to consider the question of charging a fee—a royalty fee—on the machine and on every videocassette?’ ”

Schein remembers that Sheinberg dismissed the idea, saying that the Disney people would never go for it. But the real obstacle, Schein concluded, was M.C.A.’s commitment to the videodisk. “Why buy a videodisk machine when you can buy a videocassette machine that does everything it does, plus records off the air *and* makes home movies?” he asks. “I don’t think it was accidental that the company that took the lead in fighting the videocassette was the company that had all the patents on the videodisk.”

Sheinberg flatly denies that DiscoVision was “in any way important” to the lawsuit. In his memory, Schein’s compromise was nothing more than “a personal trial balloon.” As Sheinberg remembers the conversation, “he was saying, ‘As far as I, Harvey Schein, am concerned, this might be a reasonable approach, but I don’t know what Mr. Morita would think, or what the Sony position would be, or how the other Japanese manufacturers would respond.’ ” It seemed to Sheinberg that Schein was trying to get Sony off the hook with a vague proposal that would require not only the blessings of the United States Congress but also the coöperation of every company that ever chose to market a videocassette recorder. Even if it all worked out as

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Schein envisioned, there was no guarantee that the amount of such a royalty would be commensurate with the harm that Sheinberg foresaw. And if it didn't work out the process would go on for a year or two nonetheless, and by then there might be millions of Betamaxes to worry about, instead of a few thousand. Universal would take its chances in court.

WHEN Dean Dunlavey got involved in the Betamax case, he was fifty-one and a senior partner in one of the nation's largest and most highly respected law firms—Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher. He was a graduate of Harvard College and Berkeley Law School. He had argued two cases before the United States Supreme Court. He was everything, in short, that a corporate client could expect of a lawyer—until the client got a look at him. A large man, built on lines unrecognized by the fashion industry, Dunlavey seemed uncomfortable in a suit and tie, and the suit and tie seemed equally uncomfortable. In thought, he would shut his eyes and take on a strong resemblance to a hibernating bear. In his active periods, which were the norm, the eyes were never more than halfway open, conveying the impression that he had just got out of bed, or had just emerged from his cave after a long winter. "He's a rough character who happens to find himself in a very élite law firm," says a Washington lawyer who crossed paths with Dunlavey on the Betamax case. "He looks like a guy who drives a pickup truck." By his own description, Dunlavey was "kind of an anomaly" at Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher. "I'm a trial lawyer who still likes to go to court in a firm of corporate lawyers who like to settle out of court," he explains. "Universal versus Sony was a trial lawyer's dream, because Universal could not speak for all copyright owners and Sony could not speak for all manufacturers. So there was no way they could settle this case."

During the first few months of Sony's preparations, a belief took hold in certain quarters—the quarters, to be exact, of Rosenman, Colin, Freund, Lewis & Cohen, Sony's New York law firm—that Dunlavey would be a kind of provincial satrap, taking his orders from the imperial headquarters back East. This belief subsided in the spring of 1977, when Akio Morita, on one of his regular transpacific excursions, received a briefing on the Betamax case from Ambrose Doskow. The lawsuit was a complicated affair, Morita learned—or perhaps it only seemed complicated when Doskow explained it. Slight and scholarly, well steeped in the history of copyright, Doskow had represented the Metropolitan Opera in a landmark suit against a defendant who sold tapes of the Met's radio broadcasts, and he felt a need to escort Morita through the precedents, the doctrines, the uncertainties, and the contingencies. He was an "on the one hand, on the other hand" type, whose nickname, Amby, could not have been more apt. Morita listened to everything that Doskow had to say. Then, with the machete-like simplicity that only a chief executive can bring to a problem, he cut through to a conclusion: he would put his faith in Dean Dunlavey henceforth. Doskow receded into the shadows. Around the same time, Harvey Schein's star also went into a tailspin. Schein's offense—unrelated to the lawsuit—was being a strong-willed executive in a company that, like all Japanese companies, emphasizes collegiality and consensus. Early in 1978, Schein ejected from Sony and landed in a vice-presidency with Warner Communications.

The Americans at Sonam were used to whirlwind visits by Morita that sometimes resulted in abrupt and seemingly arbitrary decisions, so the eclipse of Doskow, the ascent of Dunlavey, and the disappearance of Schein fell into a familiar category of developments that set shoulders to shrugging and heads to shaking with unspoken reference to bad karma and the mysterious wisdom of the Orient. But when all these adjustments had been accomplished they proved to have a considerable effect on the Betamax litigation. Sony had purged the copyright mentality from its defense team. It had exchanged a theoretician for a scrapper.

"I've tried personal injuries, malpractice, patents—the gamut," Dunlavey says. "I don't think there's a civil lawsuit of any kind that I haven't tried, and I'm about to beat a drum that I beat whenever I have the chance. If you want advice in an area of law to govern your conduct, then you normally and properly go to a specialist in that field of law. If you want to know 'What are the consequences if I do this or that?' about a copyright issue, go to a copyright lawyer. But once you're in a lawsuit it doesn't make any difference what the subject matter of the lawsuit is. You've

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As a nonspecialist, Dunlavey came to the Betamax lawsuit with a pronounced lack of respect for the intellectual rigor of copyright law. To his way of thinking, fair use wasn't a "doctrine." It was simply a phrase that had entered the legal vocabulary after countless occasions when judges said to themselves, "Yeah, this is copyright infringement by any normal test. It was copyrighted. It was copied. But it just isn't fair to hold the guy responsible for infringement, and I'm not going to do it. So I'll call it fair use." If the phrase had not yet been applied to videotaping television programs in the home, Sony's job was to find a close analogy—one that would persuade a court of law that such a ruling would be no great departure from tradition.

The usual place to look for an analogy was in the case law—in court decisions that touched on similar issues. In this instance, however, the strongest analogy was one that had not been tested in court. The invention of the audiocassette recorder, in the early sixties, and the subsequent emergence of inexpensive audiocassette machines had made music tapers out of millions of American teen-agers and a fair number of adults. While the law didn't specifically sanction this activity, and the record companies weren't at all happy about it, it had never been seriously challenged, and there were signs that Congress—or, at least, some members thereof—viewed it as benign. In 1971, during a House debate on a record-piracy bill that was later merged with the 1976 copyright statute, Abraham Kazen, Jr., a Texas Democrat, asked if he was "correct in assuming that the bill protects copyrighted material that is duplicated for commercial purposes only."

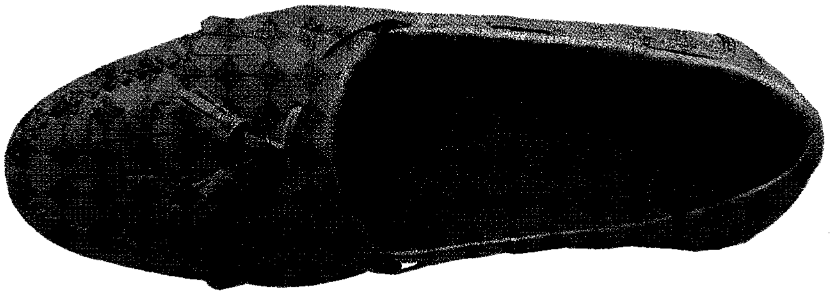
"Yes," answered Robert Kastenmeier, the Wisconsin Democrat who chaired the subcommittee with jurisdiction over copyright.

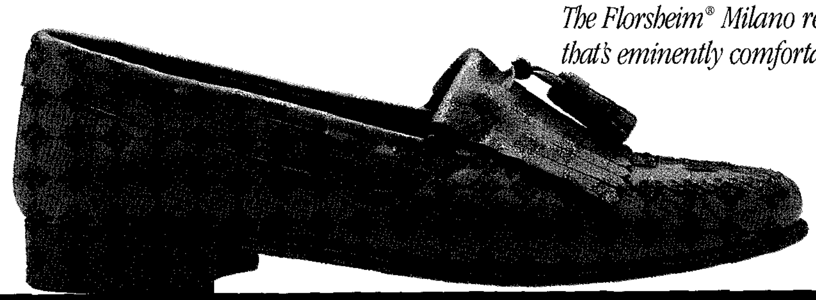
"In other words," Kazen said, "if your child were to record off of a program that comes through the air on the radio or television"—he meant the soundtrack of a television program, not the picture—"and then used it for her own personal pleasure—for listening pleasure—this use would not be included under the penalties of this bill?"

"This is not included in the bill," Kastenmeier replied. "I am glad the gentleman raises the point. . . . This is considered both presently and under the proposed law to be fair use."

When the law is unclear on its face, the courts look to what they call "the legislative history" for evidence of Congress's purpose. Behind every ambiguity, it is assumed, lies a clear congressional intent—something of a more substantive nature than, say, the desire to adjourn by Thanksgiving. And it is further assumed that if enough lawyers will spend enough time digging through hearing transcripts, committee reports, and discarded drafts of bills Congress's intent will stand revealed for all to see. An exchange between two members of the House in 1971 might strike the lay observer as slight evidence of what the entire Congress meant to do when it passed a law five years later, but in the world of legislative history the deepest finds are often the most thrilling.

Dunlavey delegated the task of mucking through old congressional documents to "a young kid from Harvard." The plaintiffs, however,





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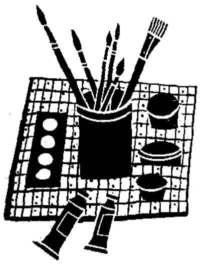
had well-educated kids of their own, who were equally busy unearthing contrary evidence. Congress, the plaintiffs found, had gone out of its way to distinguish the treatment of audio recordings from that of audiovisual recordings. Audiovisual works had been excluded, for example, from a provision of the new copyright law which allowed broadcasters and transmitters to make emergency backup copies, known as "ephemeral recordings." And in a 1967 report of the House Judiciary Committee Universal's probers found a reference to "the special nature of motion pictures and audiovisual works"—a nature that made them "exceptionally vulnerable to copyright impairment under an ephemeral-recording exemption."



As Stephen Kroft and Sidney Sheinberg had anticipated, Sony's lawyers intended to put some legal distance between the making and selling of the Betamax and its use to tape copyrighted programs. There had been much discussion of this issue—the so-called "contributory infringement" issue—during Sony's early brainstorming sessions in New York. What right, Sony's lawyers asked, did Universal and Disney have to banish a product merely because it could be used to copy their works? A Betamax could also be used for making home movies, or for recording programs that weren't protected by copyright. And somebody on the defense team thought to ask whether every copyright owner would, in fact, object to having his work taped. "We believed there was a universe out there of people who were glad to have their programs copied," Ira Gomberg says. "And we asked ourselves, 'Well, who would those folks be?' "

The world of nonprofit television suggested itself, and Ambrose Doskow, who was still on the case at this stage, thought he knew of a prospect: Fred Rogers, the executive producer, head writer, and star of "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood," a popular children's series produced by the public-television station in Pittsburgh. Doskow had represented Rogers in negotiations with the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. "I knew he was interested in getting as large an audience as possible," Doskow recalls. "I knew what his position would be." A phone call confirmed it. The Betamax, according to Rogers' deposition, performed "a real service" by giving parents the flexibility to show programs to their children "at appropriate times." Lawyers for the various sports leagues were also approached, on the theory that—given the brief shelf life of the typical sporting event—they might approve of a technology that allowed a fan to catch a game in spite of a conflicting engagement. Within a few months, the defense had procured a deposition from the general counsel of the National Hockey League, who said that the N.H.L. was perfectly willing to have Betamax owners record televised hockey games for later viewing.

The plaintiffs, for their part, were amassing evidence to show that the great majority of Betamax owners were recording programs whose copyright holders would and did object strenuously. Early in their search, they alighted on *The Videophile*, a cozy little periodical whose classified-ad pages were a trysting place for video buffs out to get or give help in building collections of movies and television shows. "Have lots to trade and access to cable TV," one advertiser boasted. Another asked for "any Garbo, Doris Day, Laurel & Hardy, Chaplin, or Olivia Newton-John movies," for "Psycho," "Citizen Kane," "M," "The Seventh Seal," episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and, above all, "anything on the Nuclear Power Plant accident in Pennsylvania." Through *The Videophile*, Kroft found Marcus Wielage, a video-equipment salesman who owned three Betamaxes and had a collection of more than three hundred tapes, including "The Mummy's Hand," a Universal title, and Disney's "This Is Your Life, Donald Duck." Wielage had a Betamax-size padded suitcase, and he was in the habit of travelling from city to city and checking into hotels that offered cable TV, so that he could acquire new material for his collection.

The Betamax had by now graced the language with two new verbs—"to time-shift" (coined by Morita) and "to library" (authorship unknown). The defendants took the view that the typical user was a mere time-shifter, doing what the producers and networks meant him to do, which was to watch a program once, albeit a few hours or days after it had been broadcast. The plaintiffs claimed that Betamax owners were building collec-

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tions of movies and TV shows, and selling or trading tapes as well. Universal engaged a prominent California pollster, Field Research, to survey the problem. In the summer of 1978, Field Research conducted telephone interviews with "805 adults self-designated as most familiar with the use of the videotape recorder in their household." The results showed that the average Betamax household harbored 31.5 cassettes—far more, Stephen Kroft could argue, than anyone needed for time-shifting purposes—while 18.99 of those cassettes were "being kept in your library." Twenty-three per cent of the people surveyed reported that they used their Betamaxes for librarying more often than for time-shifting; fifty-five per cent reported the opposite; twenty per cent said it was an equal proposition. Sony went to Crossley Surveys, of New York, which conducted a thousand telephone interviews with "the individual in your household who uses the Betamax most often" and concluded that ninety-six per cent of the respondents had used their Betamaxes for time-shifting; that forty-nine per cent had used them to record professional sports; and that seventy per cent of the recordings were viewed only once. The two surveys cost some fifty thousand dollars each and added a few more months to the pretrial maneuverings. But a few months, by now, no longer seemed critical.

True to the pattern of most lawsuits pitting large and wealthy interests against each other, the process that soaked up the most time and money was discovery, an elaborate legal board game in which each side scores points by obtaining documents belonging to the other while frustrating the other's efforts to do the same. From Sony, Universal requested materials touching on the company's internal discussions of legal questions involving the Betamax. "I suspected—and it turned out to be true—that Sony's files would be full of evidence that they knew they had a copyright problem," Kroft says. From Universal and Disney, Dean Dunlavey hoped to secure documents that would show a kind of implied consent to Sony's videotape-recorder plans. Akio Morita had indignantly recalled a series of product demonstrations, going back a decade, that had been attended by Universal and Disney officials, among other movie-industry people. In 1965, Dunlavey found, Lew Wasserman had been invited to attend a demonstration of the CV-2000. "It can record television programs for immediate playback or later viewing," the invitation announced, and continued, "You can imagine how easy it will be to build a home library of outstanding television programs." An M.C.A. subordinate went to the CV-2000 demonstration and reported, "Probably won't be sold as a mass-consumer item for the next five years. Presently a prestige 'home' item." A Disney official attended another such affair and sent a report to Walt Disney with a covering letter: "Dear Walt, Thought you might be interested in attached. I saw a demonstration and was very much impressed."

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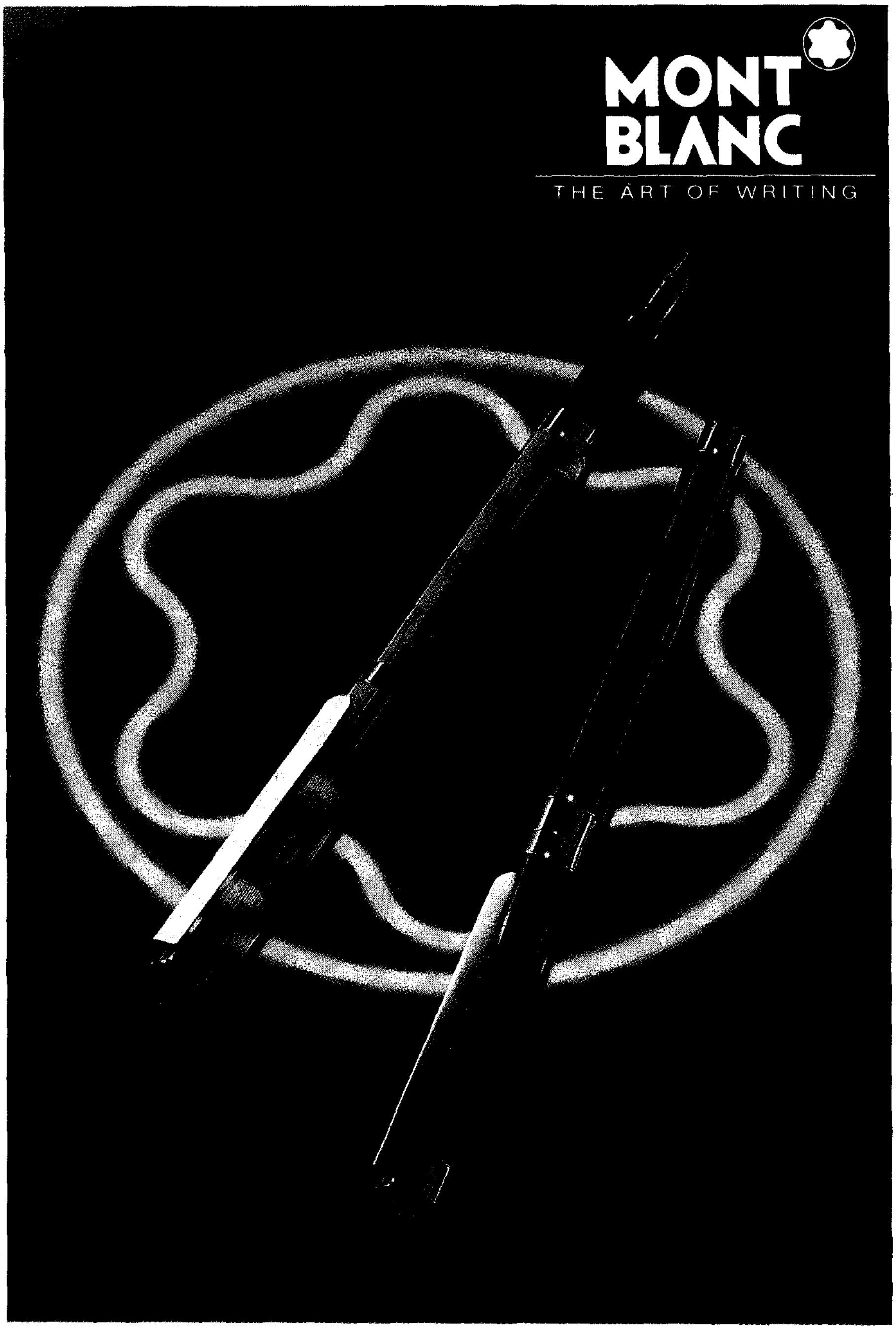
As any practiced hand at the discovery game knows, there is a time for withholding documents, a time for turning them over, and a time for turning them over with a vengeance. One of Universal's requests ended in a room in Tokyo—a room "completely filled floor to ceiling with documents, which I'm supposed to go through for the next day," Kroft recalls. "And, to make it worse, they were accounting documents, and they were in Japanese. I just started laughing." When he had finished laughing, he hired a team of translators and "made them instant paralegals, and the bottom line was I ended up getting plenty of helpful information." Universal eventually submitted more than a thousand separate documents to the court. Sony, for its part, had over fifty cartons' worth. Between them, they were prepared to put a hundred and forty-eight witnesses on the stand.

THE trial of Universal v. Sony got under way on Tuesday, January 30, 1979, with the opening statements of the two attorneys, and then—kicking off the case for the plaintiffs—a demonstration of the powers of a Betamax. "Rarely has 'The Mickey Mouse Club' had such a high-priced audience of adults," *Daily Variety* reported. "More than a dozen attorneys (probably charging $100 to $200 an hour), a federal judge, and assorted clerk aides watched intently yesterday as a Betamax poured forth the familiar strains of 'M-i-c-k-e-y M-o-u-s-e.' " One lawyer squatted on the floor for a better view, and received a lecture from the presiding judge, Warren J. Ferguson, about correct courtroom demeanor. The first witness was Donn B. Tatum, the chairman of Walt Disney Productions, who testified at some length about the high dollar value his company placed on Mickey, Donald, and the rest of the gang. They were still a lively bunch at the box office, Tatum said, and, to underscore the point, he mentioned that "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," a forty-year-old movie, had taken in twelve million dollars in its latest re-release. Tatum said he was so alarmed about home videotaping that he had refused to allow "Mary Poppins" and "Jungle Book" to be shown on QUBE, a cable-TV system in Columbus, Ohio, upon learning that its thousands of subscribers included "at least six, perhaps maybe twelve," owners of videocassette recorders. Passing up the QUBE deal and a similar offer from Home Box Office had meant turning down more than two million dollars.

On cross-examination, Dunlavey asked Tatum if he could point to any other losses sustained by Disney—any of an involuntary kind. Tatum could not. He was also subjected to some vigorous questioning by Judge Ferguson. The Judge—who would be deciding the case as well as overseeing the trial—was a Democrat who had been appointed by Lyndon Johnson. He had started out as a fairly stern upholder of the law across the board, but he was thought to have become more of a skeptic about the wisdom of Big Government after the death of his son in Vietnam. Was it right, Ferguson asked Tatum, for the government to tell people how to watch television programs inside their own homes? Tatum launched into a response on the theme of balancing privacy rights against a creator's right to control his work. Did that include the right to tell a viewer *when* he must see it, the Judge asked. Tatum tried to explain that filmmaking was an unusually complicated and fragile enterprise that could not be sustained without generous legal protection. After all, he said, retreating into what must have seemed to him like uncontroversial territory, "there are more intangible elements involved in the making of films than there are in the typical manufacturing kind of business—things called talent."

"Well," Judge Ferguson said, "it



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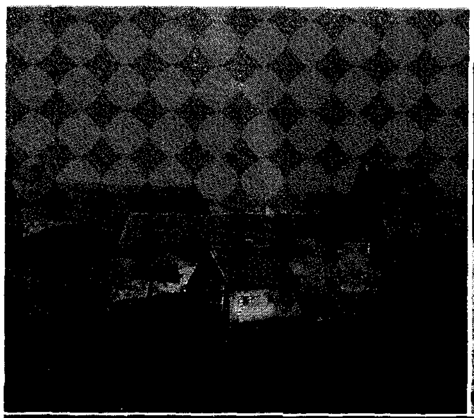

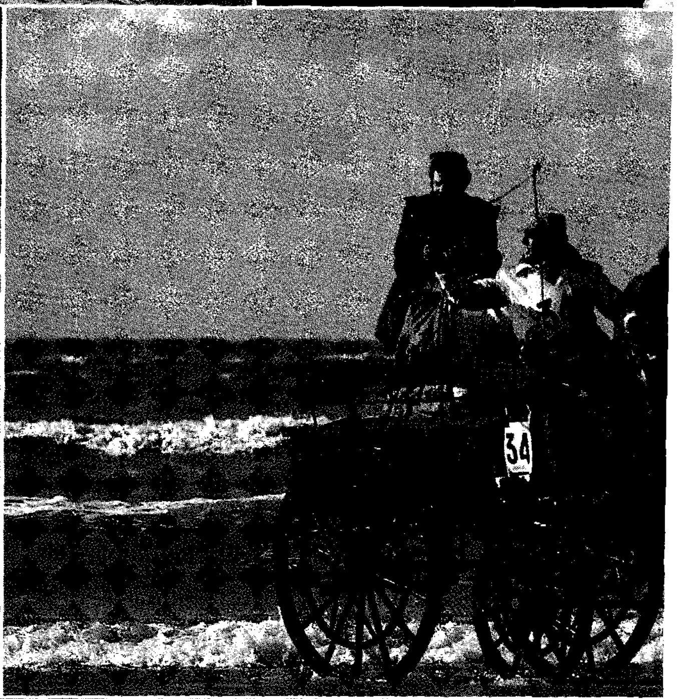

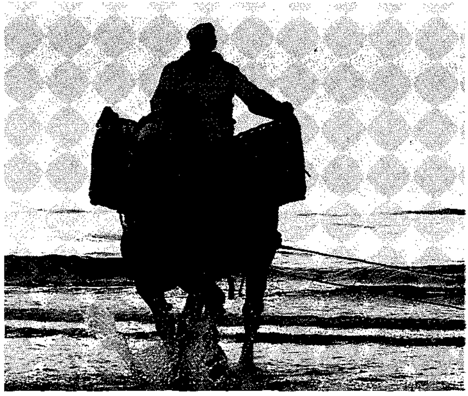

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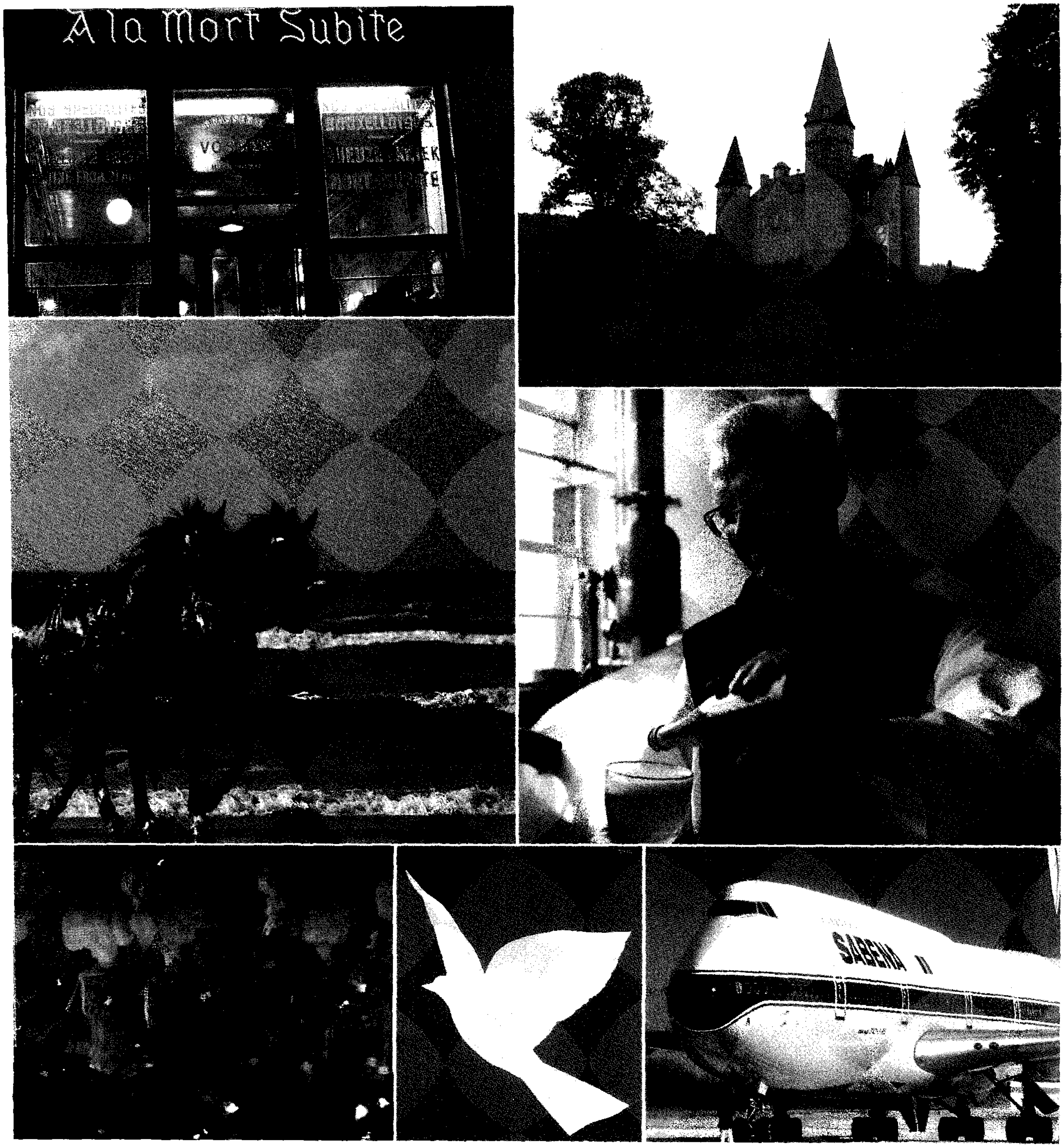

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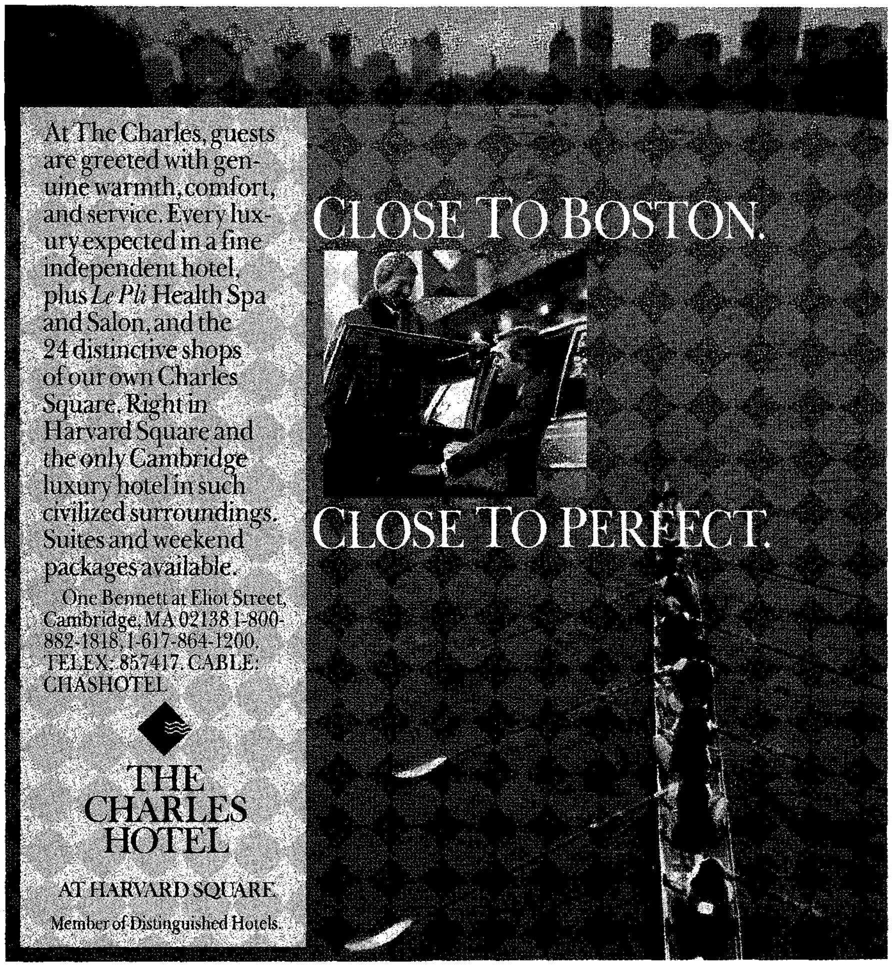
takes just as much talent to get your shoes shined."

"It's a different kind of talent," Tatum said diplomatically.

The next witness, Lew Wasserman, also had a story to tell. "It has been printed in the Hollywood trade press," Wasserman informed the court, "that when 'Gone with the Wind' was put on television there was not a blank cassette available for sale in the United States for video recorders. Now, if everyone in the United States ultimately has a copy of 'Gone with the Wind' there would not be much value in 'Gone with the Wind' being on television." Wasserman segued into a professorial talk on the hit-and-miss economics of the movie business and the need to exploit every potential market, from initial theatrical release to television syndication. With the Betamax in the picture, it was "only common sense" that much of the revenue from the sale of movies to television would be lost. "The damage could be enormous," he said. But Judge Ferguson seemed to pay closer attention when, in response to a question from Dunlavey, Wasserman acknowledged that Universal's theatrical-film division had just had its best year ever, and when he volunteered that the history of show business was full of gloomy predictions that had not come true. "They forecast the doom of radio stations when television developed on the horizon," Wasserman said. "Radio stations are more profitable today than they have ever been."

In his opening statement, Kroft had ticked off a list of points he hoped to prove, and one that he said he wouldn't have to. When copyright is violated, he had told the court, the law, recognizing the economic unpredictability of artistic endeavor, does not require the victim to show harm. "There is a presumption that irreparable harm will occur," he said, "and we believe that shifts the burden to the defendants." It was true that the fair-use section of the new copyright act included a reference to "the effect of the use upon the potential market for or value of the copyrighted work," but Kroft took that to mean that an accused infringer, in order to establish fair use, had to show that he *hadn't* caused harm, while satisfying the other fair-use criteria as well. Home videotaping did not even come close to meeting those criteria, Kroft believed, and, that being so, the simple fact that Betamaxes were used to duplicate copyrighted works and the equally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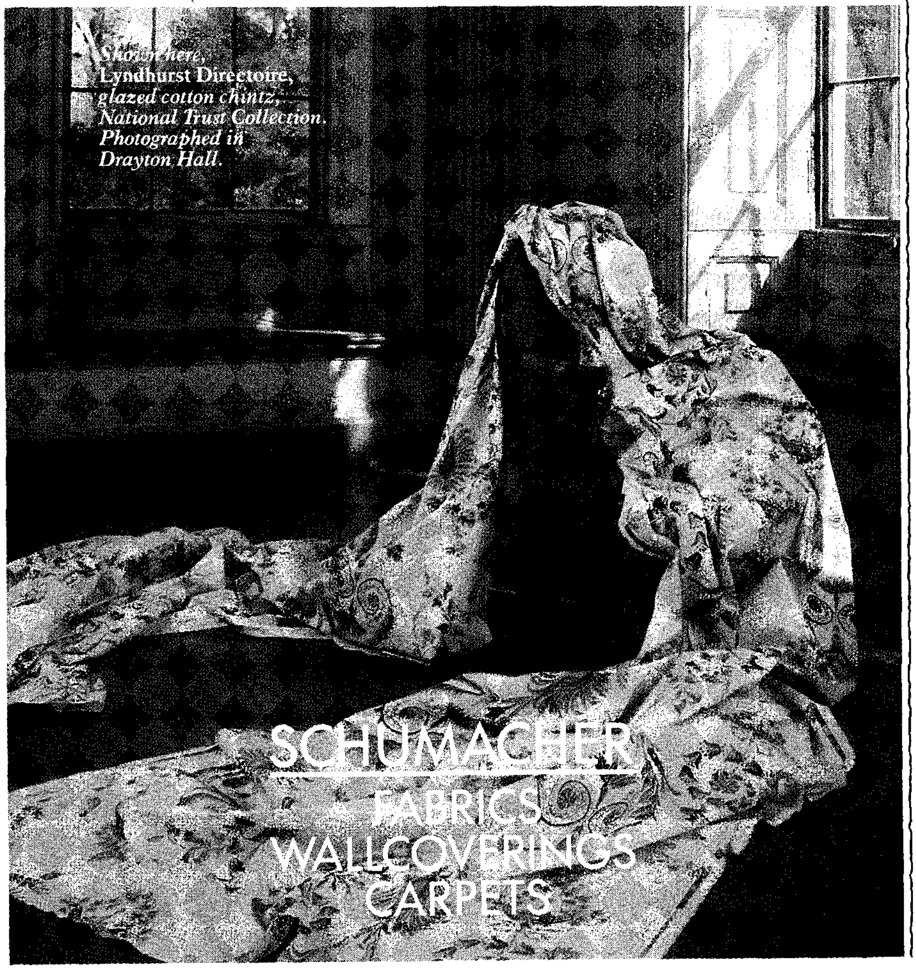
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simple fact that Sony built and sold them for that purpose added up to a simple case of copyright infringement.

It was a strong presentation—orderly, assured, and smartly delivered. A stranger happening into the courtroom without prior knowledge of the law or the facts would have been impressed—not only by the words but with the well-appointed young man who spoke them. Unfortunately, the stranger who counted was the one on the bench, and it quickly became apparent that harm, whatever its status in the law, occupied a prominent place in his thinking. As the trial proceeded, Kroft found himself devoting more and more time to proving the point he had felt no obligation to prove. One expert witness after another tried to explain the complexities of the film and television businesses and the threat posed by videocassette recorders to "the marketing sequence." And one expert witness after another was pummelled by the defense attorney and the Judge.

"We know beyond any peradventure of a doubt," said Jack Valenti, the silver-haired, square-jawed president of the Motion Picture Association of America, and a witness who contributed some of the lushest verbiage of the trial, "that people are buying large numbers of videocassettes; ergo, they are not just using them to record and erase." The Betamax was a "parasitical" device, he said. He agreed with Ferguson that the courts shouldn't "intrude in the home," but he thought that the copyright owners should receive some compensation. In West Germany, the government had imposed a copyright royalty on every videocassette recorder sold, Valenti pointed out, and without some such arrangement "the public in the final end of it may be the loser, because programs do not come from the tooth fairy—they come from people who have risked money up front, hoping they can recoup it somewhere down that marketing-sequence line."

"You are aware, are you not," Dunlavey asked when it was his turn to question Valenti, "that every once in a while President Carter gives a half-hour address to the nation, where he is talking about some topic of current interest?"

"Yes, sir," Valenti answered.

The President seemed to have "a penchant for starting these talks about nine o'clock in the East, which is six o'clock in the West, and I am on the freeway going home about that time—if I am lucky," Dunlavey said. "Is there anything wrong, if I had a Betamax, in my recording his speech while I am on my way home and then viewing it after I get there?"

Valenti responded that if the use of Betamaxes could be restricted to the recording of Presidential addresses "I personally would have no problem with that."

Judge Ferguson offered up another hypothetical. What if a worker on the night shift wanted to use a Betamax to record a program at eight o'clock in the evening so that he could watch it at two in the morning? Where was the harm? Why should the copyright owner be compensated?

Valenti embarked on a wide-ranging answer about "the rostrum of free television" and its dependence on the ability to measure not just how many people watched a program but when they watched it. Ferguson, however, wanted to know—"Yes or no"—if the situation he had imagined would be harmful. Valenti, rather ingeniously, responded that the night-shift worker in such a case would then be unable to see the regularly scheduled 2 A.M. programs, which would harm the producers and sponsors of those programs, who were "directly targeting to people who are working at night." And he observed that "we are on the ragged edge of a vast philosophical enigma that really has to be decided, because it cannot be left out there naked and alone just to fester."

Sidney Sheinberg also found himself debating Judge Ferguson. Betamax owners had been "incentivized to zip right past the commercial," Sheinberg testified, and even if they did watch an occasional commercial there was no way, he said, for the networks to measure an audience that might see a program "anytime from the following day to the following week to the following year to never."

"One never thought Sony would invent Betamax, either, a few years ago, or that we would land on the moon," Ferguson responded. "Don't you think that they have the mechanical ability and the intelligence to figure that problem out if they want to?"

Sheinberg didn't think so. "And, to be even more candid, Your Honor," he said, "I do not know why the burden should be on the plaintiffs in this case to worry about that."

"Just because I asked a question, do not get too defensive," Ferguson said.

When it was Dunlavey's turn to question Sheinberg, he pointed

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out that Universal, once again, had two shows on the air at the same time—the mini-series “Centennial” and the series “Battlestar Galactica” —and he asked, “Would you not rather have somebody see both of those shows by recording one with a Betamax and watching it at nine o'clock that same Sunday rather than missing it entirely?”

“No” was the long and the short of Sheinberg's reply. He was “as tough as a two-dollar steak,” Dunlavey said later.

Three weeks into the trial, Kroft introduced the first of a series of witnesses who would explain the economics of commercially supported television. Thomas T. Ryan, an advertising executive with the Gillette Company, was prepared to testify to the various ways in which the existence of the Betamax made it harder to sell razors. But Dunlavey objected. Such speculation was irrelevant, he said, “because the Supreme Court has told us in TelePrompTer” —a cable-TV case—“that in a copyright suit . . . there is no vested right in being able to have your existing way of doing business perpetuated.” He had made similar objections before, and the Judge had, by and large, overruled them. Today, Ferguson seemed to be in a different mood. “Any detriment that the Betamax may have upon Gillette,” he said sternly, “any detriment that the Betamax would have upon the advertising industry, any detriment that the Betamax may have upon other manufacturers of products who wish to advertise on television is immaterial in this litigation.” The next morning, *Daily Variety* reported that the Judge had thrown “a big wet blanket over the broader implications of the Betamax trial.” But Kroft refused to put such a dark interpretation on Ferguson's rulings. “What the Judge has said,” he valiantly told *Variety's* trial reporter, “is that we've given him our message loud and clear and he doesn't need extra witnesses.”

The next ruling threw a wet blanket on *that* theory. When Dunlavey rose to offer the customary motion to dismiss with which the defense half of a trial is wont to commence, Judge Ferguson denied it, but added that his denial should not be taken as a reflection on the merits of the motion. “The case is a big case, and it is a case which will certainly go to the Court of Appeals,” he said. “I am certain that a petition for certiorari will be presented to the Supreme Court. It just makes sense in the administration of the system that the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court, when they are deciding the issues before them, have the benefit of a full and complete record.”

Now Kroft had to listen as Dunlavey presented his own survey statistics, his own documents, and a series of witnesses representing copyright interests with no objection to home taping—among them the baseball, football, hockey, and basketball leagues, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the National Religious Broadcasters, the Board of Education of the City of New York, and Fred (Mister) Rogers. Dunlavey also quoted from a recent speech by Julian B. Goodman, the chairman of NBC. There was no reason, Goodman had predicted, that video recording and broadcast television “cannot grow and prosper alongside of each other.” And he read from ten years' worth of documents demonstrating an awareness at Universal, M.C.A., and Disney of Sony's work on home videotape recorders. “They knew,” Dunlavey said. “They did not complain. They encouraged. Mr. Morita relied upon their encouragement.” Kroft responded to this evidence with a stack of his own documents, establishing, he said, that “Sony knew from as early as 1964 that there was a potential copyright problem” and had been “hiding its knowledge from the public.”

This time, the Judge cut them both short. He also denied Kroft's request to call a rebuttal witness—an engineer, one Richard J. Stumpf, who was supposed to testify to the ease with which Sony, if it wanted, could make a videotape recorder that served all the legally innocent purposes of a Betamax and none of the culpable ones. Stumpf had invented a system that could render a videotape recorder incapable of recording a program unless the broadcaster—presumably upon the copyright holder's say-so—chose to let it be recorded. The system relied on a simple jamming device that could be installed at a cost (Stumpf was prepared to testify) of less than fifteen dollars a machine. Expert or no expert, he could not persuade Judge Ferguson that such a thing was appropriate or workable. If Sony was ordered to install a jamming device, “as sure as you and I are sitting in this courtroom today, some bright young entrepreneur, unconnected with Sony, is going to come up with a device to unjam the jam," Ferguson said. "And then we have a device to jam the unjamming of the jam, and we all end up like jelly."

If Universal v. Sony had been a baseball game, the sportswriters would have called the losing pitcher's performance "courageous." Long after his team had fallen hopelessly behind, Steve Kroft was still on the mound, still throwing hard, still taking every batter seriously. But he had the consolation of knowing that in this contest judgment calls could be appealed—to three as yet unnamed judges in San Francisco, the home of the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit. In his closing statement, Kroft took aim at Dunlavey's non-objectors. "That's just a lawyer's argument," he said. According to the Field Research survey, he said, the great majority of Betamax owners were taping movies and television series, not any of the programs that Dunlavey claimed could be copied with impunity. When Dunlavey's turn came to sum up, he reiterated his "lawyer's argument" and went as far as to claim that Sony was in the clear on the strength of that argument alone. "There has never been a case in history where the manufacturer of a machine with a legitimate use was ever punished for some improper use made of the machine by a purchaser," he said. From the waters of patent law he fished out the "staple-article-of-commerce doctrine," which held that it was not illegal to supply someone with a product used to commit infringement if the product also had substantial non-infringing uses. The Betamax, Dunlavey maintained, was a staple article of commerce. "What Mr. Kroft says is 'Well, if you don't sell the Betamax, then we'll have none of these problems.' Well, I suppose you can't argue with that. If you kill the youngster, he won't grow up into a criminal," he said. Perhaps the attorney for the plaintiffs had legitimate complaints about the selling and trading of tapes, or the copying of cable programs in violation of contracts forbidding it. If so, Dunlavey insisted, "he should have said, 'This particular man's use I object to, that particular man's use I object to. Would you please enjoin it?' But he has never tried to do that. He has gone for broke. He wants it all or nothing. He wants all recorders taken off the market." Uni-

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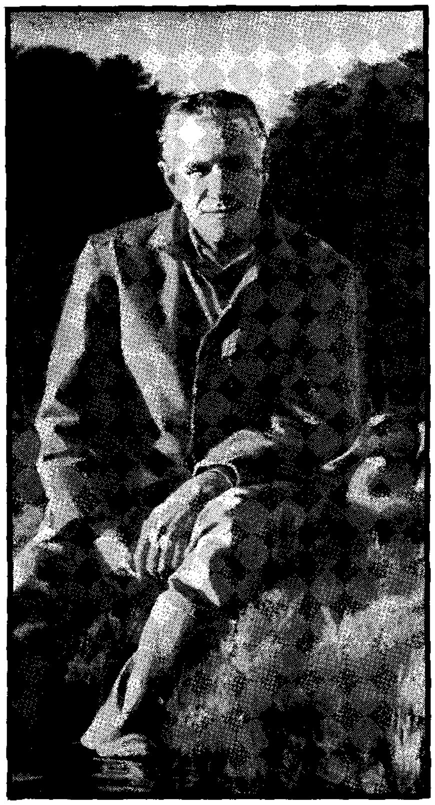

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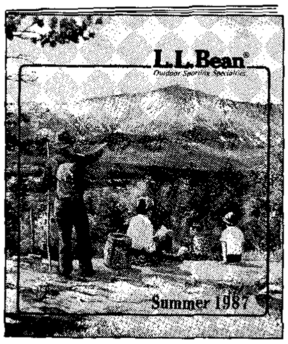
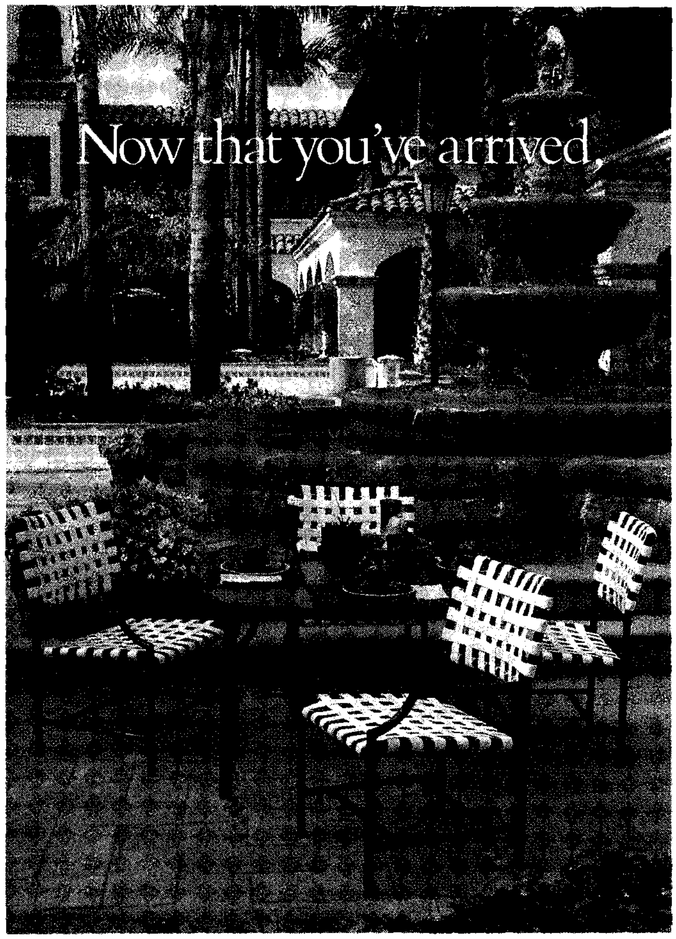


versal's lawsuit, he said, was "sort of like Tar Baby—every time you hit it, you get stuck to it."

The decision came down in October. "Home-use recording from free television is not a copyright infringement," Judge Ferguson wrote, "and . . . even if it were, the corporate defendants are not liable and an injunction is not appropriate." Fair use applied to the Betamax, he decided, for two reasons: because the taping at issue was done by individuals or families in the privacy of their homes, and because Universal and Disney had "voluntarily" transmitted their works over "the public airwaves."

THE law of copyright had its origins in an understanding between the English printing trade and the Crown. United by a desire for order and a distaste for the Scotsmen and other unreliables who sought to elbow their way into the publishing business, they established a structure of censorship and licensing laws which endured through much of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, eventually giving a small society of printers—the Stationers' Company—control over "all the literature of the Kingdom," to quote Lord Camden, an eighteenth-century jurist and legal commentator. When Parliament let the arrangement lapse, in 1694, piracy flourished, and the stationers, according to Lord Camden, appeared "with tears in their eyes, hopeless and forlorn," and "brought with them their wives and children to excite compassion, and induce Parliament to grant them a statutory security."

In addition to their wives and children—and for much the same reason—they brought authors into the picture. A publishers' monopoly was no longer a politically acceptable goal, so the stationers based their plea on an author's right to the fruits of his labor. The upshot was the Statute of Anne, enacted in 1710, which gave English authors, for the first time, a power over their writings which went beyond ownership of a manuscript and the right to sell it. Ever since, publishers—and record companies, movie studios, and other duplicators and distributors of copyrightable works—have pressed their interests by invoking the interests of authors, although, like military contractors discussing national security, they have learned to accept a certain amount of suspicion of their motives as a cost of doing business. And, ever since, the cause of



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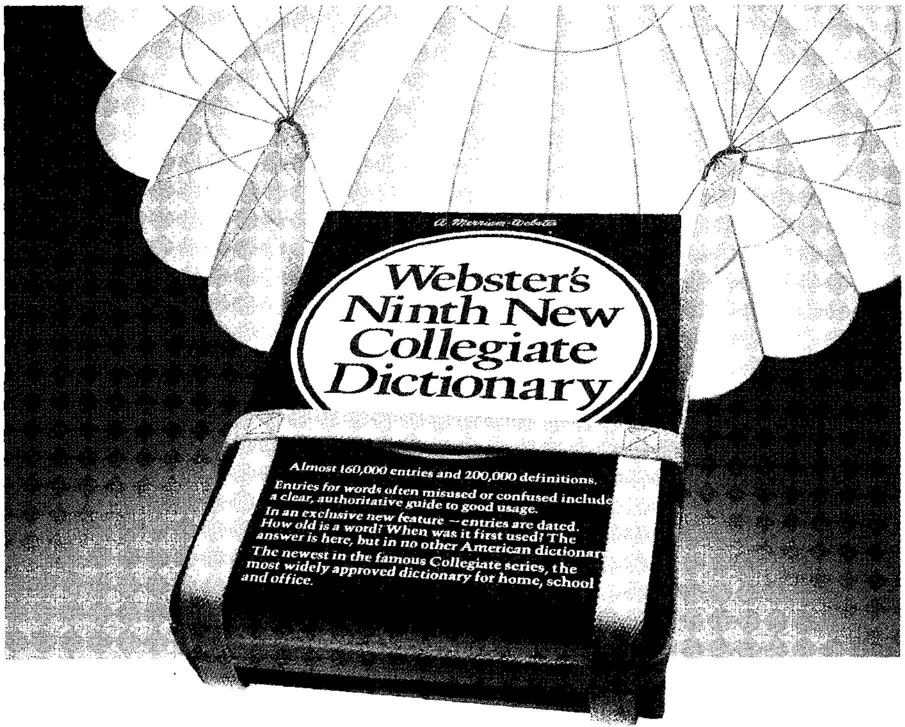

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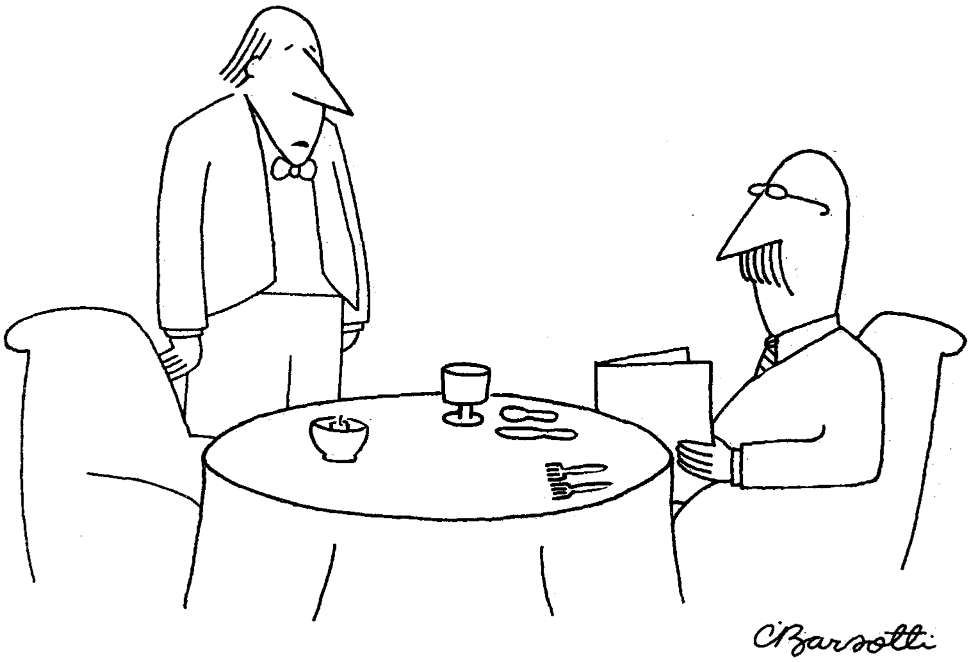


"Sorry, sir. I'll see that your candle is lit immediately."

• •

copyright has had to contend with fears of monopoly and censorship, much as the cause of defense has had to contend with fears of militarism and war.

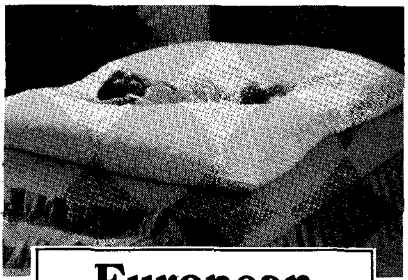
The Statute of Anne had all the basic elements of modern copyright: recognition of a work of art as intellectual property; a statement of the author's rights with regard to it; and the designation of a fixed term of years before the work became fair game. By the end of the century, the concept had acquired enough clout to earn a niche in the United States Constitution. Article I, Section 8, Paragraph 8 gave Congress the power "To promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries." But by today's standards the right was still very narrowly defined. The first American copyright statute, enacted in 1790, covered only books, maps, and charts, and only the printing, reprinting, or importing of virtually exact duplicates. Anyone was free to abridge, to translate, to dramatize, and even to correct a copyrighted work, all on the theory that—as Robert Grier, a Supreme Court Justice of the mid-nineteenth century, observed—there could be "no hybrid between a thief and a thinker."

Nor did the law recognize any hybrid between an author and a foreigner. The idea of reciprocal copyright agreements among nations took hold in France in 1810 and in England and most of Germany in 1837, but Americans adopted the convenient view that the progress of their useful arts could best be promoted through unrestricted access to everybody else's. In the eighteen-thirties and forties, New York newspapers began publishing broadsheets, or "supplements," with English and French novels reprinted in many columns of eye-straining type. So great was the demand for these works that some publishers dispatched swift boats, with printing presses on board, to meet the ships carrying the latest novels from England. When the *Evening Tattler* managed to obtain and reprint the first installments of "Nicholas Nickleby" before its rivals, the editors trumpeted their achievement as hot news and self-righteously promised that their London agent would continue to supply, "by the big ships, all the original sayings and original productions that are indigenous to that capital." But their commitment did not extend to a willingness to pay the author for his work. And while Charles Dickens was ultimately able to secure some justice from reputable book publishers, who paid for advance sheets and for the right to print "authorized editions," his tireless campaign to change the law went unrewarded during his lifetime, and his views of the American press and Americans in general never quite recovered from those early encounters.

The situation was equally vexing to American writers, since they had a terrible time trying to sell their works to publishers who "had the best of Europe available for little or nothing," as a recent historian of copyright, Aubert J. Clark, has written. The absence of an international-copyright agreement not only cost writers money but, in Clark's view, stunted the development of American language, literature, culture, and self-respect, putting the country under the thumb of a form of English tyranny that persisted long after the Revolution.

Mark Twain, with his enormous popularity in Europe, demonstrated that Americans could be significant producers as well as consumers of literature. He found English publishers who would pay him, but he couldn't keep non-payers from the field. He couldn't even keep one of them, John Camden Hotten, from putting Twain's stories into the same books with those of other authors—Hotten included—and giving Twain credit for the lot. "My books are bad enough just as they are written," Twain complained in a letter to the *Spectator* in 1872. He suggested that the title pages of Hotten's volumes ought to carry "a picture of a man with his hand in another man's pocket, and the legend 'All Rights Reserved.' " Twain, Bret Harte, Joel Chandler Harris, John Greenleaf Whittier, Walt Whitman, and Louisa May Alcott put their names to an international-copyright petition in 1886, and Twain was allowed onto the Senate floor to lobby personally for the cause. He told a Senate committee that he looked forward to the day "when, in the eyes of the law, literary property will be as sacred as whiskey, or any other of the necessities of life." But four more years went by before Congress was moved to pass a bill.

It was the clout of publishers rather than authors that carried the day. The Civil War gave rise to the first paperbacks—ten-cent editions similar to today's mass-market paperbacks in size and shape—and in the postwar years low postage rates and pirated English novels helped sustain the form. In the same period, the Scribners, Houghtons, Lippincotts, and Putnams emerged—patrician publishers who dealt in quality editions, believed in paying authors foreign and domestic, and felt that the competition should obey the same rules they did. Their view of the paperback threat was summed up by *Publishers Weekly* in



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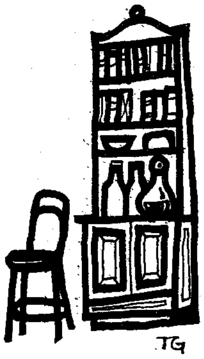
1884: "In the rage for cheapness, we have sacrificed everything for slop, and a dainty bit of bookmaking is like a jewel in a pig's snout." An alliance of publishers, authors, and intellectuals fought relentlessly for an international-copyright law, and gathered momentum in defeat until Congress finally succumbed in 1890.

From the mid-nineteenth century on, advancing technology inspired new forms of expression, and one by one they claimed a place in the rubric of copyright. If a lithograph could be protected, why not a photograph? If a song, why not a player-piano roll? If a play, why not a movie? If a dictionary, why not a computerized data base? As more works became eligible for copyright, the powers that it conferred also broadened. If it was wrong to take someone else's creation and market it as one's own, people began to ask, wasn't it wrong to take a significant part of that creation—a plot, a character, a scene, a premise? As Congress and the courts took up these issues, they claimed merely to be applying established principles to new circumstances, and many of the steps they took, nudged along by technology and analogy, seemed short and straightforward. But cumulatively a great distance was covered.

In 1936, the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit ruled that a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film ("Letty Lynton"), although it was based on actual events, violated the copyright of a play on the same subject by incorporating a few of its plot elements. In 1962, in another Second Circuit case, the court decided that a plastic Santa Claus manufactured by the Ideal Toy Corporation was a work worthy of copyright protection, and that the Sayco Doll Corporation's Santa bore an infringing resemblance to it. Clearly, something had happened to copyright law over the years. It had evolved from an extremely limited grant of powers to a limited class of people into a kind of homestead act for almost anybody engaged in an activity that could remotely be called artistic. Whoever carved out a piece of territory first—or first in the eyes of the law—got the right to develop it, alter it, and keep trespassers off. The law's change was to some extent a belated reflection of a cultural change—a growing reverence for originality and a scorn for imitation. But the willingness to protect commercial art and photography—widely regarded in its early years as a crude, mechanical business unworthy of the name of art—suggested that another, stronger influence was operating: an awareness of the huge sums of money involved in some of the new areas of communications technology. In 1912, when Congress gave copyright protection to motion pictures, it explained that it was doing so because "the money invested therein is so great and the property rights so valuable."



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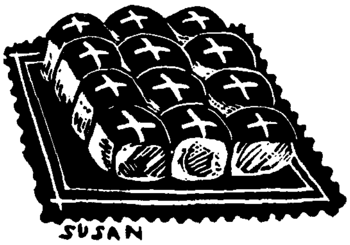
The Anglo-American approach to copyright was thought to be fundamentally different from the approach taken by France and other European countries. There copyright was a natural right—akin to, say, freedom of speech. Here, as Congress declared in a preface to the 1909 Copyright Act, the law was "not based on any natural right that the author has in his writings . . . but upon the ground that the welfare of the public will be served and the progress of science and useful arts will be promoted." The amount of protection given, then, was up to the discretion of Congress, and ought to depend on two factors: "First, how much will the legislation stimulate the producer and so benefit the public, and second, how much will the monopoly granted be detrimental to the public?"

But the distinction between the natural-right and incentive views was never clear-cut, and it grew fuzzier with the years. As legal concepts will, copyright gained substantiality in the minds of lawyers, judges, and, above all, copyright holders. It became a thing unto itself, and a thing that—such is the ingenuity of the legal profession—could be bought, sold, bequeathed, or carved into pieces, as the situation required.

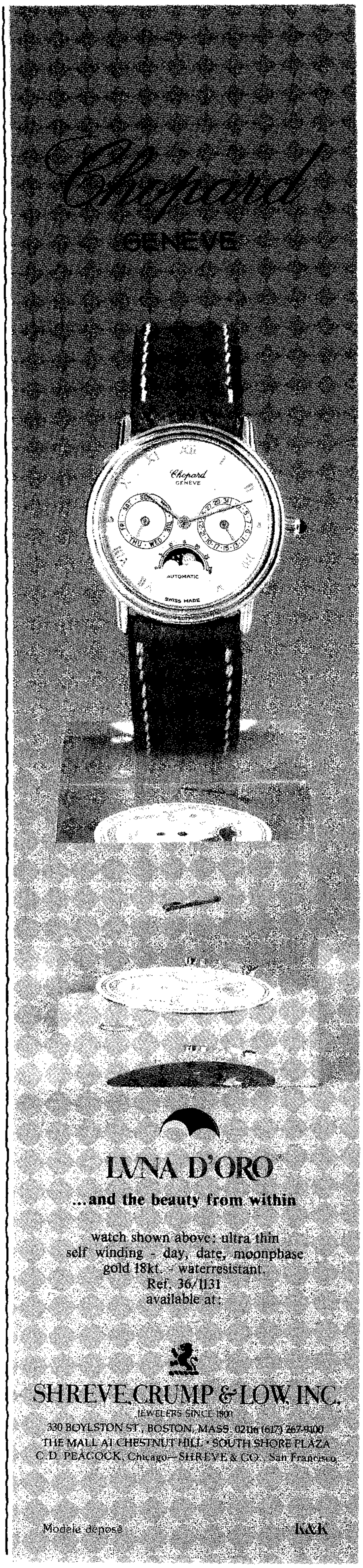
Copyright lawyers, like all lawyers, enjoy a good argument, and as intellectual-property law kept reaching into new realms they often debated whether in this case or that the courts had gone too far. But the over-all pattern of the law's expansion and elaboration, and the increasingly close scrutiny given to such questions, struck most people in the copyright community as a healthy thing for society. It was certainly a healthy thing for copyright lawyers. In the nineteen-sixties and seventies, however, their spririts were dampened by a feeling that the formidable system of defense they had so painstakingly constructed was being overrun, and that the world at large did not much care. Printing, the technology that had brought copyright into being, was an activity requiring large-scale facilities that gave the enforcers of the law a point of control. The old-fashioned copyright pirate was reasonably easy to find and bring to justice. The modern pirate came equipped with new weapons—audio-cassette recorders, compact photocopiers, personal computers, and other machines that transformed the act of copying from a cumbersome, expensive, conspicuous business into a simple, cheap, and easily concealed one.



The impatience of a physician named William Pasanoff, who had gone into the business of publishing medical journals, provoked the case that gave copyright people the most grief—at least until Universal v. Sony came along. Libraries had got into the habit of pooling resources when it came to periodical subscriptions. Library A would specialize in certain journals, knowing that Library B or C would supply it with whatever publications it lacked. From that habit, they had graduated to dispensing copies of articles rather than the original publications. "Interlibrary loan," the process was called, but the "loan" part was a euphemism, since no one was expected to return anything. Publishers of high-priced technical journals were appalled by this system. Pasanoff's distress focussed on the fact that his primary readers—doctors—could get virtually free copies of articles in his journals through two federal-government institutions, the National Institutes of Health and the National Library of Medicine. Nor was this an obscure service utilized by a select few; between them, the N.I.H. and the N.L.M. were churning out hundreds of thousands of documents, adding up to millions of pages, every year. It seemed to Pasanoff that his own government was trying to run him out of business.

In the library world, there was a certain amount of sympathy for these concerns, and negotiations were under way between librarians and publishers in the hope of establishing guidelines that would be acceptable to everybody involved. But Pasanoff was determined to sue, and—against the advice of a number of lawyers and fellow-publishers—finally did so, in 1968. At first, the case went well for him. The trial court ruled his way, and Pasanoff—"flushed with victory," according to his lawyer—expressed a willingness to live with a relatively modest scale of payments from the two government libraries if they would simply agree to the principle of compensation. The government, however, appealed the verdict and won a reversal from the Court of Claims, which, stressing the importance of medical research, decided that the practices Pasanoff objected to fell within the bounds of the doctrine of fair use. One dissenting judge characterized the opinion as "the Dred Scott decision of copyright law." The case died in 1975, when the Supreme Court deadlocked on it, four to four, with Justice Harry Blackmun abstaining. A tie vote in the Supreme Court leaves the lower-court ruling with the status of law but without value as a precedent. In the 1976 Copyright Act, Congress stepped into the void by declaring that "systematic" photocopying by libraries was infringement. Unfortunately for the publishers involved, however, the act failed to stipulate what made copying systematic. "Back to the negotiating table" was how copyright people read the message that Congress had sent them.

While the outcome of Pasanoff's suit—known as Williams & Wilkins, after the name of his company—made many copyright people unhappy, they found consolation in the fact that it was a narrow opinion, anchored to the field of medicine, and that it had been overridden by Congress. The District Court decision in Universal v. Sony was broader and more disheartening. For the first time, a court had ruled that copying for mere entertainment or convenience was fair use, that copying of a whole work could qualify, and that individual copiers could gain immunity from the law simply by committing their offenses in a non-commercial setting, while frankly commercial interests—the suppliers of the machines involved—could profit as much as they liked. Most ominously, the decision suggested that infringement wasn't really infringement unless the victim could prove economic harm



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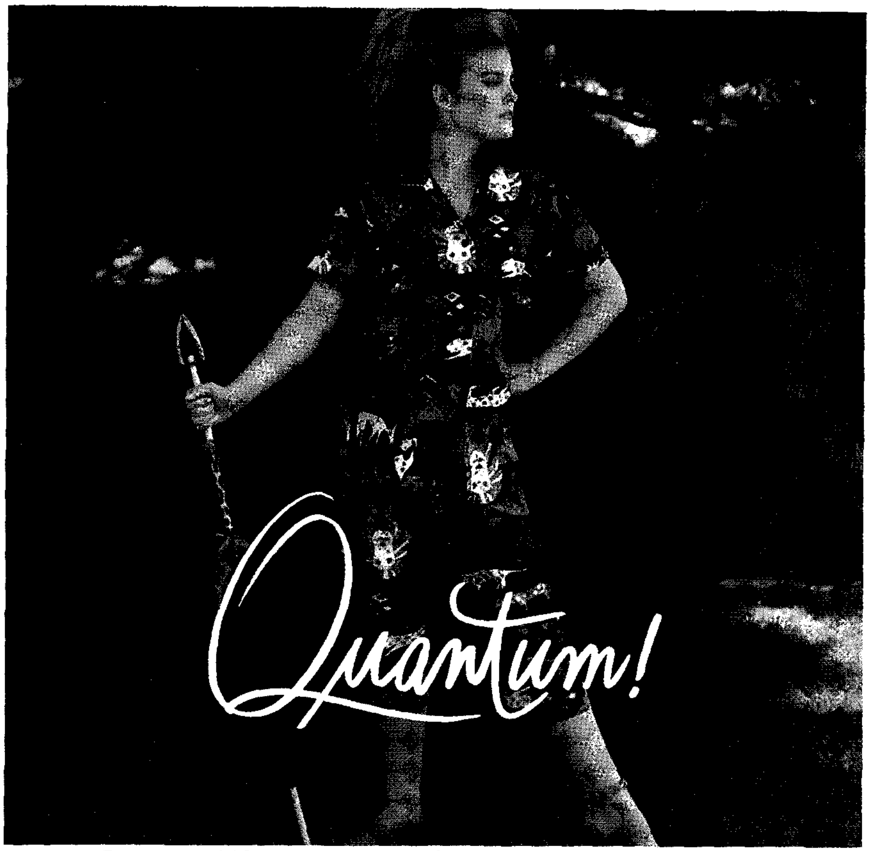

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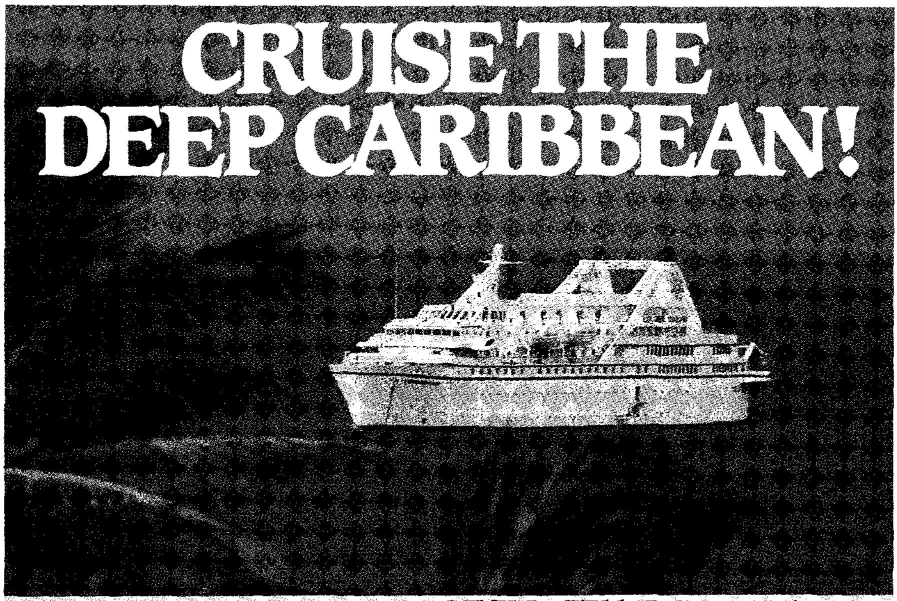

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—an extremely elusive and speculative issue. Since no one could predict how much money a particular book, movie, or record would make, how could anyone show to what extent—or even whether—an act of infringement had cut into that potential? Many copyright lawyers agreed with Stephen Kroft that the law should not consider harm at all. Making harm a factor, it seemed to them, implied that a copyright owner had to be in financial trouble before he would be allowed to exercise his rights.

AFTER the District Court handed down its decision, the press generally regarded the home-taping issue as settled, and so did most people who had a professional interest in it. By the middle of 1981, many of them probably assumed that the court's decision had already been upheld, since that would have been a small story for the back pages and they could easily have missed it. Only the immediate parties to the lawsuit, a few of their business allies, and a few hundred copyright aficionados were still waiting for a follow-up, and only they were at all prepared for the decision handed down by the United States Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, on October 19, 1981. The three-judge panel sided with the plaintiffs on virtually all counts. Home video recording was infringement, and Sony was responsible for it. Judge John Kilkenny, speaking for the panel, chastised Judge Ferguson for failing to understand that the 1976 Copyright Act was a broad statement of rights limited by strict and specific exceptions, and for stretching fair use beyond the criteria set forth by the statute—criteria that the Appeals Court regarded as clearly inapplicable to videotaping in the home. If the statute had nothing to say about home taping, its silence was to be taken not as a sign of ambiguity but as a reason to apply the general terms of the act without qualification. "Our study of the record and analysis of the legislation," the opinion continued, "convinces us that the District Court inadvertently bypassed the statutory framework of the 1976 legislation."

On the harm question, the Ninth Circuit held that the lower court had been "much too strict" in requiring the plaintiffs to demonstrate the degree of harm. They had only to show that home video recording was likely to affect the market for Universal's and Disney's products, and, according to the Ninth Circuit, that "seems clear."

Home video recording failed to satisfy the fair-use test on other grounds: it involved entire works rather than parts of them, and its purpose was far removed from those served by the usual fair-use activities. "It is noteworthy," Judge Kilkenny wrote, "that the statute does not list 'convenience' or 'entertainment' or 'increased access' as purposes within the general scope of fair use."

Dunlavey's non-objectors and his "staple article of commerce" defense did not impress the Ninth Circuit at all. "Videotape recorders are manufactured, advertised, and sold for the primary purpose of reproducing television programming," the court observed. "Virtually all television programming is copyrighted material. . . . That some copyright owners choose, for one reason or another, not to enforce their rights does not preclude those who legitimately choose to do so from protecting theirs." The court speculated that Judge Ferguson might have ruled as he did partly because of "the difficulty in fashioning relief." The Ninth Circuit, for its part, did not order an immediate halt in the sale of Betamaxes. It sent the question of relief back to the District Court (although no further action would be taken until the Supreme Court decided whether or not to hear the case). In so doing, however, it cautioned the lower court not to be "overly concerned with the prospective harm to appellees," because "a defendant has no right to expect a return on investment from activities which violate the copyright laws."

The Ninth Circuit's decision vindicated the judgment of copyright people from coast to coast, and they took to the pages of the nation's law journals to celebrate it as a return to "basics" and a reaffirmation of the "traditional" idea of fair use. The implications of the decision seemed to range well beyond the field of motion pictures and videocassette recorders. Stanley Rothenberg, a veteran copyright lawyer with the New York firm of Moses & Singer, recalls, "There was a feeling that the decision would serve as protection against still further technological advances that would be even more damaging—whether it was going to be the personal Xerox machine that everyone would put in his home, or the use by organizations of transmission devices with instant printers, so that a large corporation would purchase one copy of a magazine and transmit the important arti-

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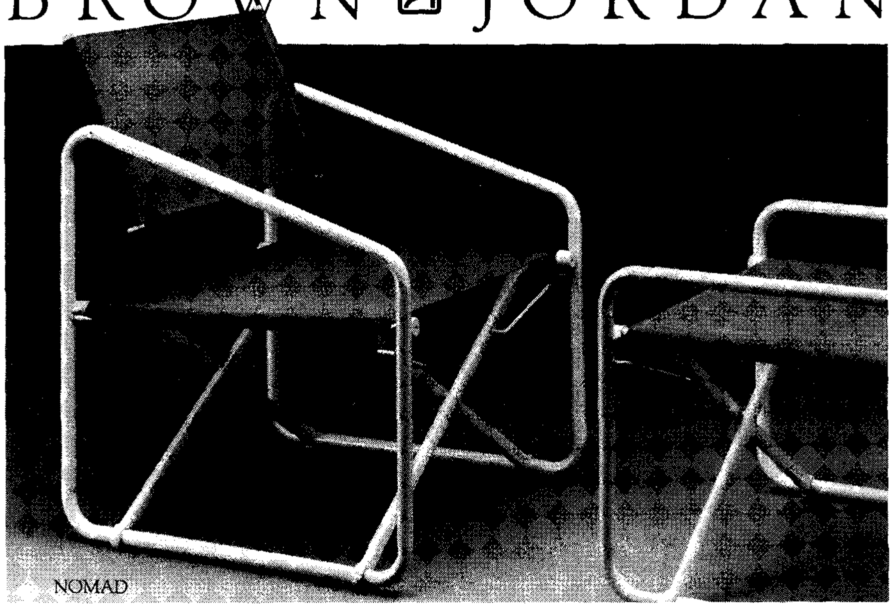

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cles to its divisions and its subsidiaries across the country instantaneously. And certainly there were a lot of developers of computer software who were concerned that the new devices would result in their programs being duplicated willy-nilly. It also meant that the recording companies might have a claim against the manufacturers of the equipment that enables people to take a prerecorded cassette and a blank cassette and in a minute make their own duplicate. So the Ninth Circuit decision was very encouraging to the record industry. It was encouraging to the copyright community generally, in regard to the contributory infringer—the manufacturer of the device whose primary function is to duplicate copyrighted material."

Nevertheless, the copyright people at large law firms like Rothenberg's faced some skepticism from their non-copyright-absorbed colleagues. "Partners of mine would ask, 'How are you going to police it?' " Rothenberg recalls. "And the response was that first you have to establish the principle that the copyright owner's rights are being invaded, and then the legislature can fashion an appropriate means of compensation."

FIVE years had passed between the filing of the lawsuit and the Ninth Circuit's decision. In the interim, the conversation piece in William Griffiths' living room had acquired a nickname—VCR—and six more Japanese manufacturers (Matsushita, Mitsubishi, J.V.C., Sanyo, Toshiba, and Hitachi) had entered the field, both in their own names and as suppliers of machines that bore such familiar American brands as RCA, Sears, General Electric, Zenith, Sylvania, and Magnavox. The VCR market had evolved in ways that were not altogether to Sony's liking. Several of its Japanese competitors had adopted a different format, known as VHS (for Video Home System), which offered the advantage of a longer recording time per cassette. The VHS system, as a result, had become far more popular than the system championed by Sony. But the market was so big that even a small share of it—Sony's share stood at about thirteen per cent—was hugely profitable. Between 1976 and 1981, sales of VCRs in the United States increased from thirty thousand to a million four hundred thousand a year. Not since the advent of color television had an appliance that cost so much sold so well, and the numbers fired the consumer-electronics industry with hope that the VCR, like color TV, would become part of the standard equipment of middle-class American life. In the same five years, the videodisk, M.C.A.'s vision of the entertainment future, had come and—to all intents and purposes—gone. A videodisk player may have offered a superior picture, but it was not superior enough to impress many customers as sufficient compensation for the inability to record. By the end of 1981, M.C.A.'s DiscoVision branch had laid off most of its employees, and M.C.A. was preparing to bail out of the videodisk business completely, with cumulative losses in the neighborhood of thirty million dollars.

The day after the Ninth Circuit issued its decision, Stanford Parris, a Republican congressman from northern Virginia, denounced the decision as "the latest example of idiocy in the federal judiciary" and introduced a bill designed, he said, to "halt an unnecessary and unwarranted intrusion by the federal courts into the private homes of three million Americans." Parris was one of those three million, having acquired a VCR in order to tape the games of the Washington Redskins. His bill was one sentence long and took about an hour to draft. It said that "the fair use of a copyrighted work includes the recording and use of copyrighted works in a private home by an individual on a home video recorder if the recordings are not used for direct or indirect commercial advantage." It was not, perhaps, the most thoroughly researched or carefully fashioned piece of legislation ever proposed, but there are times when the conscience of an elected official tells him that he has to move boldly and quickly, or some other elected official will get in there before him. Indeed, several other members of Congress also saw the urgency of the situation. John Duncan, a Republican representative from Tennessee, offered a similar bill, and, a day later, Dennis DeConcini, a Democratic senator from Arizona, offered yet another.

Out in the wider world, the reaction was equally swift and emphatic. "It's so stupid it hardly bears comment," declared an editorial in the Kinston, North Carolina, *Free Press*. "Big Brotherism," said the Salt Lake City *Deseret News*. "Something misfired in the judicial process," concluded the *Wall Street Journal*. Enforcement would make "Prohibition look easy," opined a columnist for the Los Ange-

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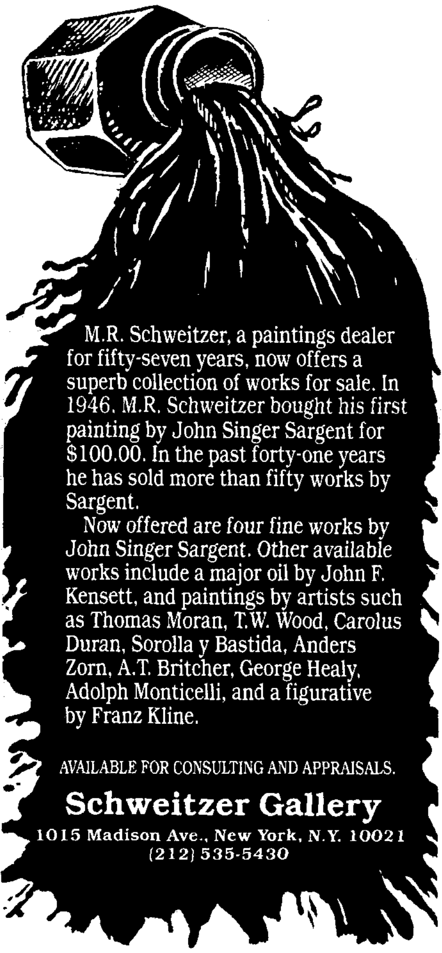

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les *Times*. The Martinez, California, *News-Gazette* contended that the decision "carried to its logical extreme . . . would forbid singing a copyrighted song to one's self in the shower." A cartoon in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* showed a VCR and a revolver side by side, and asked the question "On which item have the courts ruled that manufacturers and retailers be held responsible for having supplied the equipment?" Countless cartoonists and columnists—and Johnny Carson, in a sketch for the "Tonight Show"—depicted frantic households being visited by "Video Police" or detectives from the "Betamax Squad." Tom Shales, the television critic for the Washington *Post*, imagined himself an underground videotaper in the dread year 1984. "It is the third year of our persecution, oh my brothers, oh Betanauts and Betalogues and fellow members of the Betanese Liberation Front," Shales wrote. "Still they come, the gray men in the greatcoats, the storm troopers in their clodhoppers." In the long history of its offenses, the judiciary—that much maligned branch of government—had probably never issued a decision that attracted more abuse and less sympathy. —JAMES LARDNER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Letter to the editor of Country Life*]

HUNGRY HEDGEHOGS

While in France last year I found, on a gravel path, a dropping that was clearly that of a hedgehog. Upon examining it I found it to contain not only the expected scales and other remains of insects, but also 30 small pieces of gravel weighing, in total, about 10gm.

I find it hard to believe that even hedgehogs regard gravel as a form of sustenance, and presume that this hedgehog had been eating slugs to which the gravel had adhered.—JOHN W. WEST, *6 Weydown Court, Weydown Road, Haslemere, Surrey.*

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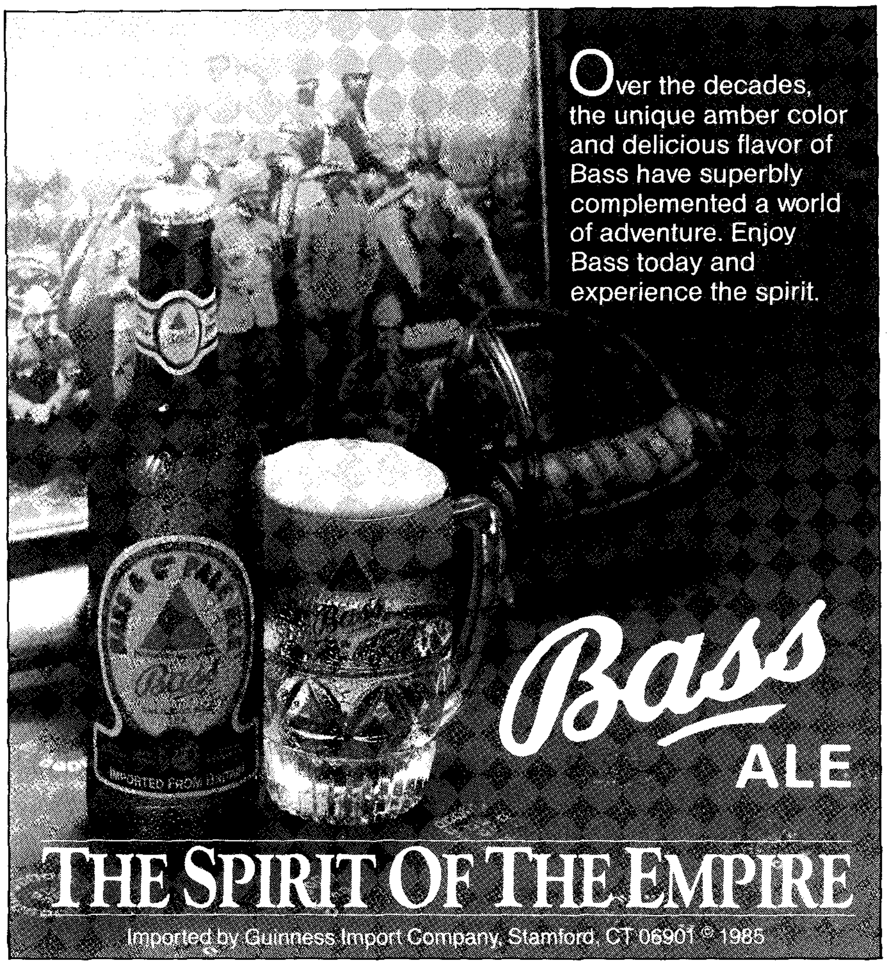
CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Report in the Mercer Island (Wash.) Reporter*]

Two brothers got into an argument over theology Sunday night at their parents' home in the 2000 block of 80th Avenue S.E. The older brother, 32, assaulted the younger one, 25, and while wrestling the two fell on and smashed a dining room chair and table. An officer located the older brother outside the house and gave him a ride to the police station.



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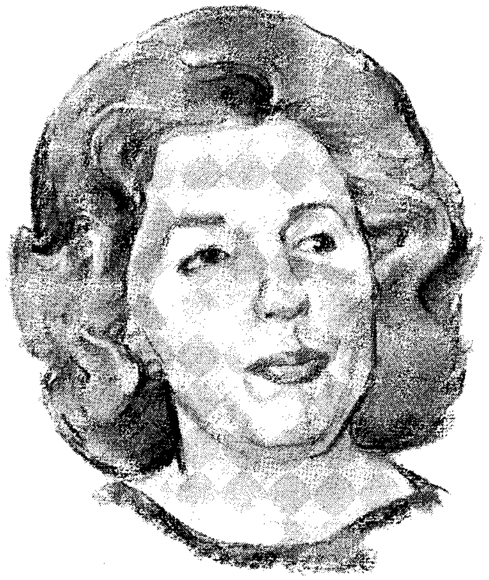
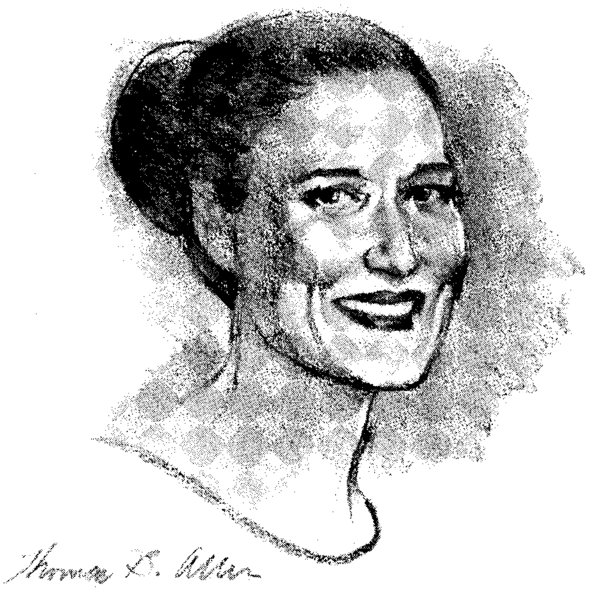
PROFILES

CAROL SLOANE AND JULIE WILSON

THE spectrum of American non-academic singers stretches from the jazz singing of Louis Armstrong and Billie Holiday and Ray Charles to the cabaret singing of Mabel Mercer and Hugh Shannon and Blossom Dearie. Two singers who work at the opposite ends of this range are the jazz singer Carol Sloane and the cabaret singer Julie Wilson. Both have been more or less out of sight in recent years and are now back in view. Both, in their different ways, are consummate singers. Carol Sloane has a soft, sliding, mercurial voice—it chases the melodies she sings, and swiftly and serenely remakes them. Julie Wilson has a hard, precise, powerful voice and the sort of foursquare diction that makes lyrics sound visible. Both have had difficult, shadowed, often inch-by-inch careers, and have come through unembittered and sure.



Carol Sloane



Julie Wilson

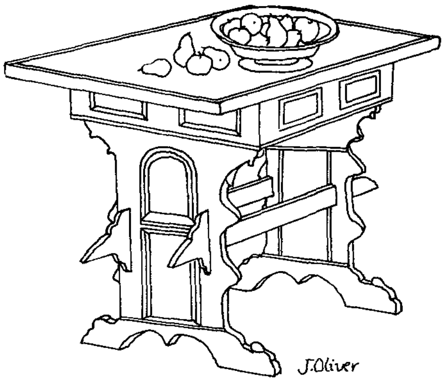
Carol Sloane is short and broad-shouldered. Her hair is light-colored and bouffant, and she has a strong, slightly beaked nose. Her eyes are wide and ready for anything. She has stubby hands and tiny feet. She is cool about clothes and sometimes has a come-as-you-are look, even onstage. She performs easily. She sits on the edge of a stool and waves her microphone vaguely in front of her, bringing it closer when she wants to change dynamics. She talks to the audience as if she were in her living room, and her singing is conversation put to music. She closes her eyes and tilts her head when she sings, sending her music just over her listeners' heads, so that it rains on them rather than beats against them, as is the case with many singers. The melodies that she invents constantly curve, and they move between her words, under her words, over them. So her diction sometimes sounds careless and a little unclear, but it doesn't matter. She has made a new *song*, and we know the gist of most of the words she sings. She likes to talk, and she talked one afternoon in the West Side living room of her friend Richard Rodney Bennett, the English composer, arranger, and pianist.

She said, "To my way of thinking, Louis Armstrong is the best male singer and Carmen McRae is the best female singer. When I first heard her, the light broke. That diction, that intonation, that edge of salt in her voice. She sounded *human*. She sounded like she could make a mistake—where Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan never did. When I watch her sing, I take notes. She's a teacher. Sometimes she calls me and complains about the room she's singing in, or the dressing room, or the manager, and I just laugh, I'm so pleased to hear her. Jazz singing is a living, breathing, flexible thing. The same song should change every night. I love to sing Duke Ellington. I think, Can I get those fat Johnny Hodges sounds, those fat Ben Webster sounds? Can I swing them? I'd rather sing 'Prelude to a Kiss' or 'In a Sentimental Mood' or 'Sophisticated Lady' or 'Something to Live For' than anything else. They're perfect songs.

"I've always sung. When I was fourteen, I got a job not far from where I lived, in Rhode Island, in one of Ed Drew's bands. He had bands all over southern New England. The band played at a big ballroom called the Rhodes-on-the-Pawtuxet. It was full of balconies and white latticework. I sang there every Wednesday and Saturday for scale, which was nine dollars and eighty cents a night. At first, I didn't know anything. The band used stock arrangements, and there were a lot of key changes. The first time I sang with them, the musicians modulated, and I went along in the same key, and they cracked up. I didn't even know what four bars or eight bars meant. I'd sit in my ruffles and petticoat at the end of the bandstand with the boy singer, and get up every once in a while and sing a song like 'Wheel of Fortune,' and pretend I was Kay Starr. My Uncle Joe would drive me over and back. After I'd been with Drew two years, a couple of local guys, Jim Howe and Jim O'Neill, asked me if I'd record a song they had written. Howe knew me because I had done some babysitting for him. We drove down to a studio in New York. The guitarist George Barnes was one of the accompanists and there were four singers ooh-aahing behind me. The song was called 'So Long,' and Howe and O'Neill filled my head with what a great future I had and how the recording would send me on my way. I listened to the radio constantly. I'd call disk jockeys and ask them about what they had played. Or I'd ask them if I could visit them and watch. One who said yes was Carl Henry. He also had a record shop—Carl's Diggins. It was in the black section of Providence, and I bought Stan Kenton records there with the first money I earned with Ed Drew. Later, Carl would ask me when I came in, 'Have you ever heard Art Tatum?' Or 'Have you ever heard Ben Webster?' I began to take their recordings home, and I learned about improvisation. During high school, I got a job as a legal secretary in Providence, and when I was eighteen I married a disk jockey. What else? He's with WBZ in Boston now, and he's married for a third time. He got drafted after we were married, and we went to Germany. It was 1957. I touched base with the Special Services Club where we were stationed, and the first thing I was involved in was a hurry-up production of 'Kiss Me, Kate.' A general who was about to be sent home asked if we could put together some sort of production of the musical, because it was his favorite show. We did. We made our costumes, and we painted the sets. Eventually, we took it all over Germany in an old school bus.

"We came back to the States at the end of the year, and I went to work for another law firm. We lived in Providence, on Waterman Street, not far from Brown University. I got a part-time job singing in a club in New Bedford, and one night this substantial-looking man came in and listened and gave me his card. His name was Bob Bonis, and he represented the Les and Larry Elgart band, which was playing at an amusement park in Fall River. Bonis asked if I'd go for an audition. There was no pianist, but Turk Van Lake was on guitar. I decided on ' 'S Wonderful,' in the key of G. I set a very fast tempo, and the musicians gave me a this-will-put-her-in-the-soup look. But I did it, and Larry Elgart said he'd like to take me on the road with the band. My marriage was breaking up, so I agreed, and stayed two years. I was born Carol Morvan, but I was calling myself Carol Vann. Larry didn't like the name, and he'd introduce me as Carol Rogers or Carol Price, or something like that. Finally, he hit on Carol Sloane. I left the band in 1960 in New York. The singer Jon Hendricks, of the vocal trio Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross, wanted to know if I would be able to fill in for Annie Ross should the occasion arise. I said yes, but I knew how complicated their work was, so I bought all their records and studied them. Then I got a call from Pep's, a night club in Philadelphia, saying the trio needed me. I rode down on the train with Jon Hendricks' brother Jim, and all he did was ask me if I knew this tune or that tune the group did, and by the time I got there I was having fits. There was no rehearsal, and the first number was Duke Ellington's 'Cottontail,' very fast. I got through it, and I worked on and off with the trio for a year. Early in 1961, Max Gordon offered me two weeks opposite Oscar Peterson at the Village Vanguard, and I almost fainted. Oscar was the first jazz musician I had ever seen in the flesh. It was at the Celebrity Club in Providence, and they let a bunch of us underage kids in and put us in a corner. Oscar did a marvellous thing for me at the Vanguard. Every night, he would ask me to sing Kurt Weill's 'My Ship.' I had been doing fancy things to that heavy, beautiful song, but I slowly began to relax, and by the time my gig was almost over I was doing the song as it should be done, and Oscar was smiling. I also did the pop festival that replaced the jazz festival in Newport that year. I was part of a group of new stars. The new stars all stayed on too long, and by the time I came out everybody was starting to leave. I wanted to do 'Little Girl Blue,' but my piano player didn't know the verse, so I sang the verse by myself, and people turned around, and I got a terrific reaction when the song was over.

"I recorded for Columbia later that year, and things took off. I did the hungry i in San Francisco and Mister Kelly's in Chicago and the Blue Angel in New York. I did Arthur Godfrey's radio show. I worked with people like Stiller and Meara, and Woody Allen, and Bill Cosby, and Godfrey Cambridge, and Lenny Bruce, and Richard Pryor. I had a lot of work in the sixties, but it began to taper off around 1968. I took to writing record reviews for *down beat*, and I sang once in a while at the old Half Note. The trombonist Bob Brookmeyer and I became very close. Then he moved to California. I had a miserable time. I was broke, and I wanted to get out. It wasn't a good time for singers in New York. I got an offer from a new club in Raleigh, North Carolina, named the Frog and Nightgown, and I went for a week. I couldn't believe it. It was winter in New York, but it was balmy and beautiful down there. People said hello in the elevators. I gave up my apartment in New York and moved to Raleigh in April. I found a job in the law offices of the ex-governor Terry Sanford, and I worked there seven years. I also sang off and on at the Frog, which was owned by Peter Ingram, who had a Ph.D. in biochemistry and was a drummer. The Frog closed in 1975, and I put out my first record since 1962. Gil Wiest, of Michael's Pub, heard it on Jonathan Schwartz's radio show and offered me a couple of weeks at the Pub. I was so excited it was terribly hard to control my energy. Everything I did seemed to fly away.



"One night after work, George Mraz, my bass player, said, 'You better come to Bradley's to hear Jimmy Rowles'—he said 'Rowles' as if it had a row, a fight, in it. I knew who Jimmy was, but I had never heard him live. I went down every night, and I met him, and we fell in love. We moved into an apartment in SoHo, and we were together almost four years. Many singers think Jimmy is the best accompanist in the business, so there must have been a lot of jealousy among them—'Boy, I bet she sings with him every day.' Actually, we only worked together three or four times, and he only played for me once or twice at home. After a while, I began worrying about his drinking and his emphysema, which had just been diagnosed. Jimmy worried about himself, but in strange ways. To save breath when he went upstairs, he'd go up backward, a step at a time, even though he was probably using twice as much breath and strength doing it that way. Then Norman Granz asked him if he would accompany Ella Fitzgerald. I thought it would be good for him, that it would keep him closer to the straight and narrow. And it did for a time. I toured with them twice, and I never saw him when he couldn't find the piano. He was with her two years. Jimmy's destructive side was beginning to spill over on me. When I found myself pouring a drink first thing in the morning, I knew things were getting bad. I had gained a lot of weight, and I was looking ugly. We broke up, and I moved in with some friends in Brookline, near Boston.

"The first business day of 1981, I began looking for a job and was offered one in a law firm where all the lawyers sat in wing chairs. I told them I couldn't start for a couple of weeks, because I had a commitment to sing in a new club a friend had opened in Chapel Hill. The same thing happened to me when I got down there that had happened in the late sixties. It was balmy and beautiful, and everybody said good morning in the elevators. The new club was the handsomest night club I had ever seen. The owner wanted to make me the artistic director, and I had to tell the Boston people I couldn't take the job. I called Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, and Joe Williams, and Carmen McRae, and George Shearing. Then I discovered the club owner was terribly in debt, and the whole wonderful thing fell through. In 1982, I started my own radio show. I played records by singers, and I talked about them. I'd do an hour of Mark Murphy, or Helen Humes, or George Shearing and Mel Tormé, or Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short. But slowly a sense of failure took me over, and in the summer of 1985 I hit bottom. I had no money. My phone was cut off. The bank took my car. I knew the electricity would be next, and I had no idea how I would pay my rent. A powerful thought came to me one Friday night: I want to live. I very much want to live. I picked up the phone and, miraculously, the dial tone came on, and before they cut it off again I started calling clubs where I had worked. I had forgotten that if you don't do things for yourself no one will do them for you. I've worked ever since, and I've moved back to Boston. Last November, I got married. My husband is the entertainment director for a big chain of motels in the Boston area. He's supportive, and he's honest. He's been married before and has grown kids. Now I'm near my family in Rhode Island, and I go to Fenway Park, and I'm tuned in to the Celtics.

"I grew up surrounded by a sense of family. I was born in Providence in 1937, and I have a sister, Lois, who's two years younger. My parents are Canadian-French. My mother's family was from Halifax, but she was born in Rhode Island. My father was born in Manchaug, Massachusetts, a few miles from the Rhode Island border. They were from large families. We lived in Georgiaville, about twelve miles north of Providence, and my parents worked in a textile mill in Esmond, which was a couple of miles from us and was famous for its blankets. My father's name is Frank Morvan. He's a simple man with twinkly eyes and a great smile, and he's got an Indian nose—like the face on the old nickel. He always looks as if he's about to tell you a joke. He likes the Red Sox, and a cold beer on a hot summer day, and the *National Geographic*. He used to bring home Glenn Miller and Johnny Desmond and Frank Sinatra records and sing along with them in a sweet voice. Sometimes I'd stand on his feet and he'd dance me around the room. He's seventy-six and fragile, and he hears what he wants to hear. He and my mother have moved to a little house in a town up near the Massachusetts border. It's immaculately maintained—everything inside and out just so. My sister lives next door. My mother's name was Claudia Rainville. She's seventy-nine. She's round-faced and petite and a live wire. She wanted to be a writer, but she was the oldest of nine and had to quit school to take care of her brothers and sisters. She couldn't get away to marry my father until she was twenty-eight. She loves politics. She loves to laugh. She loves to write letters. She's had a couple of pen pals from New Zealand and Japan since she was a teen-ager. During the Second World War, she would send my father in to Providence to the U.S.O. to pick up as many soldiers as the car would hold and bring them back to our house for a meal. Now she volunteers at the library and listens to talk shows.

"We grew up in a house that had a barn and four huge shade trees and was near a lake. My grandmother and two aunts lived in three houses down the hill from us. My grandmother was always there if we wanted to stop in after school. A lot of summer Sundays, the whole family would assemble at our house for a barbecue. There would be horseshoe pitching, and when the sun went down and the fireflies came out and the kids quit running around and were leaning against their mothers Uncle Charlie would tune up his ukulele, and everybody would sing 'On Moonlight Bay' and 'Shine On Harvest Moon.' Most of us sang in the church choir, and there were a lot of good natural voices and some good harmony. When Lois and I were around eight and ten, we decided to repaint our old 1942 Chevy, which was a hideous green. Our parents were at work, and we took some black paint and brushes and started on a front fender. We had just about finished it when they arrived home. They took one look, fell down laughing, and joined in. That's the kind of great childhood we had. It was also a reading one. I spent a whole summer on the screened porch reading Nancy Drew, and later there was Keats and Conan Doyle and Ibsen. My mother never took a book away, never said a book was too old. I went to parochial grammar school, even though I could have walked to public school. But I learned to diagram sentences, and I learned to spell, and I have pretty handwriting. I switched to public high school after one year of parochial high school, and I mastered Gregg's shorthand. I was sorry I never finished parochial high school. The freshmen wore green ribbons on their uniforms and the sophomores wore blue, but the seniors had beautiful red ones."

Julie Wilson is taller than Carol Sloane and very thin and almost ferociously elegant. She seems to sing most of the time with her profile to the audience, partly because of her midship position in the long, rectangular Oak Room of the Algonquin Hotel, where she frequently works, and partly because her profile is of classic proportions. Her cheekbones are high, and she has wide, sad gray eyes. She wears sumptuous gowns, and she has two stylish signatures—she pulls her hair back severely into a bun, and she wears a sizable gardenia over her left ear. Like Carol Sloane, she tilts her head back when she sings, but it is more a defiant motion than a relaxed one. She has a heavy, bare voice. Her vibrato tends to flutter, but she never lets it out of sight. She is an annunciatory

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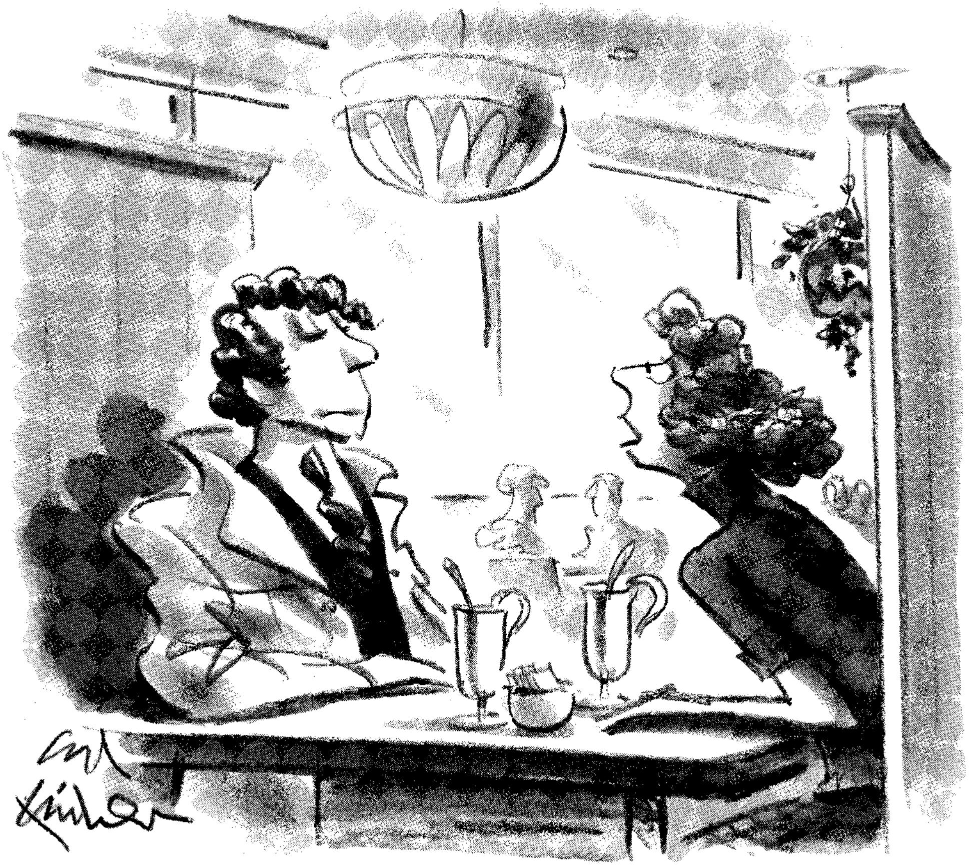

"You may look Byronic, Hoagland, but you aren't Byronic."

• •

singer, who sometimes ends her numbers with a polite shout. Carol Sloane caresses her listeners; Julie Wilson shakes them until she finds the way in. Onstage, she is rarely still. Her eyes flash. Her head swings back and forth, lest she leave a listener untouched. Her arms are wings, and she often ends a song with one arm straight out, her long fingers curving up toward the ceiling. She sits on steps by the piano in the Oak Room and sings; then, for her next number, she moves with unbelievable quickness from the steps to the top of the piano. In a blink, she is back on her steps—weightless, fleshless. She has a fine comic flair, and can rattle off nonsense songs, like Irving Berlin's "Snooky-Ookums," keeping her eyes at a laughing squint and her mouth in a big smile. She never sings a false note or makes a gauche move. She generally works with the pianist, singer, and songwriter William Roy, a small, neat, quick, immensely skilled performer, who does duets with her and supports her at every turn.

In conversation, Julie Wilson likes to sit close to her companion, and she leaves long pauses, like reflecting pools. She talks very quietly, but, always coiled and ready, she can let loose a jarring shout to make a point. She talked for several hours recently at the East Side apartment of a friend. She had on a head scarf and her hair was up, and she wore a navy-blue silk dress with white polka dots.

This is some of what she said:

"I was born October 21, 1924, in Omaha, Nebraska. My dad's name was Russell Wilson and my mother's maiden name also was Wilson—Emily Bennett Wilson. He was a coal salesman, and he loved to work. Up at a quarter to six, breakfast at six, out of the house at half past six, at his office at six-forty-five. And it was more work when he got home—pruning trees, clipping bushes, painting. He was a beautiful housepainter. He died in 1980, and he worked almost to the end. He was tall and straight and slim, and he had white hair and blue eyes. It was hard for him to show affection. His way was to jab at you, be sarcastic—then send sentimental cards. He was impatient, and he swore a lot and had a hot temper. He was also a drinker—a mean drinker. He came from Stanton, Iowa, which was full of drinking Swedes. But he gave it up when he was sixty-four. Smoking, too. And he was all right the rest of his life. My mother was from Missouri. She was the seventh of twelve children. She had black hair and a deep widow's peak, and she was very beautiful. She became a hairdresser when the popular hairdo was the marcel. She had the kind of look that made people who didn't know her think when they first came in the shop, *Why, that skinny,* pretty thing couldn't be any good. But she could really twirl that iron, and if there was any trouble it was 'Go get Emily.' She never had a wrinkle in her face, and her hair didn't turn gray until she was seventy-five. I had two brothers—Russell, who was eighteen months older, and Lawrence, who was eight years younger.

"During the Depression, we moved outside of town. We had a house and a little acreage. It was the only time my mother ever borrowed a penny. She went to the bank and asked them to lend her fifty dollars, and they said what did she want fifty dollars for, and she said to buy a cow. They gave it to her, and she bought a cow and some chickens, and we sold milk. Homeless people came to our door all during that time, and she never turned anyone away. Russell and I had a firecracker stand by the side of the road one summer. We'd order firecrackers by mail, and we each made enough to buy a bike. We stayed out there two or three years, and then moved into a little house my parents put up just outside the city limits. It's all built up around it now, but we still own it.

"After high school, I enrolled at Omaha University, where I had a major in drama and a minor in music. But I didn't last long. I had been singing with local bands since I was fourteen. One day, my Aunt Nora called and said Earl Carroll's 'Vanities' was in town. They were looking for someone to replace a girl who had pneumonia, and the girl they hired they'd take to Hollywood and make a star of. So I called and said, 'This is Mary Lou Wilson. I understand you are looking for someone,' and the man said 'Can you dance?' and I said 'A little,' and he said 'Can you sing?' and I said 'A little,' and he said 'Come on down.' I put on this black-cherry lipstick that was fashionable at the time, and went to the theatre. I sang a scale and did a time step, and was told to go and see Minnie and put on a costume and come back. It had a sketchy top and a little skirt. The man who

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1984 • International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War (IPPNW)

1985 • The Five Continent Peace Initiative

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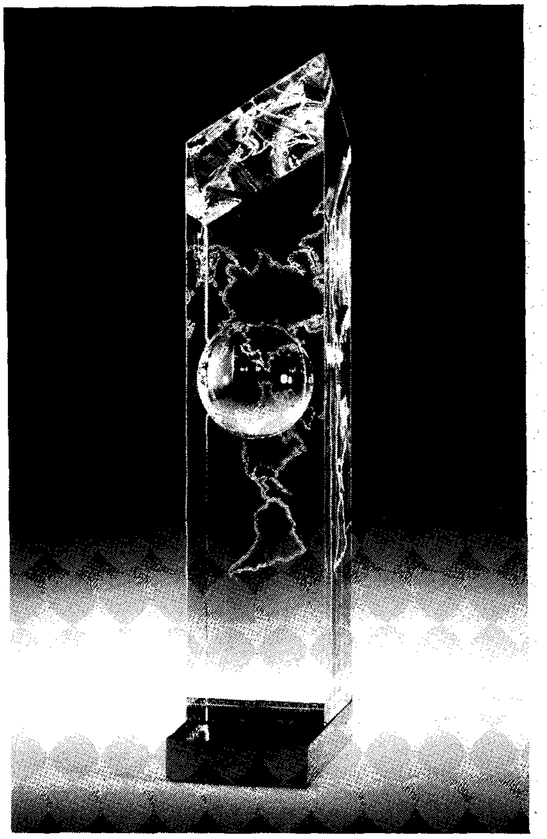

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had auditioned me said, ‘You’re a little hippy, but you’ll do. The pay is forty dollars a week.’ I was too embarrassed to tell anyone at the university what I had done, but when the dean of women called my mother, Miss Honest-Bones-of-the-World told all. The troupe had comics who built houses and knocked them down, or played the piano and got their fingers stuck to the keys. There was a magician, too, and a funny ballet dancer. I was in a trio that sang songs like ‘Morning Glory.’ We stayed a week in each place, and I was with the company six months. I wasn’t very popular with the girls in the chorus. They were seasoned, and I was a baby. So much so that I took off my makeup after every show, and there were five shows a day. It’s a wonder I didn’t wear out my face. We got to New York in the spring of 1943, and I gave notice at Loew’s State Theatre.

“I met Wally Wanger, who did the hiring at the Latin Quarter. There were no openings, but he said he’d keep me in mind. I also met a sweet man named Al Buckner. Bucky, as he was known, was a bookmaker, and he made sure that I always had something to eat, that I didn’t talk to strangers, that I was aware of the bad Broadway elements. I had heard about John Robert Powers’ modelling agency, and one day I went there and waited four hours to get in. When I did, Powers said, ‘My, aren’t you a wholesome American beauty rose.’ I was too heavy, and I had a face like a pie. I walked for him, and he told me I’d better go to modelling school. Of course, I had no money for that. I also met a man named Curly Harris, who did public relations for United Artists. He said Mary Lou was a corny name and that I should use Julia or Julie—my real name being Julia Mary Wilson. Wally Wanger offered me a job at the Latin Quarter in Chicago. I would be a production singer, which meant I would sing a number surrounded by the chorus. Seventy-five a week. I did three shows a night for seven days a week for three or four months. A rich old guy wanted to buy me a fur coat, and when I told my mother she came up to Chicago, took a look at him, and said, ‘That coot is old enough to be your grandfather. Anyway, you should be back in college.’ But the bug had bit. Wally Wanger booked me into a Detroit gambling club from Chicago, and I had my first bad experience. It was with a gent who used to drive the girls in the chorus from our hotel to the club. That was better than taking the bus. One night, he drove me home and said he’d buy me an ice-cream soda and take me to a party he knew about. Well, there wasn’t any party, and he finally gave me five dollars for a cab. I packed up and went home.

“I was still too embarrassed to return to the university, so I went to Duchesne, which was a Sacred Heart school. The nuns didn’t impose their beliefs on me, and they had tremendous empathy. Then Wally Wanger gave me a job at the New York Latin Quarter at fifty dollars a week. I took a little apartment in Forest Hills, and my mother and younger brother joined me. Curly Harris introduced me to Monte Proser, who did the hiring at the Copacabana. I made it into the chorus. I’d been there several months when I had the chance to audition for Johnny Long’s band and was hired. We went on the road, and I was fired on Christmas Eve. Monte Proser put me in a U.S.O. show that the Copa sent to Europe. I was still underage and had to have my parents’ permission. We did Germany and France. I couldn’t get over the bougainvillea on the Riviera. When I came back, things seemed to move faster and faster—sideways. I sang with Emil Stern’s hotel band. I did a production number, ‘The Coffee Song,’ in a Copa show that had Peter Lind Hayes and Desi Arnaz in it. A job on Broadway opened up in ‘Three to Make Ready,’ with Ray Bolger. I understudied Bibi Osterwald and was in the chorus. But the show suddenly folded, and I went into a room in the Hotel Duane, on Madison Avenue, and then into the Glass Hat, on East Fiftieth Street.

“I had three jobs and an almost during the next six months or so. The almost was a Broadway show Bob Hilliard was doing that had the song ‘Civilization’ in it, with those crazy lyrics ‘Bongo, bongo, bongo, I don’t want to leave the Congo.’ I auditioned, but Elaine Stritch got the job. The first of the three jobs was at a beautiful place called the Beverly Country Club outside New Orleans, the second was at the Copa, and the third was at Copa City in Miami Beach. I was fired in Miami Beach—not because I wasn’t any good but because the show’s producer wanted the job for his girlfriend, as I found out later. I was only twenty-three, but I had already learned that it’s not so much what is done to you as the way it is done—that people should have the guts to be square with you. I had also learned that getting fired is not necessarily a detriment. It can even be the reverse. It gets you energized and headed the right way again. So I moved into a place nearby, called Mother Kelly’s, at half the pay, five shows a night, seven days a week. I was trying every sort of song. I was trying to find my way. I was sick of being ignored. I had discovered that being a nice girl from Omaha didn’t make it. I decided to get mean, a little bitchy. I started sticking my chin in the air, and at the end of a performance I’d turn my back on the audience and walk out—and people began paying attention. One night, Kay Thompson’s agent, Barron Polan, came in. He was a classy guy, and we talked three hours. The job at Mother Kelly’s lasted seven or eight months, and then I went back to New York. I was broke. I knew a girl named Chris Kerrigan, who had worked at Mother Kelly’s. She fell in love with Harry the Hipster Gibson, who worked at Café Society Uptown and on Fifty-second Street. He played the piano with white gloves on, and he sang wild songs about pot and drugs. Chris had a job at the Melody Club in Union City, New Jersey, doing a routine with a comic, and I got a job there as a singer. There was a pianist and a drummer, and I followed the stripper. Then Barron Polan told me he had lined up a screen test with Sam Goldwyn. Kay Thompson helped me buy a dress, and I took the train to California. I had my hair pulled back and was wearing earrings when I got to M-G-M, and Goldwyn’s secretary said, ‘Take off the earrings. He hates them.’ I went in, and Goldwyn said, ‘Is that your hair? Take it down so that I can see

FLORIST
EASTER PLANTS
BOY WANTED
EICKE

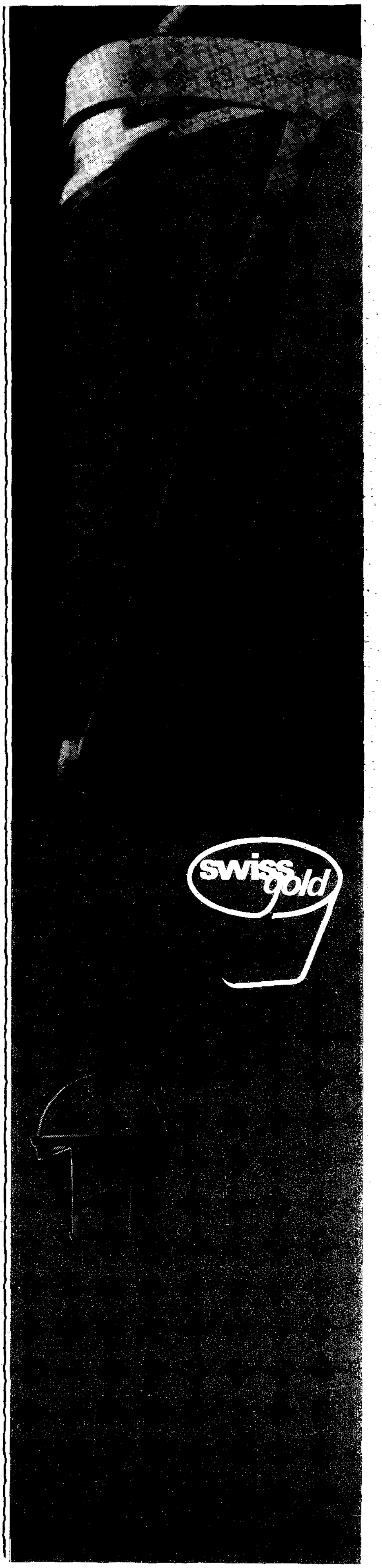
what you look like. I did, and looked like a witch. He told me I could put it back up and go. I did the screen test with my hair down, and I could have been Gene Tierney's sister.

"Mickey Rooney had a program in Los Angeles—'Hollywood Showcase'—on which singers competed, the winner getting two weeks at the Mocambo. I won, with 'For Every Man There's a Woman.' At the Mocambo, I wore an elegant white gown. It was jersey, and it had lace, beading, a low neck, and long sleeves. Phil Moore, the wonderful composer and arranger and pianist, had a group there, and he backed me and wrote some material for me, and it was a very successful engagement. It was the first time I had felt real electricity between an audience and me. From there I did Lake Tahoe, then the Mark Hopkins, in San Francisco, and the Maisonette, in New York. It was 1948. I must have gone into the Maisonette twenty times. It was my anchor, my jumping-off place. It was where I grew up. People sensed this and started giving me advice. Louis Sobol, the Broadway columnist, told me not to sing ballads. 'You're a nice girl,' he said, 'but don't sing a ballad.' Someone told me I was O.K. onstage as long as I kept moving. Arnold Weissberger, the theatrical lawyer, told me I had to be seen, I had to meet people, I had to make connections—when actually I would rather have stayed at home and baked pies. I auditioned for 'Kiss Me, Kate,' and I had the lead for six months in the national company, and I did it in London. I also did 'South Pacific' for a year in London. I started studying there with George Cunelli, a wonderful voice teacher. I had made up my mind I was going to improve my voice. I wanted to bridge the gap between chest singing and head tones. I wanted to be able to stop *pushing* when I sang. I took two lessons a day, and I also studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts. I was running out of money, though, and Barron Polan came to the rescue again. He wanted to know if I was interested in the lead in a new musical to be called 'The Pajama Game.' But I was so involved with cultivating my voice that I said no. It was a terrible decision. It would have put me on the map. Instead, I went to Los Angeles to audition for Richard Rodgers' 'Pipe Dream.' I used my new soprano, and Rodgers said it was the worst soprano he had ever heard, and what had happened to the voice that they had called me to California to hear? I didn't get the part, and that was the end of my soprano.

"That September, I opened at the Persian Room in the Hotel Plaza. Barron Polan and I were married, but it lasted only a year. He was the best friend I ever had. I finally went into 'The Pajama Game.' Janis Paige opened the show, then Pat Marshall took over, and then I came in. I also did a couple of sleeper movies—'The Strange One,' with Pat Hingle and Ben Gazzara, and 'This Could Be the Night,' with Jean Simmons and Paul Douglas. I was the only woman in the first picture and the blond saloon singer in the second. Then I was married for a short time to a man who owned a motel, and in 1959 I met a crazy Irishman named Michael McAloney. He produced 'Borstal Boy' on Broadway. We were married in 1961. He wanted to run everything—me and my career—and I wasn't used to that. I even moved to Ireland with him to try and iron things out, to let him be the big cheese. I wanted a husband I could go in the same direction with, not one who was going in the opposite direction. My work is my life, and I need a lot of peace. When I go home at night, I go home to the stillness. But good came of the marriage—two sons, Holt and Michael. I was thirty-nine and forty when they were born. In 1976, when they were twelve and thirteen, I quit working to spend more time with them. Before that, I took them everywhere with me, school permitting, and we toured in 'Company,' 'A Little Night Music,' and 'Follies.'

"I came out again in 1984. The way it happened was, like everything in my life, through luck and the intervention of other people. Barron Polan ran into Hilary Knight, the illustrator, and Hilary told him Gil Wiest was looking for a singer to do a Cole Porter show at Michael's Pub. Barron knew I wanted to come back to New York, and he told Hilary, who told Wiest, and I opened in early January. Since then, I have become a kind of fixture at the Algonquin, and I have bought a little place in Sullivan County and a little house in Jersey City.

"Only one singer has influenced me, and that's Billie Holiday. She is why I wear a gardenia in my hair every night. I used to listen to her on Fifty-second Street when I was with Johnny



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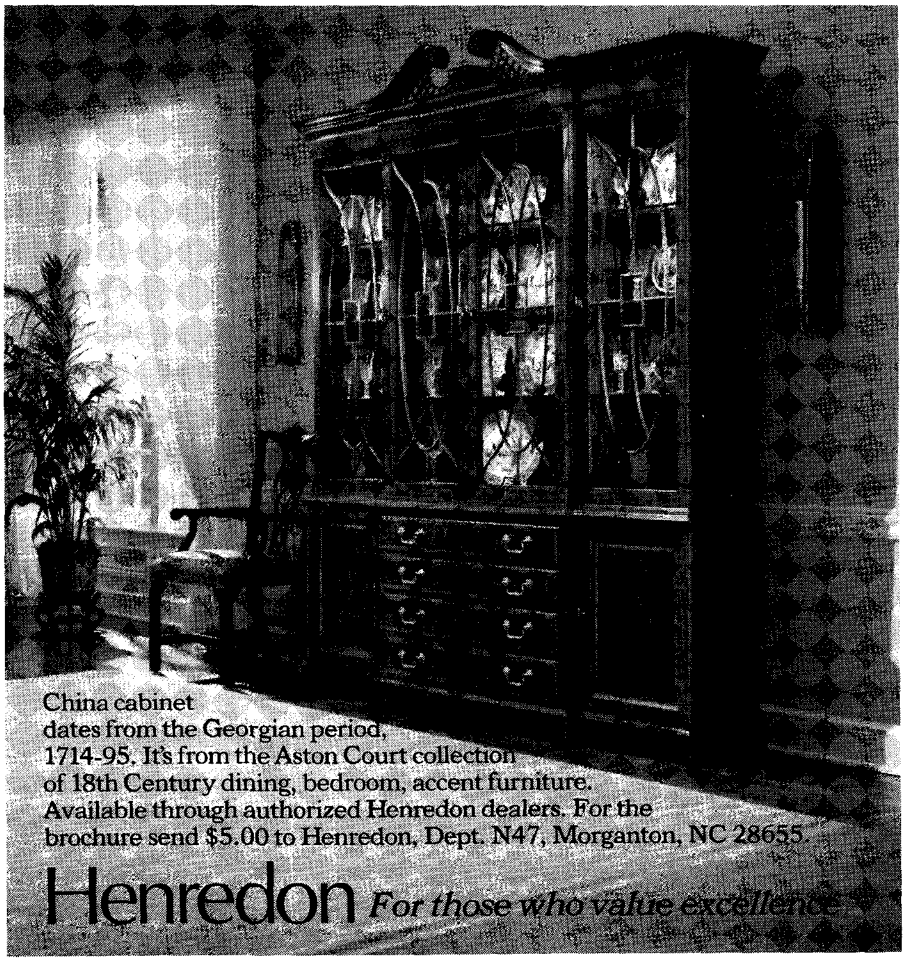

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Long's band, and I finally met her and had dinner with her just a year before she died. No singer has ever moved me so much. No one has ever had such pain and emotion in her singing. There have been many better singers, but none as moving. She taught me that when you sing a song like Irving Berlin's 'Supper Time,' which has to do with a black woman whose husband has just been lynched, you picture him hanging, you think of what must be going through her mind, you think of her children and what she can possibly say to them. You keep all that in your mind while you're singing and it will come out in the words, in your voice, in your face—and people will listen.

"For a long time, I was bothered by laryngitis. Either I didn't take care of myself—stayed up three nights in a row the way you do when you're a kid and think you can do anything—or I had a bad case of nerves. And I got typed into singing clever songs, double-entendre songs, saucy songs. I'd do a ballad and people like Louis Sobol would tell me not to compete with Peggy Lee or Ella Fitzgerald or Jo Stafford. But I couldn't stand being pegged. So I worked and worked until I could do what I do now—a Sondheim show or a Rodgers-and-Hart show or a Harold Arlen show, and follow all the different and marvellous avenues they move down. The great American songwriters all speak in their own tongues. Cole Porter can be affecting, funny, exciting. He had such style. The same is true of Rodgers and Hart. And Stephen Sondheim is incredible. He has so much depth and humanity, so much insight into feelings. Some songwriters you have to grow into. The first show I was ever in, in Omaha when I was a kid, was Kurt Weill's 'Knickerbocker Holiday,' and I didn't understand 'September Song.' I wasn't old enough. I never thought I'd be old enough to sing 'September Song,' but now I am. I'm convinced that the great American songs will one day be like the Shakespeare sonnets. All they will have to do to be perpetuated is to be used. The songs will always be there. It will simply be a question—as it is even now—of where and how and when they will be performed."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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TODAY: Partly sunny, high near 60. Partly sunny tonight, low in 30s.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Oh-oh.

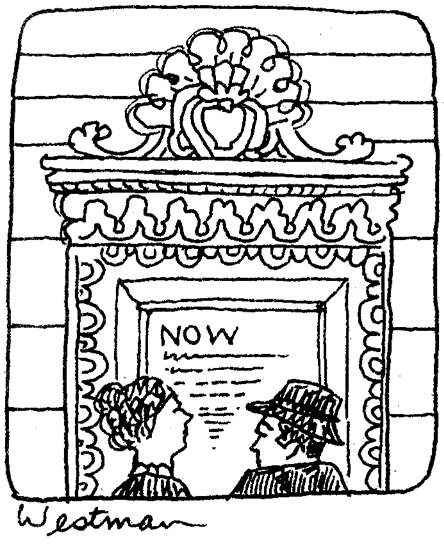
THE THEATRE

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Jones

WHEN August Wilson's "Fences" was first done, at the O'Neill Playwrights' Conference, in Waterford, Connecticut, four years ago, I acted as a kind of adviser on the script during rehearsals. As I remember, I didn't say much except "Leave it alone, for now." In that early form, it ran well over four hours. Last week, it opened on Broadway, at the Forty-sixth Street, trimmed and shaped, in a triumphant production under the direction of Lloyd Richards, who also collaborated on the text. Although it is entirely different in form and feeling from Mr. Wilson's "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom," it is just as powerful, and I think even richer. It is, incidentally, one of a series of plays by this dramatist about blacks in the North, decade by decade, in the twentieth century; two of the plays have now been done here, and two others are waiting in the wings.

The hero of "Fences," and hero he is indeed—a flawed giant—is a garbageman of fifty-six named Troy Maxson. Once a baseball player of professional ability, he was prevented by his color from playing in the major leagues. The time is the late nineteen-fifties—post-Jackie Robinson but too late for Troy. A baseball hangs on a cord in the back yard of his shabby house in a poor section of some Northern city, and he whacks away at it angrily throughout the action. There is no aspect of his life in which he does not feel constricted—fenced in—and in James Earl Jones' towering performance one can almost see him bursting at the seams. Because he is black, he is not allowed to drive the garbage truck but must always work behind, lifting and dumping (until he complains to the union and wins). He was constricted by his poverty until his brother, who was left permanently brain-damaged by a head wound during the war, was given a payoff by the government, which Troy used to buy the shabby house. He is constricted by his feelings, a mixture of bitter jealousy and protectiveness, about his younger son, Cory, who has been recruited for a football scholarship at a nearby college; afraid that the boy will be hurt as he has been in the world of sports, and beside himself with envy, he refuses to let the boy accept it. He even feels fenced in, it turns out, by his happy marriage to a woman he loves, and he has an affair with a much younger woman, impairing his happiness for the rest of his life. There is, by the way, an actual fence, which he and the younger son are building for the wife, who seems to want to hold in what she cherishes most.

While the tension between Troy and Cory may be the most important element of the play, it is only one among several. What matters most is the characters, in all their richness and humor, and what is incidental, offhand, what occurs in the interstices of the story. Troy, of course, dominates all—a rebellious, go-his-own-way, responsible, tough, smart, jovial, loving man, he seals his own doom, and Mr. Jones brings every side of this complex man to light. Splendid though the performance is, it is no better than that of radiant Mary Alice, who plays his wife, Rose, with her usual depth and humor and passion. In fact, all the actors are faultless, under Mr. Richards' masterly direction, and so are the characters they portray. As Cory, young Courtney B. Vance, at first rebellious and resentful, yet at the end almost seeming to acquire his father's stature, gives an indelible performance. Troy's crazy brother Gabe, under the illusion (among many illusions) that he is the angel Gabriel, is beautifully portrayed by Frankie R. Faison. Ray Aranha is excellent as Troy's best friend, and so is Charles Brown as Troy's older son; Karima Miller is charming as Troy's little illegitimate daughter, who appears in the last scene. Mr. Wilson's play, like Mr. Jones' Troy, is bursting at the seams with vigor and emotion and fun and poetry. James D. Sandefur has designed a strong and graphic setting, which is lighted by Danianne Mizzy; appropriate costumes are by Candice Donnelly. I'm happy to report that there is no program credit for "sound;" "Fences" comes to us pure and unmiked.



THE late Larry Shue, sterling dramatist that he was, demonstrated in "The Foreigner" that the primary purpose of farcical comedy is to provoke laughter. His "The Nerd," which opened two weeks ago at the Helen Hayes, fulfills that purpose almost as well, the laughter, and not only my own, being practically unceasing. The story is about an idiotic young man, the nerd of the title, who, apparently having saved the life of the play's hero in Vietnam, years later pays him an open-ended visit. The setting is an apartment in Terre Haute, where the hero, an architect, lives, in close proximity both to his girl and to his closest friend, who happens to be a drama critic (in Terre Haute?). The other characters are a pompous hotel owner and his dull wife and dreadful little boy. There is enough plot and enough room for Mr. Shue's fertile comic invention. The play could almost be considered an occasion for Robert Joy's funny performance in the title role, as the ultimate stupefying bore. To make a bore entertaining is quite a feat, but Mr. Joy and Mr. Shue between them pull it off. There are also enough surprises to keep us alert, and there is enough good acting to satisfy us. Wayne Tippit is especially satisfying as the hotelman and all-around dupe, and I also enjoyed Peter Riegert as the drama critic, Mark Hamill as the hero, and Pamela Blair and Timmy Geissler in other roles. Everyone does well, though, under Charles Nelson Reilly's lively direction. The good setting, by John Lee Beatty, was lighted by Dennis Parichy; the attractive costumes were designed by Deborah Shaw.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Message on a coaster from a bar in Tokyo*]

AUTHENTIC
J'S BAR
YOU SHOULD RELAX YOUR TRUSS UP DAY
AND, THE ENNUI IS KILLING EVERYBODY
THAT! WE WILL GIVE YOU
HEART WARMING DREAM
STORY, EATING AND DRINK
HERE WE GO!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

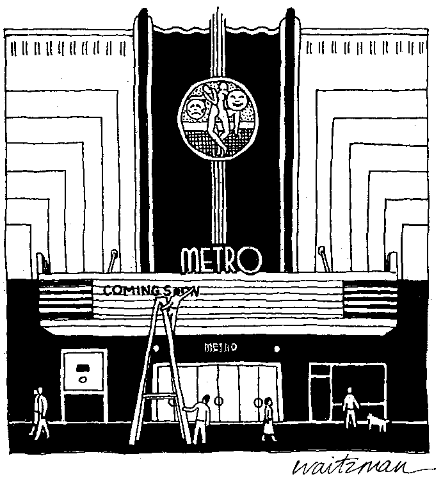
Not for the Ages

“Tin Men”—the term that Barry Levinson uses for the title of his movie about aluminum-siding salesmen in Baltimore in 1963, the year that the state cracked down on them—is new to me. I had always heard this breed of wise guys referred to as shinglemen or shinglers. They were compulsive, rhythmic talkers—spritzers—and when they travelled in groups (so they could spread out over a neighborhood) they were like comedy clubs of bunco artists. They worked with partners during the sales pitches; the partners were their audience, and could verify their exploits when the group got together at night. Shinglemen often moved to and from the lower rungs of show biz. When the young Rodney Dangerfield freaked out during a club engagement, he became a contractor selling aluminum siding; he hired his out-of-work, often unemployable pals—comics, dancers, jazzmen—and transported them, in the afternoons, from Broadway to New Jersey. He had five offices going and a sales force of fifty crazies when he began working the clubs again. The hipster Joe Ancis, whom Buddy Hackett called the original version of Lenny Bruce, whizzed around the country with a troupe of shinglers, *and in the early fifties Bruce himself* canvassed with crews around L.A.

Although Levinson, who both wrote and directed “Tin Men,” has a real facility for creating in-group small talk, the talk he provides is smaller and tamer than you might hope for. It's unresonantly funny; tameness may be Levinson's idea of realism. His shinglers aren't pot-smoking show-biz maniacs covering the country looking for home-owning saps. They're crumbum businessmen who stay put in Baltimore—supersalesmen who can't resist the double-dealing that will make a story when they're back with their cronies at the office or the bar or the diner. Levinson uses the same hangout that he used in the 1982 film “Diner,” and he's making essentially the same point here—that guys relate better to guys than they do to girls. The men are inside each other's heads. They accept each other's limitations; they're entertained by them and at the same time bored by them. (Their get-togethers are a form of consciousness-lowering.)

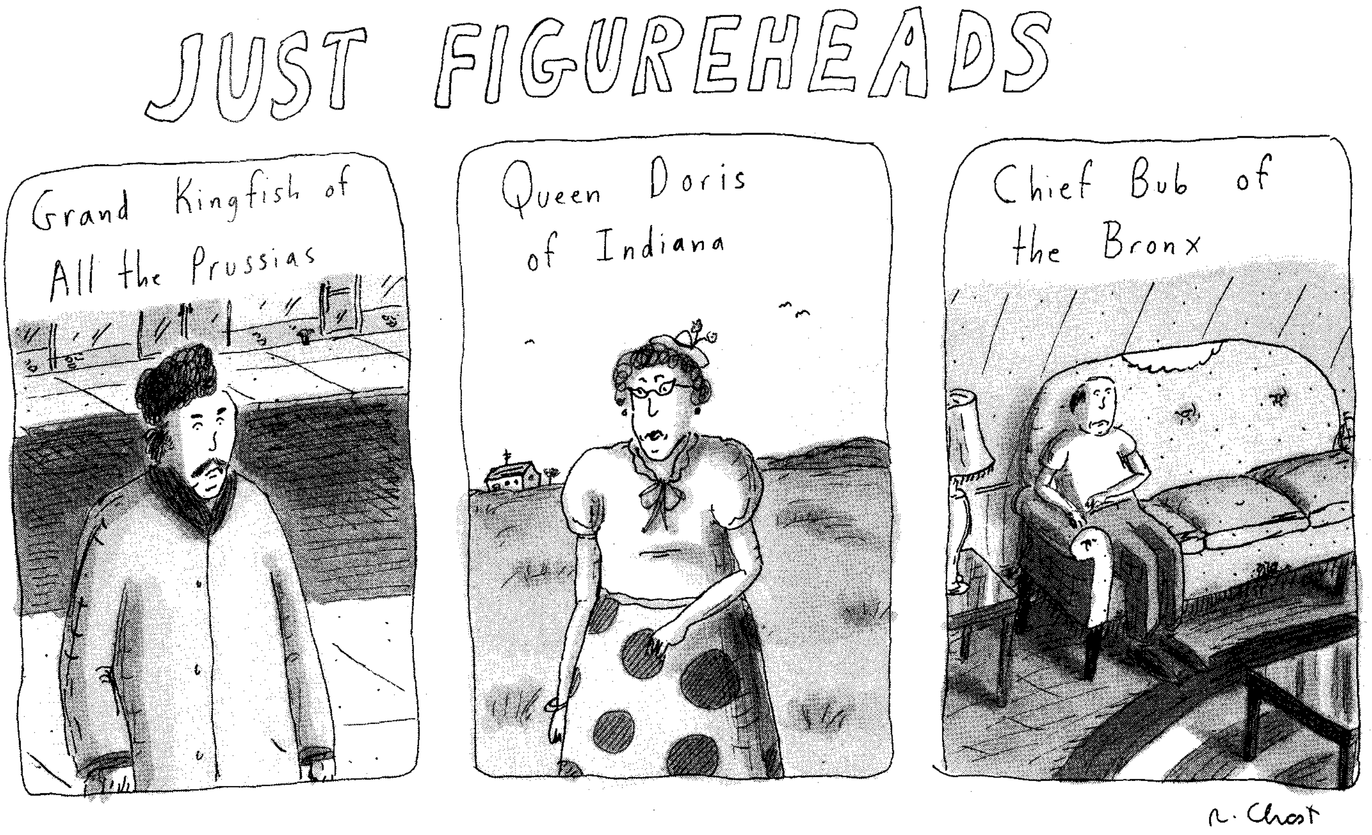
Levinson's basic theme here is the stunted imaginative life of the businessman who hangs out at the racetrack because he can feel good about himself when he's joking with his business pals. But shinglemen in the unregulated glory days of the fifties and the early sixties were, according to legend, explosively energetic. They put so much imagination into their grifting that they were hopping up and down with glee. The movie might have been more exhilarating if it had opened up the possibilities in the whole salesmanship–show-biz connection. And although it can get along without the cutthroat rancor of the real-estate scavengers who sell Florida swampland in David Mamet's play “Glengarry Glen Ross,” it could have used some of the tingling heartlessness of the farcical selling schemes in the Zemeckis-Gale film “Used Cars.” “Tin Men” is too middle-of-the-road; the subculture it presents isn't distinctive enough, or callous enough. Levinson was himself inside the characters of “Diner”—they were his own generation. These men are his sometime tin-man father's generation, and he doesn't share their pleasures.

At the opening, the camera nuzzles the grille and fins of a gleaming new Cadillac that's on display. Wooed *and won by this turquoise, twenty-*foot number, BB (Richard Dreyfuss), a small, dapper know-it-all, backs out of the showroom driveway and is smacked by a yellow Caddy, driven by Tilley (Danny DeVito). That's the beginning of a feud between the two strutting tin men who work for different outfits. They start by shouting insults at each other while straightening their gaudy ties on their puffed-out chests. For a few scenes, they attack each other's enormous cars, using hands, feet, and a crowbar—it's a standard screwball version of a Laurel & Hardy destruction orgy. In between the smash scenes, BB and his partner, Moe (John Mahoney), pull a sweet scam: it starts when they convince a woman that they're photographers from *Life* taking pictures of her house to use as an example of deterioration. By comparison, Tilley's maneuvers are desperate and crude, though it's a pleasure to listen to his partner, Sam (Jackie Gayle, whose cracked, tired cadences evoke con artistry throughout the ages). Soon Dreyfuss's BB, who has had enough of battering Tilley's car and hauling his own in for repairs, raises the stakes: he seduces Tilley's wife, Nora (Barbara Hershey), a frustrated, pining-for-some-fun woman who works at a Social Security office. After BB phones Tilley to gloat about his conquest, it becomes clear that Levinson has a game plan that runs deeper than funny feuding.



DeVito's Tilley feels liberated when he hears of his wife's infidelity. He picks up her clothes, her trinkets and toiletries, and anything else he can think of, and throws them out the windows onto the front lawn. And he yells, “I'm a free man!” Stunned and homeless, Nora asks BB if she can stay with him for a day or two, and BB, an ace salesman—a Don Juan who has never awakened with the same woman for two consecutive mornings—is amazed to discover that he likes having her there, likes the companionship. His partner, Moe, has had a heart attack (at the climax of a con), and BB has been doing some thinking. A much more observant fellow than Tilley, he recognizes that the Maryland Home Improvement Commission is going to clamp down on their hustling, and he's fed up with it anyway. He keeps noticing the Volkswagen bugs on the streets while he's rolling by in his turquoise hulk. The idea of the movie is that BB is growing up as well as changing with the times. Tilley, meanwhile, is becoming more infantile, and things are falling apart on him.

Levinson sets up a logic in which BB is the winner and Tilley is the jerk, but he doesn't want to leave Tilley high and dry. All that's necessary is to see that the shinglemen share a demented creativity, and that when BB no longer joins in the hysteria—when he *thinks* he feels most like himself with Nora—it's time for him to


JUST FIGUREHEADS
Grand Kingfish of All the Prussias
Queen Doris of Indiana
Chief Bub of the Bronx
R. Chast

• •

start selling Volkswagens. But this straightforward idea for a comedy is presented as if it would be too strong for an audience, and the two men had to be made buddies. So the action is prolonged with limp, wavering scenes (BB's discovering who the commission's informer is, turning himself in, and being called to testify, and his going to Tilley's house at night, meeting him for breakfast, and, finally, giving him a ride). Levinson wants to be on the humane side of every issue. Nora gets to express her indignation at being treated like a chattel, and she does it in speeches that are way too explicit. Levinson doesn't leave anything to the viewer; he has warmth and sympathy spilling over—enough for the both of us.

The casting of Dreyfuss and DeVito was a gamble that didn't quite pay off. Dreyfuss is resourceful, but when he's in love and should be adapting his salesman's tactics to the campaign to convince Hershey's Nora of it, he gets boyishly ingenuous. (The writing is blatantly sincere in these scenes.) Dreyfuss seems a little too young for the role; it would be funnier if he were more jaded. And with DeVito as Tilley there's no tension in the latter part of the movie—you know that Hershey won't go back to him. (The writing is off here, too. If Tilley cared more about his wife, the plot would have some snap.) Talented though DeVito is, he gives his role away in the first five minutes; he has nothing more to reveal. He doesn't mug; he gives an honest performance as a man with a full-blown gift for deluding himself, but it's not a star performance.

Shinglers and their snow jobs could be such a great subject that you keep wanting the picture to be better. If it's moderately absorbing, that's largely because of the two crews of featured players. Mahoney and Gayle seem effortless, and, to a lesser degree, so do Stanley Brock and Seymour Cassel, and Michael Tucker and J. T. Walsh as the two managers, and Bruno Kirby, Matt Craven, Richard Portnow, and Alan Blumenfeld. They carry a whole way of life in their salesmen's suits. If only the writer-director would stop leaning over our shoulders saying, "They're just limited middle-aged guys trying to make a living." That's not a great subject.

Mike Newell's "The Good Father" has the festering gloom and dissatisfied-with-itself hatefulness that seem to be the current English badge of integrity. Anthony Hopkins appears in the starring role, and the whole movie is summed up in his face. He has taken over the Peter Finch crown of middle-class suffering. Quoting various critics, the ads say that Anthony Hopkins is spectacular, brilliant, stellar, riveting, high-voltage, terrific, a smoldering fury. Those are all the things he isn't. Hopkins is Hopkins—thoughtful, masochistic, a man whose emotions are convincing within a small, dark range. Hopkins never dazzles you; he never dazzles himself.

As Bill Hooper, who was once a college radical and aspiring writer, and is now a grimy-souled marketing executive with a publishing house, he vents his general rage on the wife he has left, and has horrible, guilty dreams of murdering his tiny son. He becomes close friends with Miles (Jim Broadbent), a schoolteacher whose marriage has also collapsed, though for very different reasons—Miles' wife is a lesbian who has left him for an Australian woman and is about to move to Australia, taking the child, whom Miles adores. Miles' situation is so much more clear-cut than his own that Bill springs into action, urging Miles to use the law to block his wife's move. Then he watches in horror as Miles perjures himself in court and, pretending to be shocked by his wife's lesbianism, gains the upper hand.

Based on the 1983 novel by Peter Prince, this is an attempt to get at the new complications in the sex wars and perhaps at the whole modern English

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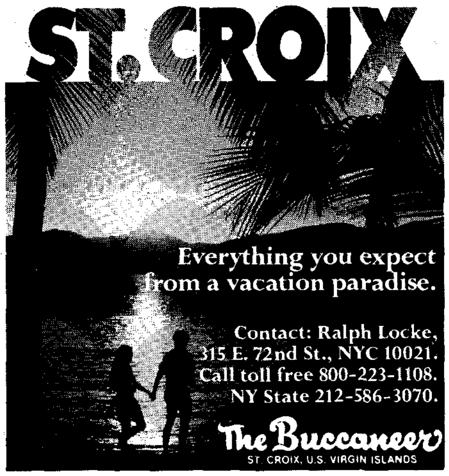

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muddle. Bill came of age in the sixties, believing in equal rights for women; he's still pro-feminist. But when he thinks of Miles' wife or his own he hears himself muttering "Bloody bitch." At some level, he wants power over women, yet when he gets close to it—when he has an affair with a docile young girl, and when he sees Miles exercising his new power over his wife—he's depressed by it. He's still a man of principle, even though his feelings don't match his principles. Bill feels monstrous: he's confused about his own motives, and he can't trust himself.

The novel has impetus, and the adaptation, by Christopher Hampton, follows it closely; yet the movie is all at the same level of anxious intensity. Mike Newell (he also directed "Dance with a Stranger") never lightens up. He's monotonously skillful in the same way that Hopkins is. Hopkins is a highly theatrical actor, but in realistic roles like this you don't get the fun of theatricality. You never see Bill Hooper (or Mike Newell) take pleasure in anything. Newell keeps showing you what lice Englishmen are; Englishwomen seem exempt from the moral pollution—they've been made a shade too tender and decent. A few small bravura performances—Simon Callow as Miles' beady-eyed little devil of a barrister, who loves to outsmart the opposition; Miriam Margolyes as a feminist lawyer up against a reactionary judge—help things along. But the dialogue is often spoken with ominous slowness, and everything seems blue and damp and constricted (the picture was financed by British television); nobody has a loose impulse or a vagrant thought. There are glimmers of truth in this movie, and it holds you, but there's no clarity or relief in its truth. If Newell has a goal, it seems to be to leave you with a sense of impacted bleakness.

SPALDING GRAY has wide blue eyes and a bland, foxy-naïve deadpan. An actor who has made a career Off Off Broadway as a performance artist, he's a singular phenomenon. He gives you old news as if it were the subject of an investigative report. (It's new to him.) In his most celebrated dramatic chronicle, "Swimming to Cambodia," he presents a vaguely stream-of-consciousness report of his life as an actor, and of how he happened to audition for the small role of an American diplomat in "The Killing Fields," and of his getting the job and becoming part of the well-fed, pampered company enjoying the beaches of Southeast Asia. This was in 1983—he's in this world of lavish, imperial moviemaking, and he loves it. But then he tells us the truth he found when he became politically aware. The high point of his monologue comes when he hears for the first time about our secret bombing of Cambodia, and what the Khmer Rouge did to the Cambodian people in 1975, driving them out of the cities and to their deaths. Mostly, his tone has been gentle mockery of himself and everyone else, but now he's upset, indignant. He's incredulous and horrified as he describes the exodus; he's an actor who has just discovered strong material, and he builds the tension. His words come faster, his voice gets louder—he's telling you, "This is incredible stuff and it really happened. We're an aggressive, psychotic nation—our moviemaking is as decadent as our warmaking." Is he effective? To judge from reactions to his stage appearances and to the new concert-film version, definitely. Yet I can't be alone in feeling that he's a total opportunist, and so unconsciously that it never even occurs to him that there's anything wrong about using a modern genocidal atrocity story to work up an audience.

Wearing a plaid lumberjack shirt—he rolls up the sleeves when he gets going—Gray does his raconteuring while seated on a chair behind a small table that holds a microphone, a glass of water, and a notebook he's carried onto the stage. Occasionally, he uses a pointer to refer to one of two maps on stands behind him, and now and then we see a slide—just blue sky with clouds. He uses his few bare props with an ironic awareness of their simplicity. His observations are not very sharp, but what he notices is told in a quiet, responsible, droll way—as if he were locked in with this information and had to unravel it—and the audience responds generously. Gray calls himself a "poetic reporter," and that's probably meant to indicate a deeper savvy than that of ordinary reporters. The material he prepares doesn't come out of a writer's mind; it comes out of an actor's mind, an audience lover's mind—these are observations to seduce, to tantalize an audience. And his vocal rhythms are lulling—they're a tide pulling you along. (He's like Alan Watts without mysticism.) What it comes down to is semi-confessional commentary plus great flyaway eyebrows and a bemused, quizzical manner. He's cagey in his use of his naïveté: he seems to be saying, "We're all in on this, and I'm as harmless and inept as you are." He's a bit simple, and that has its appeal. And some of his material (his firsthand observations, his voice mimicry) is legitimately effective—maybe about fifteen per cent at this point, but as his career advances he seems to be on a sliding scale downward.

Jonathan Demme directed the film of Gray's stage performance—it was shot before live audiences during three consecutive evenings (and one day) last November at The Performing Garage, in lower Manhattan—and it's a classic case of a split between form and content. The film is serenely assured and elegant. In his last two movies, "Stop Making Sense" and "Something Wild," Demme showed a new grasp of visual dynamics. The way Sister Carol East was placed on the screen in the last sequence of "Something Wild," she was still dancing around behind your eyes after you left the theatre, and maybe the closing titles that switched around, as in a hip children's game, were still switching around, too. Demme's graphics have become more abstract yet more jazzy, and there's a new goofing-off playfulness in his use of the film frame. Working on a minimalist basis here, with nothing but Spalding Gray and his props, Demme uses the lighting and shifts in camera angles and a musical score by Laurie Anderson to virtuoso rhythmic effect. Demme (who made the film for $485,000) endows Gray with a dramatic presence he didn't have when I saw him last year in a live performance. What we're seeing here is the apotheosis of Spalding Gray. The monologue acquires contrasts, and he seems an imposing actor with a fine camera face. Speaking fast while smiling, he has a quirky glint in his eyes, his voice keeps changing volume, and his hands move in the air. He's acutely "on."

It's a superlatively skillful piece of filmmaking, but at its center is a man who doesn't know that heating up his piddling stage act by an account of the Cambodian misery is about the most squalid thing anyone could do.

ALAN PARKER has technique to burn in "Angel Heart," and that's what he should do with it. This film, which he adapted from the novel "Falling Angel," by William Hjortsberg, and directed, was initially given an X rating, and that has created the false impression that it's hot and sexy. Actually, it's a lavishly sombre piece of hokum—"The Exorcist" for people who haunt bookshops specializing in metaphysics. It's the sort of movie that makes you think better of Ken Russell's hyperbolic perversity—at least, he was outrageous. (Russell was saying "Yum-yum.") And Nicolas Roeg, for all his twerpy decadence, does manage to suggest a silken sort of tactility. The Parker of "Angel Heart" broods while serving up slit throats, bodies with hearts cut out (and placed nearby for your delectation), a man plunged face down in a vat of scalding gumbo, chickens being drained in voodoo rites, and assorted solemn mutilations. He also serves up Mickey Rourke as a 1955 private eye with an office on the lower East Side who is summoned to meet with a client (Robert De Niro) in a Harlem mission. De Niro hires him to search for information about a crooner of the prewar era who has disappeared, but it's amazing that he turns up anything, because the whole picture must have been shot during an eclipse. Rourke searches in the murkiest holes in America—New Orleans is almost as dim as the New York slums. (The primary colors have been desaturated, even from the clothes; what's left is leaden grays and browns and overcast skies that give you de-luxe forebodings.)

Every place Rourke goes is artfully arranged to be scuzzy, and *he's* scuzzy. Though he has plenty of money, thugs throw him out of a bar and into the gutter, he vomits after seeing a particularly bloody stiff, he's attacked by a fierce pit bull that won't let go and by an old man wielding a straight razor—and he doesn't change his clothes. Sweaty and unshaven, he wears baggy pants that might have been used to wipe the grease from a ship's engine, and there's no indication that this is meant to be funny. But then this is a movie in which a man sitting alone at Coney Island in winter (so there's nothing else on the screen to notice) juggles his genitals at the camera—for no particular reason—and then does it again. This doesn't seem meant for a laugh, either. I listened to the plot resolution at the end, but it didn't explain Parker's funereal, loony style. He edits like a flasher. Why are ceiling fans used as portents of death? (Why not licorice drops or mayflies?) What is the significance of the frequent quick images of a moving elevator making a Constructivist pattern? (Is this just

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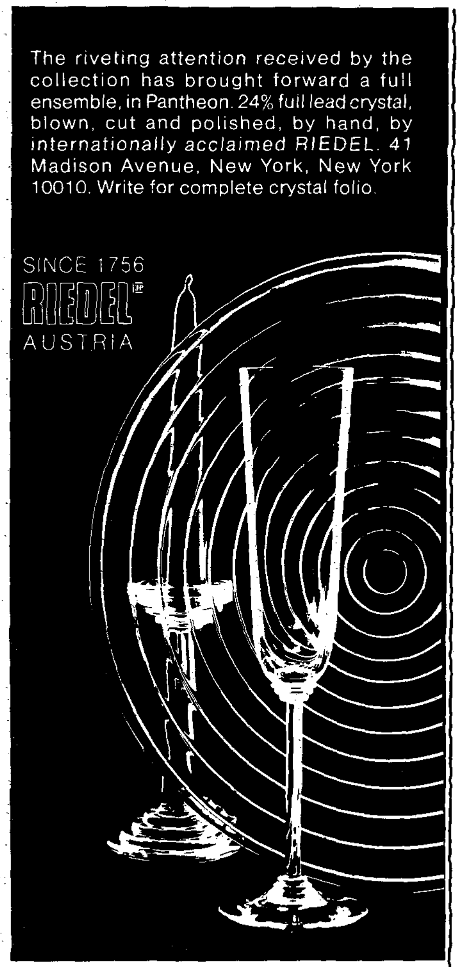
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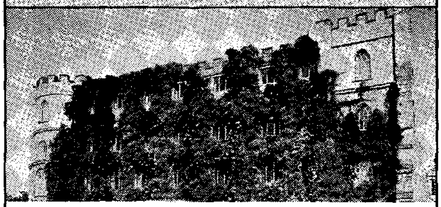
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another descent into Hell?) Are the black religious sects that keep popping up meant to be scarily exotic? That's all that comes across. Is the unidentified corpse in the opening scene just a teaser? There's no way to separate the occult from the incomprehensible.

Most of the time, Rourke seems to be engaged in a private performance, as if he were chewing over his character with himself, but there are some almost amusing moments in his slobby interpretation. He uses one of his tricks from "Diner": when he's with an attractive woman, he has a cajoling, intimate way of talking to her. This happens with Elizabeth Whitcraft as a ready-for-action blonde, with Charlotte Rampling as a sullen psychic, and, especially, with the screen's newest sexpot, Lisa Bonet, as a teen-age Mambo priestess who has a penchant for smearing herself with chicken blood. Rourke leans toward each one as if she were the only woman he'd ever cared about. (But don't they notice that he has enough dirt on him to sprout mushrooms?) De Niro drops in from time to time; it's the sort of guest appearance that lazy big actors delight in—they can show up the local talent. God knows he's welcome, but he isn't quite the comic-strip life of the party that he was in his cameo in "Brazil," and this picture's no party. Parker doesn't have the gift of making evil seductive. He delivers a few Roegish images: a woman scrubbing the wall where her husband put a gun to his head; two dusky-brown nuns in beige habits sitting together and moving their heads in unison. But every shot looks weighted and fussed over, and he can't resist throwing in a cockfight on top of everything else. Parker says, "I have very eclectic tastes;" they seem to encompass braining the audience. What was he thinking of? Did the Devil make him do it?

—PAULINE KAEL

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For the last two seasons—when Chris Mullin and Walter Berry reigned at St. John's—the Redmen were sent off to the National Collegiate Athletic Association tournament with bond fires and pep rallies.—*The Times.*

Junk bonds, probably.

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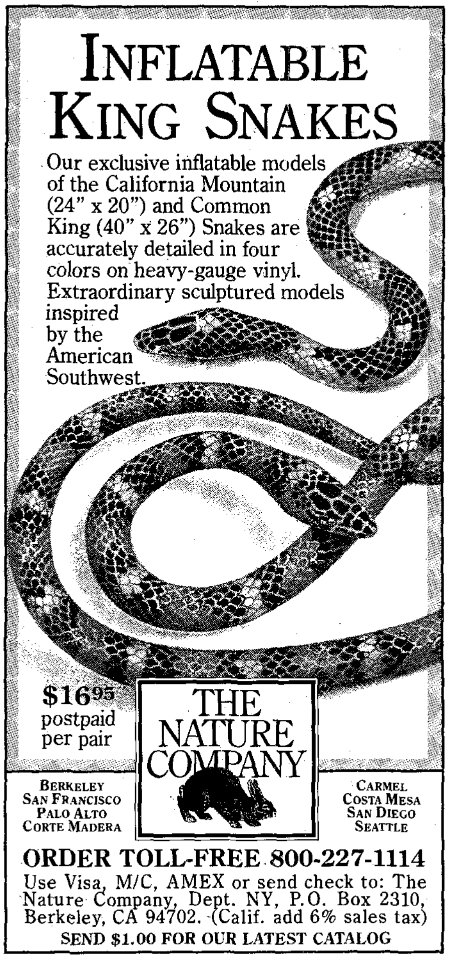
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AMERICAN CHRONICLES

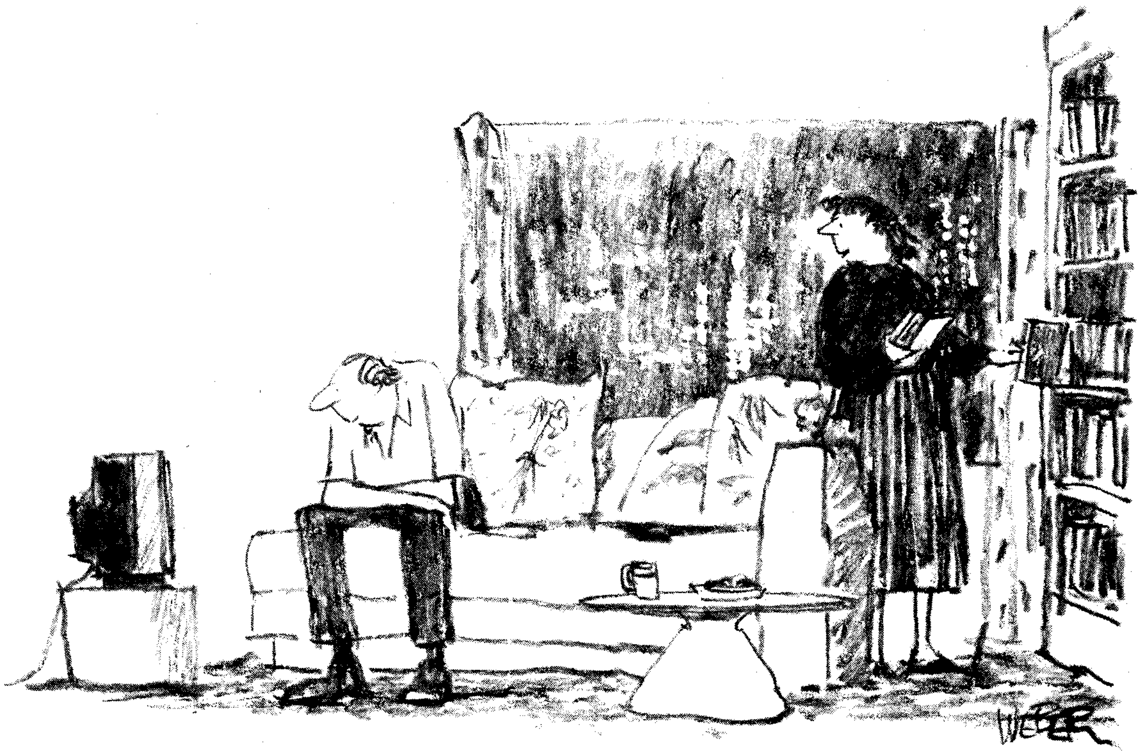
GOLDBERG CAN GO HOME AGAIN

A COUPLE of years ago, my friend Fats Goldberg, the pizza baron, started talking a lot about going home. Many people might have argued that he was home already—he had at the time lived in New York for twenty-one years—but those wouldn't have been people who grew up in the Midwest. For Midwesterners, a home town has no statute of limitations. If a Wall Street trader who grew up in Des Moines says late in the evening, "I better be getting home," he may be talking about a co-op apartment on East Seventy-first Street, but if he says after a day that included an expensive down-tick in automotive issues and a visit by a couple of men from the S.E.C., "Sometimes I think about going home," he's talking about Des Moines, Iowa. If Fats Goldberg made such a remark, he'd be talking about Kansas City, Missouri. So would I. In fact, after twenty-five years or so in Manhattan I still find myself talking now and then about going back to Kansas City. "We could go back home," I say to my wife, an Easterner, whose home it never was. "I'd buy you a house overlooking the brown waters of Lake Lotawana." I assume my wife has never taken those offers seriously—so far, she hasn't bothered to reply—and at first we didn't take Fats Goldberg's talk seriously, either. I'd known people who talked about going home as a sort of symbolic fallback position ("Why, before I'd do that I'd go on back home"), and I'd known people who had given serious consideration to job offers in their home town. But I'd never known anyone who had actually gone home.

Also, over the years my wife and I and our daughters had spent many hours talking to Fats about what he might do with his future—he often said, "You can't schlepp pizzas all your life"—and, considering the fact that the business schemes he mentioned ranged from an edible diet book to something called Goldberg's Pizza Cone, it was natural to assume that we were in the realm of the hypothetical. On a Sunday evening at Goldberg's Pizzeria, we would consume a pizza that the girls had been permitted to make themselves, under Goldberg's unflappable supervision. Then Fats might bring out, say, the prototype of a Plexiglas pizza pusher, designed to keep the eater's hand cool and clean, and present it with one of the Goldbergian expressions of enthusiasm—"This is the ticket" or "This'll straighten you right out." I suppose we treated the proposed move to Kansas City as just another Plexiglas pizza pusher.

I'm not saying that we simply dismissed Fats' schemes. I'll admit to having expressed unqualified enthusiasm for the original title of the edible diet book—"Eat This Book and Lose Weight in Three Days." Also, when Fats told us that he had put classified ads in a couple of New York papers offering to pay two dollars each for fortunes to put in Goldberg's Funny Fortune Cookies I submitted at least one fortune: "You would do well to get your elbow out of the mu shu pork." He turned it down. Fats could afford to be choosy; it turned out that there was a buyer's market in funny fortunes. The ads he had placed drew hundreds of responses, which didn't surprise him at all. "In New York, everyone's a writer," he said.

All the business schemes Fats came up with had to do with dieting or eating, the mirrored Goldbergian obsessions. By then, Fats had not actually been fat for many years. At the age of twenty-five and the weight of three hundred and twenty pounds, he had reversed a lifetime as a barrel by taking off some hundred and sixty pounds—an accomplishment I've always liked to think of as losing the equivalent of Rocky Graziano in his prime—and a quarter century later he remained half of the Goldberg I had once known. In fact, it was Goldberg's success in dropping his Graziano that, some years ago, startled me into discussing him in print. One Sunday in the late sixties, at the old Ratner's dairy restaurant, on lower Second Avenue, a six-foot wraith approached our table. He was an exceedingly amiable wraith, wearing a bright sweater and white pants. He claimed that he was Larry (Fats) Goldberg, of Kansas City—the same Larry (Fats) Goldberg I had last seen as one of the University of Missouri's rare three-hundred-pound undergraduates. My initial impression was that he was



"I bet Pat Harper would be delighted to get a fan letter from you."

probably an impostor, and before I finally acknowledged him as the real article I gave him a Kansas City quiz that could not have been passed by anyone who didn't have an intimate knowledge of Arthur Bryant's barbecue restaurant, at the old Eighteenth-and-Euclid location. I began chronicling his Manhattan adventures out of an interest in how he had managed to, as he always put it, "stay down." His secret, it turned out, was an inflexible regimen that required a permanent diet except on certain cheating days each week and on semi-annual ten-day visits to Kansas City. The fact that Fats went to Kansas City for his eating binges did not, at the time, alert me to what his future might hold. After all, I'd always visited Kansas City regularly, and I had some trouble resisting the food back home myself.

In 1976, I was part of the press corps—or, to be absolutely accurate about it, I *was* the press corps—that accompanied Fats to the Smithsonian Institution for the opening of a bicentennial exhibition that included in its display of American neon a sign that said "Goldberg's Pizzeria." In the role of a pool reporter who has the whole pool to himself, I was able to get close enough to record every detail of Goldberg's costume for the occasion: "A faded-blue Western shirt with the collar spread back to display a V of white T-shirt, peach-colored Levi trousers, a Madras sports jacket, and a pair of black-and-white Spalding saddle shoes with authentic red rubber soles—a type of saddle shoe apparently as rare and difficult to replace as a 1947 De Soto."

Not long after my account of Fats' adventures at the Smithsonian was published—it was called "Goldberg as Artifact"—I took a friend who was visiting from Boston to meet Fats for the first time. "I was rather disappointed," my friend said as we walked away from Goldberg's Pizzeria one Sunday evening.

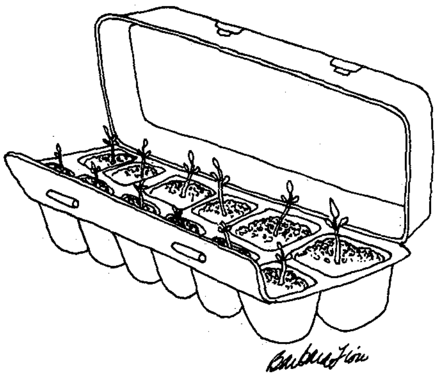
"Disappointed!" I said. "Why, I thought the fat man was at his most charming tonight."

"Not disappointed in him, disappointed in you," my friend said. "I thought you had made Fats up, or at least embellished. You've just been copying down what he says."

At that moment, I realized that I had become Fats Goldberg's Boswell.

IN the years after the bicentennial, Fats seemed firmly settled in New York. He was, of course, a pizza baron: the Chicago version he served had won *New York* magazine's prize for the best pizza in the city. He had been mentioned so often in the *Times* —not just in pizza articles but in articles about, say, the comeback of saddle shoes or the Manhattan singles scene —that for a while the editors informally declared him a banned person. He was literally a man-about-town: because his exercise regimen required taking extraordinarily long walks through the city every day, people were constantly saying to me, "I bumped into your friend Goldberg on Fifth Avenue last week," or "I saw this weird-colored sweater approach me on Fifty-eighth Street the other day, and guess who it was." His circle of acquaintances included just about everyone he passed regularly on his daily walks, since he normally greeted any fellow-pedestrians—a Fifth Avenue dowager being helped into a cab by her doorman, a couple of moving men wrestling with a piano—with a cheery "Hi, guys. What's cookin'?" In certain Manhattan fields of special knowledge, he was the man to consult —what Irish policemen as well as Jewish cabdrivers in New York would call the maven. Nobody knew more about accessible public bathrooms on the East Side of Manhattan. Nobody knew more about which museums were best for falling into conversation with female art lovers on Sunday afternoon. Nobody knew more about places appropriate for the classic Goldbergian date—a movie and a cheeseburger, preferably Dutch treat.

So when he talked about going home we naturally didn't take him seriously. "Fats has lived in New York virtually all his adult life," I would say now and then, to reassure myself—although sometimes I made the mistake of saying it in the presence of people who didn't think it made sense to talk about adult life when it came to Goldberg. Some Eastern friends of Fats made no secret of their belief that the life he was living was the teen-age life he had been too fat to live as a teen-ager—from dressing in white Levi's to "checking out the action" at the Museum of Modern Art and continuing to make the basic 1952 distinction between close female pals and what he still referred to as "real girls." I suspect that those people have some analytical theories about why Fats got fat in the first place, and why, after ignoring so many doctor's warnings that the life of a three-hundred-pound man was likely to be not simply uncomfortable but short, he finally mustered the willpower to become permanently thin. But they've tended to spare Fats those theories. When Fats hears Easterners speculate about why people behave the way they do and what it may have to do with their infancy, he's likely to say, "That stuff makes me twitchy."



However long Fats had lived here, I finally realized, he seemed serious about going back to Kansas City. He insisted that the decision did not reflect any irritation with New York. As a matter of fact, about the only complaint about life in the city I'd ever heard him make concerned the cost of a movie-and-cheeseburger date. He had priced it at an astonishing forty dollars, including a particularly galling two-fifty for the glass of white wine his date invariably ordered with her cheeseburger. "It tees me off," he always said, "because I know they use jug wine."

A year and a half ago, Fats lost his closest pal. Judy Klemesrud, a *Times* reporter who was from Thompson, Iowa, died in her forties of cancer. She might have been the only person in the world who treated the Fats Goldberg way of life—the inviolable regimen, the monumental cheating days, the sweaters, the Goldbergian notion of a night on the town—as unremarkable, and some of Fats' friends suspected that his talk of going home was another way of saying that Manhattan wasn't much fun for him without her. But Fats insisted that his reasons for leaving were commercial. In the late seventies, an attractive offer for the pizzeria had come along, and Fats had taken it, thinking he'd live on the payout of the purchase price while he figured out the next step. (He continued to spend a lot of time at Goldberg's Pizzeria as a consultant—under a contract that included one large pizza a day, said pizzas to be cumulative.) In other words, he was technically no longer a pizza baron, and as the day the payouts would end crept closer no commercially viable alternative to the barony emerged.

The Plexiglas pizza pusher hadn't gone beyond the prototype. Goldberg's Pasta & Pizza Sauce had never been manufactured, and his plan for a five-hour, non-stop eating tour of New York had never got past the planning stage. The edible diet book had technical difficulties until Fats changed it into the chewable diet book—it was to be made of sugarless bubble gum—and then it had publishing difficulties. A few of Goldberg's schemes did get off the drawing board. Doubleday published a non-edible diet book of his called "Controlled Cheating," for instance, and the funny fortune cookies were actually manufactured. But the jackpot Fats had been looking for eluded him. The most memorable result of the fortune-cookie scheme was that Fats had to spend hours in a number of Bloomingdale's stores handing out samples while costumed as a fortune cookie. I don't think that even the real Boswell could have gone very far toward describing the costume except to say that it looked about as much like a fortune cookie as something designed to fit a six-foot man can look. Fats' own description tends to dwell on how many times a person who drinks eight to ten glasses of water a day has to get in and out of a fortune-cookie costume.

At one time, Fats had assumed that he could always open another pizza parlor, but the thought of starting again in New York seemed to make him sigh, particularly when he considered what had happened to commercial rents during the time he was contemplating other lines of work. For years, people had been urging him to open a pizza business in Kansas City. On his semi-annual binges, Fats had kept up with some of his old college friends and met a lot of other people. Although editors of the Kansas City *Star* had never felt the need to declare him a banned person, he had a following in the local press. There wouldn't be any trouble obtaining financing in Kansas City, and nobody in Kansas City had ever heard of charging ten or twelve thousand dollars a month rent for the sort of space a pizza parlor required. Everything in Kansas City sounded easy. Then, a year and a half ago, someone came to Fats with a specific Kansas City deal. A businessman of some means wanted to start a Goldberg's Pizzeria in a suburban Kansas City neighborhood called Prairie Village, with Goldberg at the helm under an employment contract, and then branch out into franchises. Fats decided to do it.

The deal sounded sensible, but I found myself arguing, in an indirect way, that it wasn't time for Fats to go home. "My girls don't like the idea of it at all, Fats," I'd say. Our daughters had outgrown the sort of birthday parties that Fats used to enhance by showing up with a heart-shaped pizza that had the birthday girl's initials done in green pepper. I suppose they were also too old to get excited about the opportunity to make their own medium meatball-and-cheese at Goldberg's Pizzeria. In a matter of months, one of them would not be in New York on Sunday nights herself; she was about to go off to college. Still, it was true that they couldn't imagine New York without Fats. Neither could my wife, even after Fats assured her that he would return every year to carve the Christmas turkey. Neither could I. "But I'm your Boswell, Fat Person," I finally said. "I'm supposed to be nearby, in case pearls of wisdom drop from your lips. I'm not *ready* to go back home."

I REALIZE that "unbeknownst to our hero" is not the sort of phrase Boswell would ordinarily use. But early in 1985 some events occurred in Kansas City that would affect Fats Goldberg's homecoming, and they were, I feel certain, not only events unbeknownst to our hero but also events of the sort that might make him a little twitchy. The events revolved around a flamboyant music professor named John Swanay, who operated in Kansas City as a sort of Oscar Wilde character—a sort of character that, I must admit, is not ordinarily thought of in connection with my home town. Swanay was widely spoken of as a Renaissance man—someone accomplished not only in his own field of musicology but in foreign languages, living and dead, and poetry and philosophy and the theatre and gourmet cooking. He affected a waxed mustache and a white beard and a beret. There were people who remained unimpressed by Swanay—some of the students and faculty at the University of Missouri at Kansas City Conservatory of Music would have been happier if he had spent a bit less of his classroom time railing against the philistines and a bit more teaching introductory music theory—but he had attracted what the *Star* called "a devoted band of followers from his students

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and the upper crust of Kansas City society."

Swanay lived in an apartment that had been carved out of the ground floor of an old carriage house, in a grand old neighborhood that included several of Kansas City's major cultural institutions—the Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art, the Kansas City Art Institute, the University of Missouri at Kansas City. A young man named Mitchell Burroughs lived there with him; Burroughs had shown up a dozen years before, at the age of fifteen, to study yoga with Swanay. The carriage house was decorated with Victorian furniture and cut glass and a profusion of candelabras. On Friday or Saturday evenings, it was often the scene of elaborate dinner parties at which Swanay, working in a tiny kitchen, somehow managed to turn out, say, an authentic Hindu feast or a precise replica of a meal prepared for King Richard II in 1387. Eventually, the Friday feasts evolved into what amounted to an unlisted, one-seating restaurant—until some city authorities stopped by to mention such bourgeois details as restaurant licensing and the collection of sales tax.

Eventually, Swanay took early retirement at U.M.K.C. to fulfill his dream of opening a true gourmet restaurant in Kansas City. Some people who had been brought to one of the carriage-house evenings—Neil Murry III and his wife, Belinda—agreed to become partners in the project. An old house was renovated to become a restaurant called the Painted Lady. John Swanay was the chef. Mitchell Burroughs was his assistant. The administration was handled mainly by Belinda Murry, who continued to work part time as an aerobic-dance instructor at the Mademoiselle Lady's Spa, in the Ward Parkway shopping mall. Relations between her and Swanay were bad. Always a volatile man, Swanay had become even more prone to sudden explosions of temper—perhaps, some of his friends thought, because the pressures of running a restaurant kitchen were way beyond anything experienced by someone accustomed to preparing one carefully arranged banquet a week. A few weeks after the opening of the Painted Lady, Swanay came in one afternoon to find that Mrs. Murry had put a settee in the vestibule without consulting him. He was furious. When Neil Murry dropped his wife off at the restaurant a couple of hours later, Swanay was there to confront her. He had a gun. Before she could say anything, he shot her twice, killing her almost instantly. Then he began chasing Neil Murry—taking shots that missed Murry but wounded a bystander. Finally, Mitchell Burroughs caught up with Swanay in a parking lot. Apparently fulfilling a suicide pact, Burroughs killed his mentor with one shot to the head and then killed himself.

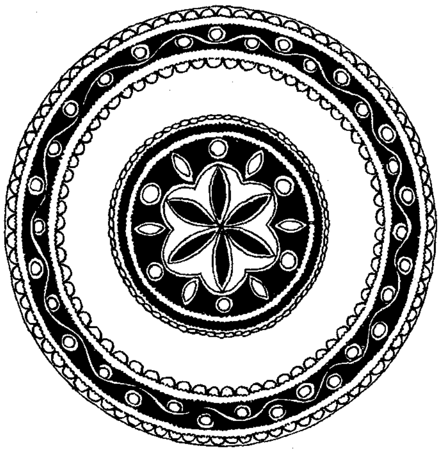
People in Kansas City were, of course, horrified at the tragedy, and there was widespread speculation about what could have turned a Renaissance man, however eccentric, into someone responsible for three violent deaths, including his own. Even someone who had long lived in New York, where violent death is more common, would presumably have reacted the same way to the news—but only after the first, almost instinctive Manhattan response: In that case, the carriage-house apartment must be available. A couple of window dressers got it first. Then, in March of 1986, it became the new home of Larry (Fats) Goldberg, the former New York pizza baron.

"BUT I don't understand what you do all day, Fat Person," I said.

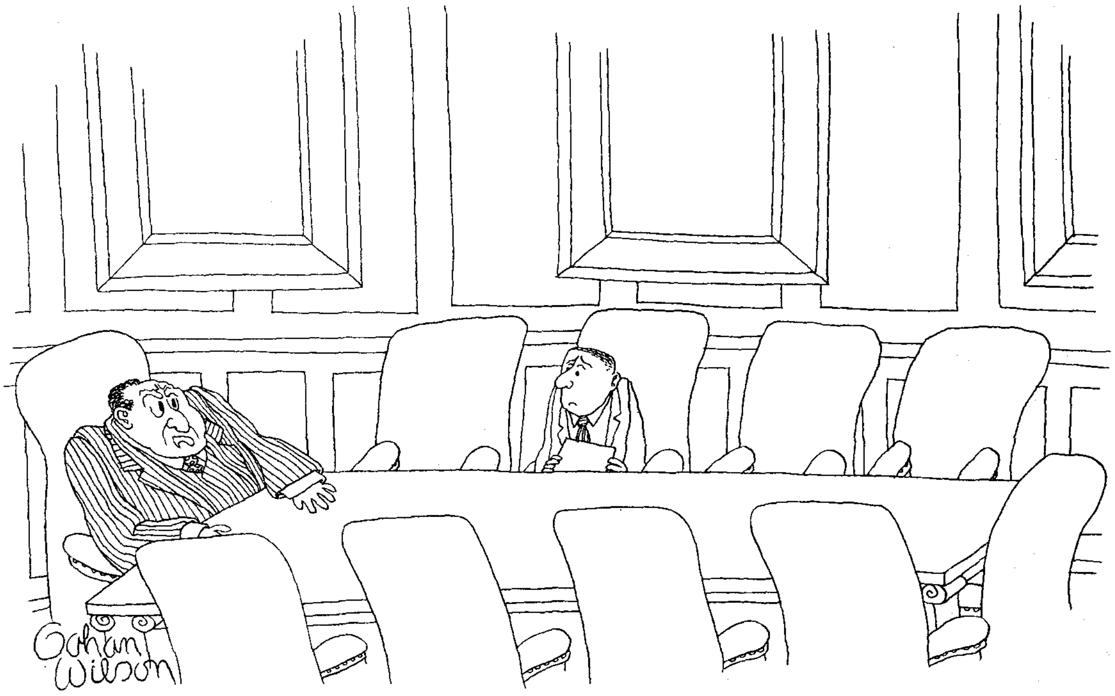
"I talk on the phone a lot, and I horse around," Fats said.

I was sitting in the carriage-house apartment, in a chair shaped like a baseball mitt—a piece of furniture, it occurred to me, that would have almost certainly driven John Swanay to violence. This was nearly a year after Fats moved back home, and I was trying to catch up—feeling a bit the way Boswell would have felt if he had remained in London while Dr. Johnson traipsed around the Hebrides dropping pithy sayings in the company of people who didn't listen or wouldn't understand or didn't have a quill pen handy or couldn't read and write. I don't mean that Fats and I had completely lost contact. I had been to Kansas City half a dozen times to see my mother—she happens to live only two floors away from Fats' mother—and each time Fats and I had spent an afternoon or an evening in activities that I suppose fall within the category of horsing around. One afternoon last fall, for instance, we sniffed out a new barbecue joint not ten blocks from where my own grandfather once ran a grocery store, checked out the steers at the cattle barn of the American Royal Livestock Show, and, thus inspired, drove to the national headquarters of the American Polled Hereford Association to buy some of the A.P.H.A. mechanical pencils that have a tiny cow floating in a plastic bubble at the tip, where most pencils have erasers. (Arthur Bryant used to hand out the same sort of mechanical pencils, except that the motto inscribed on his was not "The Trend Is to Polled Herefords" but "The House of Good Eats.") Also, Fats had returned to New York for both Halloween and Christmas, the two holidays we celebrate with considerable vigor at our house. We all thought that he seemed cheerful enough, except for the moment on Halloween when a pained look flashed across his face as I informed him that his fortune-cookie costume was in our basement, just in case he wanted to zip himself up into it for the Village Halloween parade. But Fats has always seemed cheerful. He had seemed cheerful even when he was walking around Bloomingdale's in his fortune-cookie costume—a foray into merchandising that he later summed up simply as "the worst experience of my life." But as the end of Fats' first year in Kansas City approached I had decided that I'd better make a special trip home to bring myself up to date on how he was faring. What are Boswells for?

I had asked Fats what he did all day because I knew that one thing he was not doing was running a pizza operation in Prairie Village. Fats had backed out of the deal just a few weeks after he arrived in town. After that, he hadn't done much in a business way beyond running a Controlled Cheating diet group, which met weekly in a cafeteria at the Ward Parkway shopping mall. The news that Goldberg was out of the Prairie Village operation had caused concern among some of his fans in New York—after all, that deal was supposedly the reason Fats had moved to Kansas City—but



Fats himself seemed unfazed. He said he'd open a spot in Kansas City sooner or later. He said four separate groups of investors had expressed interest in backing him. He said he could always find another location. "Everything's easy here," he said to me. "In this town, lawyers call you back."



"I certainly hope you're not going to give me any trouble!"

On one trip to Kansas City, I had actually gone with Fats to take a look at some space on the Country Club Plaza—or, as we ordinarily say when out-of-town visitors are within earshot, the world-famous Country Club Plaza. Built in the thirties with a Spanish motif that suggests an exceptionally tidy Granada, the Plaza is still probably the most desirable place in town for a retail business. Goldberg's Pizzeria would have been the only pizza parlor on the Plaza, but Fats expressed some reservations about the precise site of the space and the price being asked for the lease and fixtures of a bar that was operating there. On my next trip home, I asked him how the Plaza deal had turned out, and he said he had cooled on that one, partly because his mind had begun to turn away from pizza and in the direction of bagels. "I think bagels are the ticket," he said. "What do you think?"

"I'm not sure I feel qualified to comment, Fat Man," I said. As it happens, one of the most treasured childhood remarks of my older daughter was that in Kansas City bagels tasted like just round bread, but I had no way of knowing whether quality in bagels was the sort of thing that preoccupied a significant number of the full-time residents.

When I arrived for what I had begun to think of as the twelve-month inspection and lubrication, Fats was still extolling bagels, although he assured me that a pizza operation was still a possibility. He didn't seem to be in any hurry to make up his mind, even though he talked a lot about the necessity of finding something to do before the New York pizza payouts came to an end.

"If I'm not working this time next year, it's going to be Aid to Dependent Children time," he said.

"You don't have any children, Fats," I reminded him.

He ignored that. Apparently, he had been speaking Goldbergian metaphor, and I, being out of practice, had missed it.

• •

I DIDN'T have to ask Fats about who was available to horse around with when I wasn't in town. The first report I had brought back to New York about Fats' new life in Kansas City was that he had fallen in with a good crowd. The crowd's headquarters was, to my surprise, an elegant shop called Asiatica. Fats had met the proprietors through a pal of many years, a restaurant consultant named Bonnie Winston—although it turned out that he had known one of them, Fifi White, many years before. When Fifi was in high school, Fats, just then turned loose by the University of Missouri as the heaviest graduate of the School of Journalism, had worked for her father's company in a job he describes this way: "I was hired to write a catalogue, but I mainly counted Japanese thong sandals and threw them in a bin." Now that Fats and Fifi are both grownups, he has confessed that he used to fantasize about her as he counted sandals, but he has also admitted that he might have had a somewhat stronger fantasy concerning the spaghetti and meatballs at an Italian place just down the street. Since the sandal-counting days, Fifi has been a graduate student in the history of art at Columbia—her special interest was always in textiles—and a weaver and a collector of rare and antique textiles and, eventually, a designer. She now turns out chic, understated, expensive women's clothing made of kimono cloth and other old fabrics brought from Japan. She is also, on occasion, an informal consultant to Fats Goldberg on matters of dress. I doubt if her sense of style or her knowledge of fabrics makes that task any easier, but she must draw strength from having had up-to-date experience as the mother of two teen-agers. Fifi can reproduce practically verbatim a conversation she had with Fats about what he should wear to the funeral of a friend's mother-in-law.

"How about my plum number?" Fats asked, referring to his plum-colored corduroy sports jacket. "I'm thinking of wearing it with either my white 501s or my banana-yellow 501s."

"I have to admit that plum and banana yellow has never been my favorite combination, Goldberg, but the important thing is that you're there."

"I was thinking of my checkerboard sweater," Fats said, mentioning a garment that bursts through the restraints of the conventional two-color checkerboard.

"Well, of course, the checkerboard

sweater will provide a link for just about any color combination . . ."

Fifi White's partner, Elizabeth Wilson, was also a graduate student in art history, specializing, at Berkeley, in Chinese paintings of the thirteenth century. During a year spent in Taiwan on a grant, she met Marc Wilson, a Yale graduate student with precisely the same specialty. They were married, and Marc Wilson eventually became the director of the Nelson-Atkins Museum—whose Chinese collection, not to boast, is even more famous than the Country Club Plaza. After a time, Elizabeth Wilson opened a shop to sell antiques and other objects that had caught her eye on trips to the Far East—a shop that would not be out of place at Sixty-fifth and Madison, except that one of the exquisite Chinese chairs is often occupied by a thin man wearing running shoes, white Levi's, and an orange sweatshirt over a red turtleneck.

From that perch, Fats can continue his opinion survey on the question of pizza versus bagels. He can arrange for company if he wants to go to the movies or—on cheating days—wants to repair to a fried-chicken joint and do what he calls "some heavy-duty business." He can regale his pals with stories of the real girls he has met at events like singles night at Bob's I.G.A. supermarket in Overland Park—a gathering at which the ice-breaking activities include dancing to a live country band and competing in Oreo-stacking contests. I once asked Elizabeth Wilson what Fats did when the conversation turned from Oreo stacking to, say, medieval Chinese painting. We're talking here, after all, about a man who at the height of his Manhattan museum-crawling days made a policy decision to "work the lobby" of the Whitney rather than go in, since it resulted in as many dates and saved the dollar-fifty admission.

Elizabeth said that she had engaged in only one extended debate with Goldberg on the subject of aesthetics—a debate prompted by some negative comments one of the guest speakers at the Nelson had made on the paintings of Andrew Wyeth. Elizabeth's position was that some painters are demonstrably superior to other painters—that, for example, Picasso was a better artist than Walter Keane, who used to turn out those big-eyed-children paintings that made so many people want to close their own eyes. Goldberg's position was that it was all a matter of what a person liked. I could see the problem. Fats is completely nonjudgmental. His friends acknowledge, for instance, that when it comes to truly cutting gossip he is absolutely worthless.

"How did the rest of the argument go?" I asked.

"Well, I turned it right away to barbecue," Elizabeth told me. "I said, 'You can't tell me that there is no difference between a barbecue-beef sandwich at some place like Bryant's in its heyday and the barbecue-beef sandwich you find at the K-mart snack bar sitting under the hot light. There are standards that can be measured—the sauce, the quality of the meat.' "

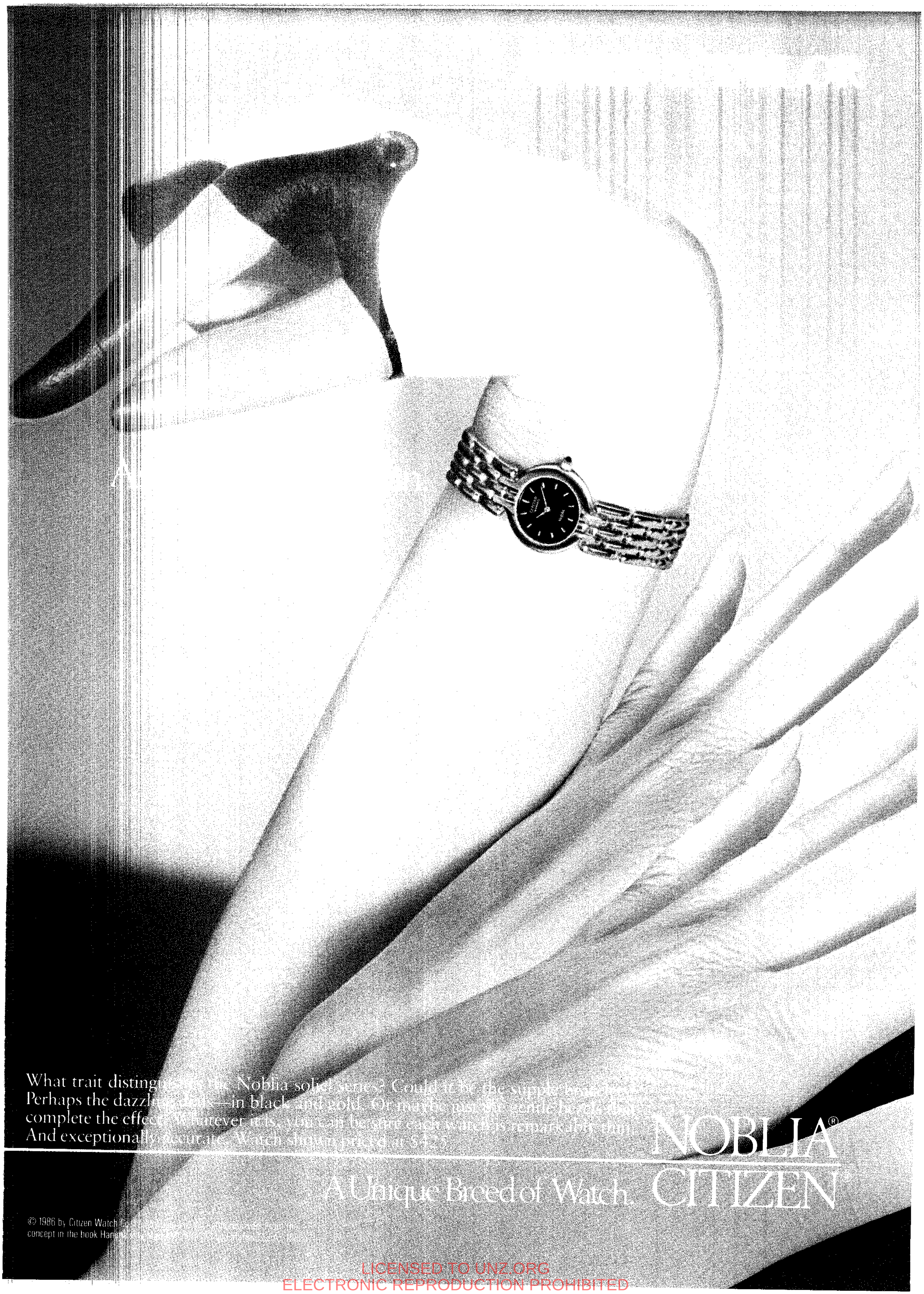
"Brilliant!" I said, thinking that all of those years of graduate school had not been wasted on Elizabeth Wilson. "What did he say to that?"

"He said that some people like K-mart barbecue-beef sandwiches, and it all depends on what you like."

It was Elizabeth Wilson who told Fats about the Swanay apartment. The Wilsons live in one of half a dozen apartments that have been carved out of the main house—a large stone pile on the other side of the driveway. Fats says it's all sort of like a fraternity-sorority house—although I suspect his apartment is the only one that actually includes among its design elements a fraternity paddle and a group picture of the brothers. Fats is strong on memorabilia. His apartment also has a life-size cardboard cutout of Fats at three hundred and twenty pounds, a seat taken from Yankee Stadium during the renovation, a picture of the grocery store his parents ran just underneath the family living quarters ("seventeen steps down to my food heaven"), a Chicago *Tribune* newsdealer's apron that Fats got when he sold ads for the *Tribune* as a fat man, a copy of "Controlled Cheating" in German ("Schwindel-Diät"), a color picture of Fats and his very own Boswell at the Smithsonian opening, a 45-r.p.m. record of "Caravan" that dates from a time just after college when Fats was a disk jockey known as the Sheik of Columbia, a shirt he was given for having modelled it in an Asiatica brochure, and the leather medicine pouch he made when he was inducted into the Great Tribe of Mic-O-Say at Camp Osceola Boy Scout camp and thus became for a time Brave Smoke of Many Fires.

I was astonished that Fats still had his Mic-O-Say pouch—it made me wonder, just for a moment, what ever happened to mine—and I was puzzled about why the Asiatica shirt was hanging in the living room. Fats said he had decided that he couldn't possibly get full value out of a three-hundred-dollar shirt—even a three-hundred-dollar shirt he got free—by wearing it, so he put it on display. "My whole wardrobe isn't worth three hundred dollars," he said. He quickly added, though, that his Spalding saddle shoes were probably priceless. "I only break my Spaldings out for special occasions, when I really want to get tootsied up," he said as he unwrapped them to give me a look. I hadn't seen them since the Smithsonian opening—if Fats had found an occasion worthy of his Spaldings in the ten years after that, I hadn't been there to record it—and I told him they were looking good, the plaid laces having been a splendid addition. Fats flicked what may have been a speck of dust off one of them, and said, "I expect to get straightened out in the Louis Funeral Home in these some day."

WE were walking to lunch before it struck me for the first time that Fats was now living permanently in what for him had always been a dietary DMZ—a place where he had always concentrated so hard on "heavy-duty eating" that it was common for him to gain fifteen pounds in a ten-day visit. Fats said he made the adjustment with no problem. He simply transferred his New York eating regimen to Kansas City: he eats on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and allows himself eighteen additional cheating days a year. He doesn't binge in New York. There are eating experiences in New York that he misses—pastrami, corned beef, the Palm steakhouse, bagels that taste nothing at all like round bread—but he is more certain than ever that, all in all, he would rather eat back home. "New York undoubtedly has the best restaurants in the world, but they're not for



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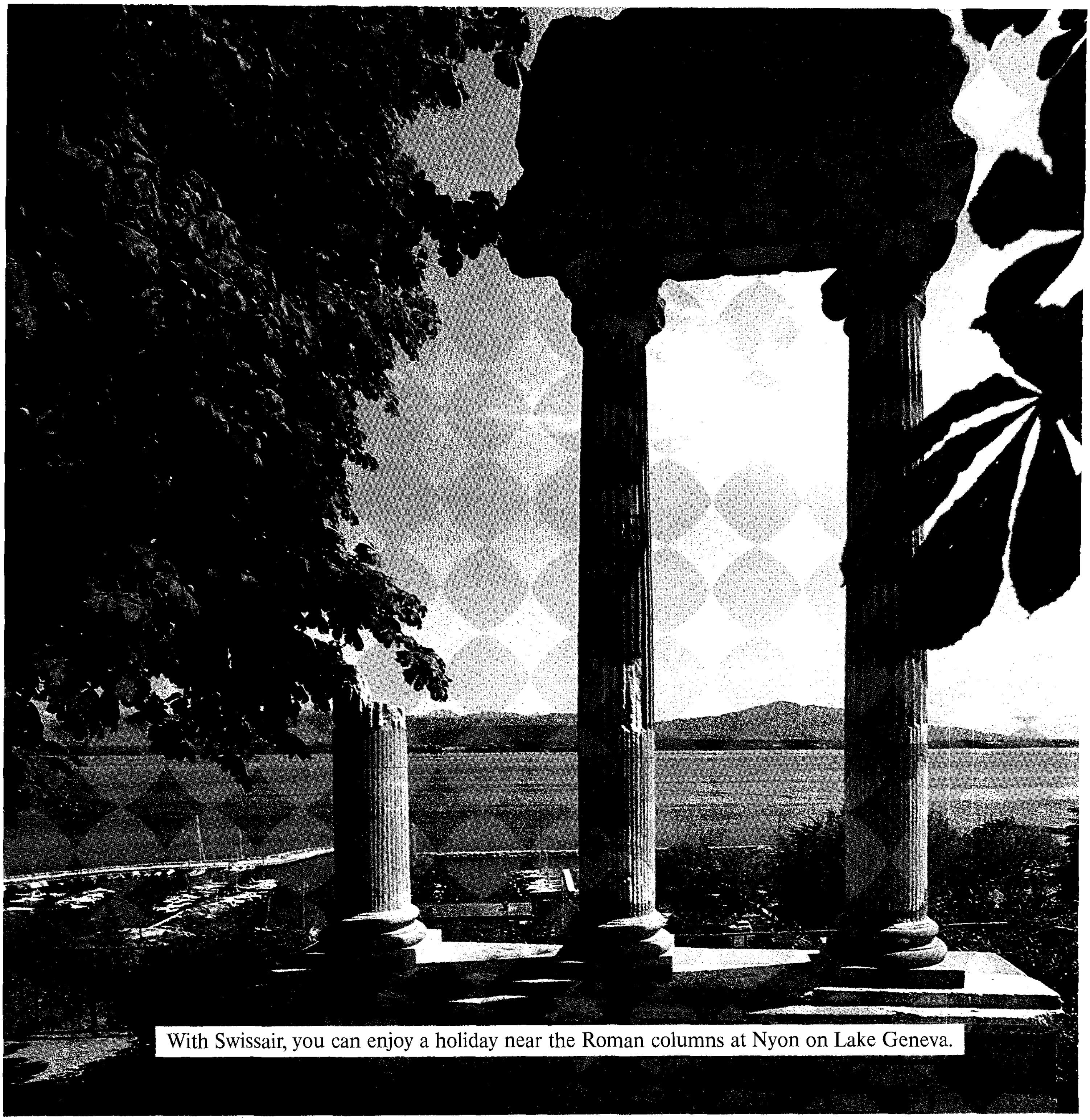

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me," Fats said. "I like barbecue, fried chicken, cheeseburgers—straight-ahead stuff."

"What did you have on your last cheating day, Fats?" I asked.

"Let me see," Fats said. "I started with a twist from Lamar's Donuts and an apple fritter from the Price Chopper and some coffee. Then I had three breakfast pizzas at David's Cookies. I was trying them out for a little number I do on KMBZ once a week called the Lone Eater. They were pretty good. I rated them at two and a half burps. Then I had a triple cheeseburger with everything at Winstead's, plus french-fried onion rings and a frosty. A dip of chocolate-almond ice cream at Famous Amos, in Prairie Village. A forty-six-ounce Pepsi. A slab of ribs at Wyandot Barbecue and French fries and half a quart of Coke. Then a pint of chocolate-chip ice cream. I can't eat as much as I used to. I used to be non-stop. I used to move right along."

By then, we had arrived at the restaurant, the Prospect of Westport—a place whose menu turned out to include mascarpone torte and black-bean pâté and ratatouille pie and tomato-jalapeño pasta, and a number of other items that didn't seem to fall into the category of straight-ahead stuff. Bonnie Winston, who advises the Prospect, had joined us for lunch, and the presence of someone in the trade naturally turned the conversation toward Fats' commercial future. I asked Bonnie if Fats should go into the bagel business or the pizza business.

"I don't think it matters," she said. "The product is incidental. Larry is a terrific standup comic waiting for a place to land. He'd do well in any kind of place." Then she looked at Fats, and added, "But it's time already."

Fats agreed that it was time, but when the subject came up again after lunch he still sounded reluctant to make a move. Fats and I were driving out to visit our mothers, after a detour at McLain's Bakery so that he could pick up a few bear claws for his mom. ("The old lady's a sugar junkie, kid.") He said he'd be happier about going into business again if he had a partner—preferably a female partner—to work alongside him and talk over problems with him.

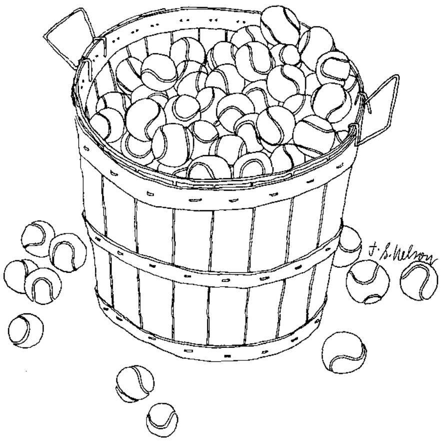
"I think what they call one of those is a wife, Fat Person," I said.

"I can't just jump into a deal," Fats said, ignoring, as usual, the reference to marriage. "It's got to feel right."

Then the conversation turned to the chewable diet book. That and the pizza cone had been Goldberg's most persistent schemes in New York. He had finally decided that the pizza cone would always be crippled by its appearance. "The visuals are no good," Fats said. "People want to see the stuff, and in the pizza cone it's all wrapped up." The chewable diet book was another matter. "It's the greatest idea that ever happened," Fats said. "I'm going to get the job done one of these days, and then I'll be on easy street."

That evening, Fats called to say that after months of silence he had heard from the bar proprietor who owned the lease on the space we'd inspected on the Plaza. The bar proprietor was apparently ready to come down considerably on his price. "Things are moving right along," Fats said. "This might be the ticket."

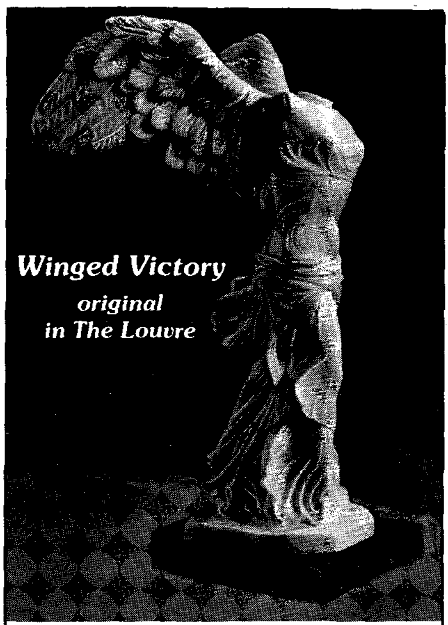
THE next day, we didn't talk about the Plaza pizza opportunity right away—Fats and I were driving out to the Ward Parkway shopping mall early, so that I could join him on his morning walk—because I'd been wondering whether life in Kansas City had turned out to be what he'd envisioned during all those years he lived in New York. People in New York who talk about going back home, after all, have fears that their home town has changed a lot while they were gone, and fears that it hasn't. The vision of home town that most of us cling to has nothing to do with authentic Hindu banquets or elegant clothes made of kimono cloth. How would we respond if we went home expecting apple pie and found ratatouille pie instead? On the other hand, a Midwesterner in New York may know of ghosts of adolescence that lurk, unchanged, in his home town; he may be unsettled by the thought of finding himself in the supermarket line with both of the people who remember precisely how he behaved on graduation night. Moving back would mean facing the closeup perils of what I have always thought of as the Midwestern Adjustment to the Psychoanalytic Theory: Everybody's who he was in high school.



Fats said none of that had proved to be a problem. He is not the sort of person who would let something like the transformation of American society over the past thirty years affect old habits. A few months ago, he led a visiting reporter from the New York *Times* on a tour of the sort of restaurants he calls grease pits—the telling quote from Goldberg was "Let's face it: grease makes things taste good"—and seemed genuinely puzzled when some boosters didn't think the resultant article on the way Kansas Citians eat reflected the sort of image the city is trying to project. The ghosts Fats finds in Kansas City are ghosts of another person—the Fats Goldberg who still had his Graziano. "It's like coming into a new city," he told me. "It's a whole new life. Before, I spent my time finding something to eat. I left here a fat guy everybody wrote off. I didn't have any dates. I didn't go to any parties. No one spoke to me except to ask me to move my 1937 Oldsmobile because it was leaking oil on the driveway." Fats drives a snappy red Honda now, and there is often someone on the passenger side. In fact, he took out the salesperson from the Honda agency for a while, until he finally decided that he would never be able to replace her softball team as an object of her affection.

"What do you miss most about New York?" I asked.

"I miss the spritzing on the streets—the yelling, the screaming," he said. "Here, people don't even honk their horns." Fats is enough of a New Yorker to find it off-putting to walk down the street for miles without hearing anybody call anybody else any names at all—which is why we were heading for the Ward Parkway shopping mall. Fats, who walks half an hour a day and two hours on Sunday, sometimes uses Loose Park, a pleasant park just south of the world-famous Country Club Plaza, but he usually does his walking on the second level of the Ward Parkway shopping mall. At Ward Parkway, he gets climate control, convenient rest rooms, and, most of all, company. Ward Parkway has been a center for mall walkers for years. Before ten, while most of the stores are still closed, several dozen people can usually be found making



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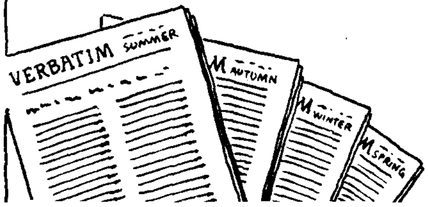

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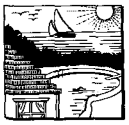
the circuit of what becomes a third-of-a-mile track on the mall's second level. Most of the walkers are in their middle years or older. Some of them are outfitted in matching sweatclothes and running shoes; some of them stroll along in street clothes, as if they were window-shopping. Fats seemed to know most of them. He waved at some of the strolling couples and said hello to a couple of the serious walkers who were, as Fats would put it, "really going to town." Before he started making the circuit himself, he checked in with the crowd of retirees who, after their early-morning walks, gather at the tables in front of Swensen's Ice Cream—tables that have umbrellas protecting them from whatever sun and rain can find its way into an indoor shopping mall—and drink thirty-seven-cent cups of coffee (unlimited refills) from the Woolworth snack bar next door. Then, after a cheerful "Hiya, guys, how you doin'?" to two white-haired women who were moving along at a moderate pace, he began his morning walk.

I had thought Fats and I might talk about the Plaza space while we walked, but I found that I couldn't keep up with him unless I broke into a run every so often. Apparently, only three or four walkers at the Ward Parkway shopping mall can keep up with him. Fats walks with his arms held high in front of his chest—an elderly woman he met in Loose Park told him he'd get more oxygen that way—so he looks like someone who has something on his hands that he doesn't intend to get anywhere near his body. He seems to be completely flat-footed, maybe from dragging around a Graziano all those years. As he races along past J. C. Penney and Benetton and Function Junction and B. Dalton and Baker's Qualicraft Shoes, he looks as if he might be competing in a race that the American Podiatry Association holds for people with sore feet—and winning.

Shortly after Fats started, Fifi White showed up, and I made the circuit with her for a while. I told her that she seemed to walk almost fast enough to walk with Goldberg.

"Maybe you can put in a good word for me," she said. She explained that as of now she was permitted to walk with Goldberg only during the last thirty minutes of his Sunday outing and on an occasional afternoon "stretch." The Sunday arrangement was the result of Fats' having figured out, with the aid of a calculator, that

Some people don't even tell their best friends about us.



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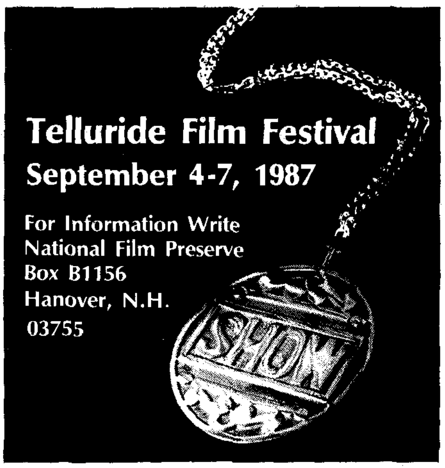

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slowing down to Fifi's pace for half an hour would mean losing the equivalent of only twenty or thirty fewer calories than would be lost at full speed. Fifi was not surprised that Goldberg altered his schedule for her at the sacrifice of thirty calories—she and Fats are quite close—but I don't think she'd take any bets on what would have happened if the calculations had shown a difference of seventy-five or a hundred. Goldberg, Fifi reminded me, is amiable but set in his ways.

Fats finally finished, and joined me at one of the Swensen's tables. He didn't even seem winded. Suddenly, apropos of nothing, he said, "Do you know what I miss in New York? The Carlyle Hotel."

"You mean the sense of elegance?" I asked.

"No, no," Fats said. "The bathroom. It's all white marble in there. I love the Carlyle. When I win the lottery, I'm going to live at the Carlyle."

"YOU ought to move back," Fats said the evening before I was due to leave Kansas City. "At least you ought to get a pied-à-terre." As if he couldn't quite bring himself to use a term of French origin, Fats pronounced it "peed-a-tare."

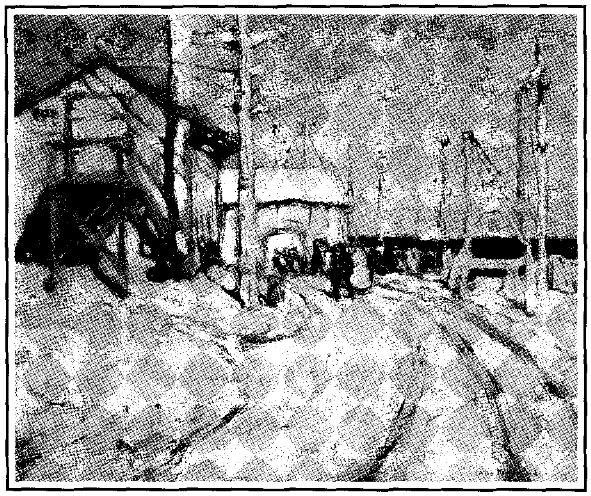
"I don't think people keep pied-à-terres in Kansas City, Fat Man," I said. "Except maybe people from Fort Scott or Sedalia."

"Don't you ever miss Kansas City?" Fats asked.

I had to admit that I was enjoying the horsing around. Fats and I were on our way to Stroud's fried-chicken restaurant to lay in a supply of the sweatshirts that carry Stroud's spectacular motto: "We Choke Our Own Chickens." From there we planned to hit the Corinth Square shopping center. I'd admired some bright-orange-and-red work gloves Fats had just bought—orange and red are practically Fats Goldberg's national colors—and he thought I owed it to myself to visit the hardware store where they were selling for a dollar seventy-nine a pair. There had been some talk of going from Corinth Square to the Swope Park zoo—not far from Shelter House No. 4, which my family had always favored for Fourth of July picnics.

I also had to admit that Fats seemed fine in Kansas City—although I wouldn't say that means the Wall Street trader from Des Moines can put aside any fears he may have about

JANE PETERSON



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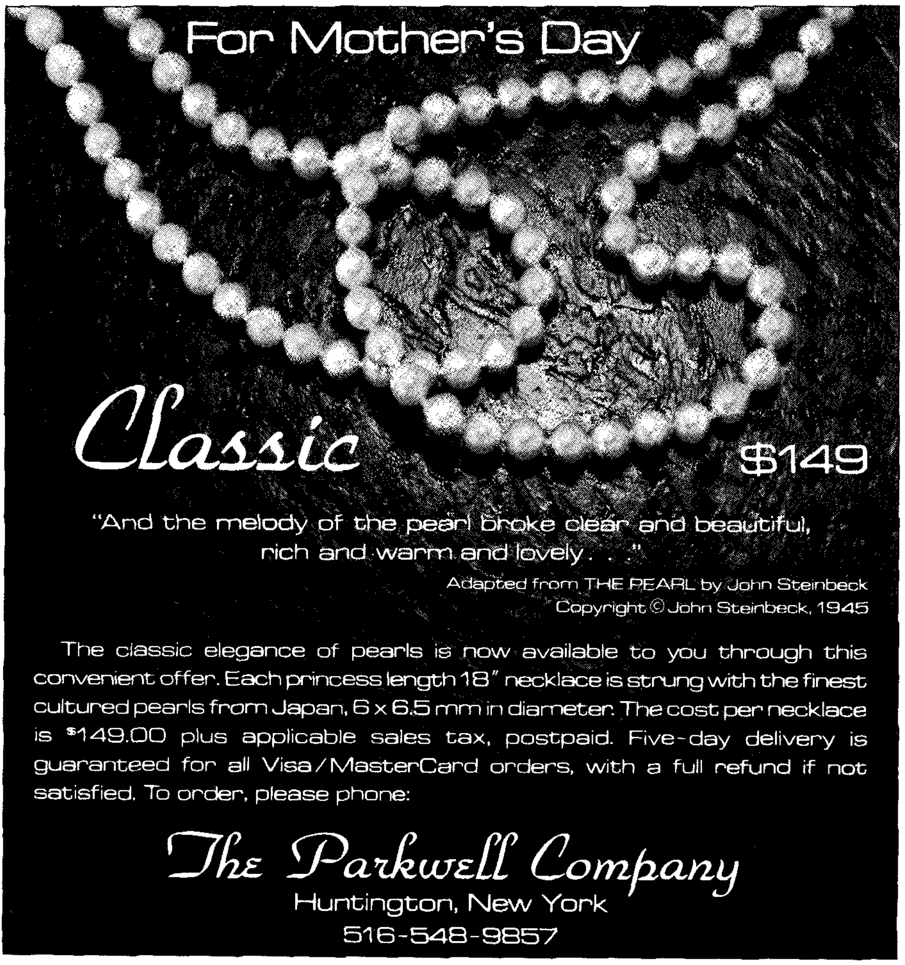

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going home. Fats is, to say the very least, a special case. He travels light. He carries his routine with him. He says hello to everyone he sees, wherever he is. He is someone who was cheerful even while costumed as a fortune cookie. "Listen, I'm just happy to be here," he told me. "I was supposed to check out thirty years ago. I'm glad to be alive. They'd have put me in a piano crate and lowered me into the ground."

His pals Fifi and Elizabeth agreed that Fats was fine, but they figured the sooner he went into business the better. ("He needs a stage.") Fats had, in fact, made a few more phone calls about the pizza parlor on the Plaza, and he said the deal continued to look promising. If he didn't do that, he said, he'd simply do something else—in Kansas City. He lived there. Just to confirm that, I got out the telephone directory that night and looked at the column headed "GOLDBERG." Sure enough, about halfway down was a listing for "Larry Fats."

"It's too bad you can't stay tomorrow," Fats said when I left him the next morning at the Ward Parkway shopping mall. "It's a cheating day."

"We'll do it next time, Fat Man," I said. "I've got to get home."

A WEEK after I got back, Fats reported by telephone that the Plaza deal was moving right along, but a couple of weeks after that he said it had fallen through.

"Are you going to look for another spot?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," Fats said. "But do you remember my idea of a food tour of New York?"

"Vaguely."

"Some travel lady wants to do it here."

"Do you mean you'd take them for a tour of the grease pits?"

"Oh, I think I might stop for a piece of lettuce somewhere," Fats said. "Then maybe we'd have a special tour for just barbecue. What do you think?"

"It's better than the Plexiglas pizza pusher."

"This might be the ticket," Fats said. "She thinks it's the best idea in the whole world. She's ready to move right along." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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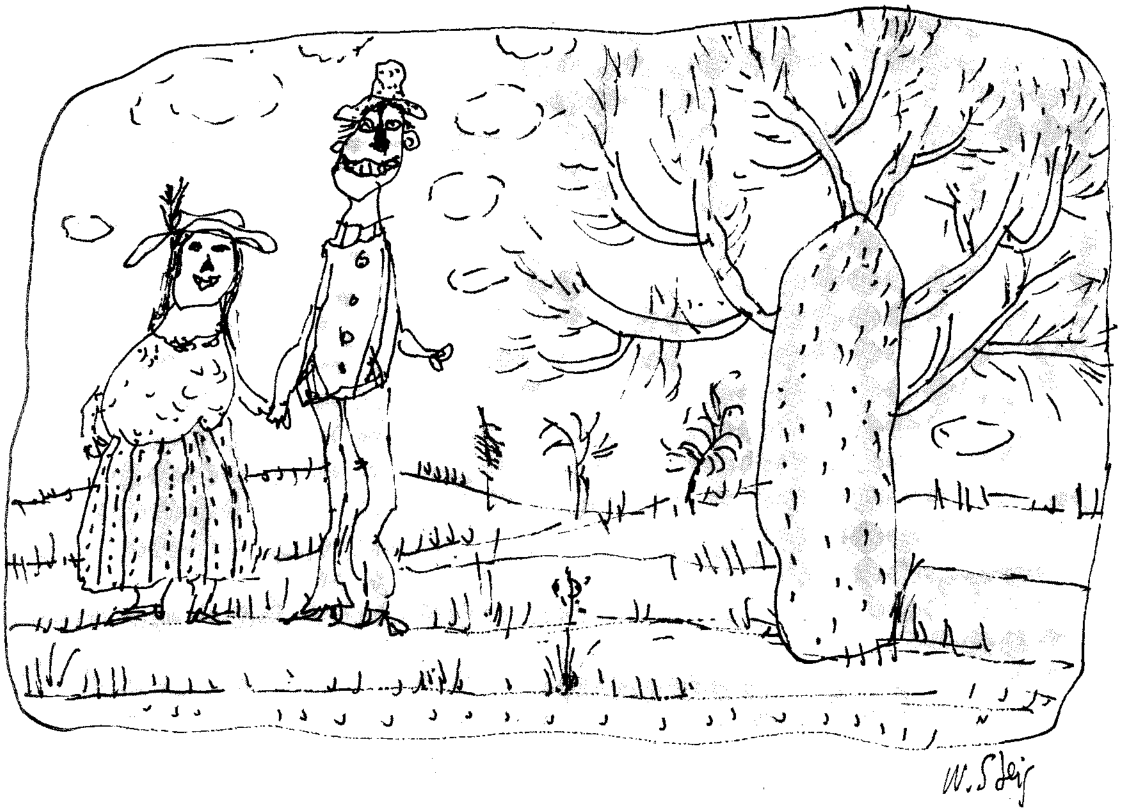
ON March 27th, Mstislav Rostropovich was sixty. The birthday itself was celebrated at Kennedy Center, where Rostropovich is the conductor of the National Symphony. It was preceded by eighteen New York concerts, in February and March, at which he was the conductor of four symphonies (by Haydn, Shostakovich, Prokofiev, and Tchaikovsky) and of Britten's "War Requiem;" the soloist in fifteen large orchestral works for cello and orchestra (seven of them composed for him); and the interpreter of Bach's six suites for unaccompanied cello. Three orchestras were involved (the Philharmonic, the Boston Symphony, and the National Symphony), two halls (Carnegie and Avery Fisher), and—for the Bach suites—Grace Episcopal Church, on Broadway at Tenth Street.

At the first concerto program, given with the National Symphony, conducted by Hugh Wolff, in Carnegie Hall, Rostropovich played the Schumann concerto, Bloch's "Schelomo," and Henri Dutilleux's "Tout un Monde Lointain. . . ." He seems to have become a less turbulent interpreter. In the past—as Noël Goodwin remarks in New Grove—"on occasion his enthusiasm has been known to get the better of his judgment." There was no lack of enthusiasm or passion in these performances, but they were disciplined, not self-indulgent. The Dutilleux, a romantic piece, is one of many contemporary concertos written for Rostropovich; others that he played during these birthday celebrations were by Britten, Penderecki, Lutoslawski, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich. (Has any player done more to enrich the repertory of his instrument?) The Prokofiev—which Rostropovich played with the Boston Symphony, under Seiji Ozawa, in Carnegie Hall, on a bill with a Boccherini concerto and Strauss's "Don Quixote"—was the buoyant Symphony-Concerto, the composer's reworking, for and with Rostropovich, of his First Cello Concerto. (There are people who think the original version stranger and bolder.) Rostropovich's playing of the "Quixote" solos was eloquent, but Mr. Ozawa's conducting lacked depth. The Shostakovich was the first of his two cello concertos (both of them written for Rostropovich)—a work concise, heroic, and stirring. If it seemed rather less exciting than it did twenty-seven years ago, that was because Maxim Shostakovich, who conducted, is a sober, less than fiery interpreter of his father's music. Rostropovich's playing was as cogent as ever. Of Britten's Cello Symphony, done in the same program—at a Philharmonic subscription concert, in Avery Fisher Hall—he has become an even finer performer than he was twenty-three years ago. This was not just memory playing tricks; Rostropovich recorded the piece in the year of its première, 1964, and his grasp of its formal structure is surer now than it was then.

I missed the Philharmonic program at which Rostropovich played Krzysztof Penderecki's Second Cello Concerto, the composer conducting. (Yo-Yo Ma introduced the work to New York last year.) The week before, Penderecki, with the Philharmonic, had conducted his Viola Concerto, with Paul Neubauer, the orchestra's principal violist, as soloist. This is a one-movement work, bleak and tragic in mood. (It was commissioned to celebrate the bicentennial of Bolívar's birth, in 1783.) The concerto was followed by Shostakovich's Fourteenth Symphony, a song cycle about death, in which bleakness and tragedy mingle with bitterness, anger, and scorn. Penderecki and his soloists, Jan DeGaetani and Simon Estes, gave a performance from which all expressiveness had been drained. It is one way of doing the piece (Britten, to whom the symphony is dedicated, used to conduct it more emotionally), but it made for a program that left one feeling very unhappy.

Britten's "War Requiem," another composition that bids its listeners contemplate death, cruelty, and waste, ends on a note of reconciliation: between a German soldier and the English soldier who killed him, whose voices join while the chorus sings "In paradisum." It is a strong work, loving but not sentimental. Rostropovich conducted it in Carnegie Hall eight years ago, and to close his New York birthday season he conducted four performances of it in Fisher Hall, with the Philharmonic, the Westminster



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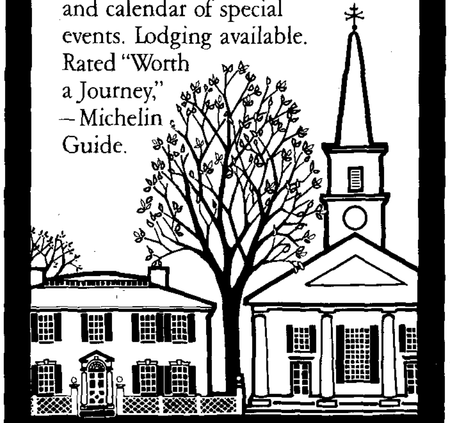

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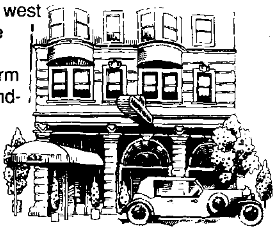

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Choir, and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. The soloists were Galina Vishnevskaya (for whom the soprano role was written, twenty-five years ago), Anthony Rolfe Johnson, and John Shirley-Quirk. The work is better suited by cathedral than by concert-hall acoustics. The sound needs more space and longer perspectives than Fisher Hall can supply. Nevertheless, it received a carefully balanced, tender, and affecting performance.

Of Bach's cello suites Wilfrid Mellers, in his "Bach and the Dance of God," writes:

> The suites are . . . central to Bach's achievement: the music springs from the dance and from the corporeal act of playing the cello, yet in the process earthbound temporality is sublimated into continuous line. As a human being *dances* and *sings* through the physicality of a cello, he becomes a dancing god. . . . It's not merely acoustical accident that makes this secular music sound overwhelmingly impressive when played in an ecclesiastical building.

Grace Church, an elegant piece of Gothic Revival by the young James Renwick, although not mysterious or awesome in aspect, made a good setting for Rostropovich's account of the suites. (I heard the first of the two Sunday-afternoon recitals, at which the odd-numbered suites were played.) Rostropovich has seldom played them in public, and in this country not before as a group. In a short program note, he called them "cleansing to the soul" and "music of magical power," and he played them in that sense. He played them as Casals once recorded them: intently, thoughtfully, lovingly. Beyond both his technical prowess as a cellist and his technical limitations as a conductor there lies a spiritual belief in music's might. It shines in everything he does.

THE Vineyard Theatre, on East Twenty-sixth Street, has been mounting the successful operas of Mozart's Vienna: Paisiello's "Barbiere di Siviglia," Vicente Martín's "Cosa Rara," and, last month and this, Giuseppe Sarti's "Fra i Due Litiganti il Terzo Gode." (When the opera was done in London, in 1784, the *Morning Herald* glossed the title as "Whilst two dogs are contending for a bone a third comes and runs away with it.") "I Due Litiganti" was first done at La Scala, in 1782, with Nancy Storace and Francesco Benucci, Mozart's future Susanna and Figaro, in the cast. Joined by Mozart's first Blonde and his future Marcellina, Almaviva, Bartolo, and Basilio, they introduced "I

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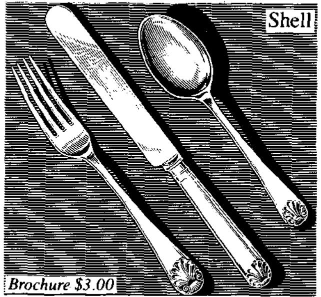

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Due Litiganti" to Vienna the following year and played it twenty-five times. In Vienna, and throughout Europe, the opera became popular. Mozart insured immortality for at least the title and one tune by quoting them in the finale of "Don Giovanni" (along with strains from "Una Cosa Rara" and "Figaro"). Edward Dent many years ago cited a canzonetta for Dorina, the heroine of "I Due Litiganti," as the model for Susanna's "Deh vieni."

The Vineyard troupe, by performing (more or less) in Italian, presents these pieces as historical exercises rather than directly dramatic entertainments, but they have proved to have charm as well as interest. Paisiello and Martín are fluent, graceful melodists. Sarti is musically less gifted, but the plot of his "Due Litiganti," based on a Goldoni play, moves well. Count Belfiore wishes the pretty Dorina to be married to his valet, Titta. The Countess wishes her to be married to the gardener, Mingone (which will keep her out of the Count's way). The quick-witted steward Masotto wins Dorina for himself, and Titta pairs off with Livietta, the Countess's maid. The first-act finale is set in a garden, at night, where identities are mistaken in the darkness. The second-act finale is set in a wood, whither Dorina has fled; as the others come in search of her, the texture gradually increases from solo to septet, until a sudden storm scatters the company. Sarti was a prolific and prominent composer. (He succeeded Paisiello at Catherine the Great's court. Haydn put on seven or eight of his operas at Esterháza.) But the Vineyard production of "I Due Litiganti" tended to confirm David DiChiera's sad judgment in New Grove: "The quality of Sarti's theatre works does not justify the popularity they enjoyed. . . . The melodic style is often pedestrian, and the harmonies are for the most part conventional and slow-moving." The inclusion of Mozart's aria "Voi avete un cor fedele" (composed in 1775 for insertion in Baldassare Galuppi's setting of the Goldoni text) showed too clearly the difference between genius and journeywork.

The Vineyard edition was prepared from a Vienna score; Lorenzo da Ponte may have been responsible for adapting its text for the Vienna company (in which Michael Kelly played Masotto). It includes an aria by Pasquale Anfossi and arias by, probably, Martín and by Stephen Storace, Nancy's brother. (The composers are identified in a copy of the Vienna "Due Litiganti" made for Haydn.) The Vineyard band was a string quartet and a wind quartet, plus a harpsichord that played too volubly in the recitatives and too seldom in the numbers. James Kurtz conducted, and Joseph LoSchiavo directed. The performance could not be described as polished. Although the Vineyard is tiny, the singers were curiously reluctant to sing lightly, softly, delicately. Robert Osborne, as Titta (the Benucci role), was the least unsatisfactory of them; in the narrative aria "Quando saprai chi sono" he had listeners attending to what he said.

In 1784, Paisiello and Sarti were both in Vienna—one on his way from, the other on his way to, St. Petersburg—and Mozart spent time with both of them. Paisiello stayed on, to compose his *dramma eroicomico* "Il Re Teodoro in Venezia," with roles for Nancy Storace, Benucci, and Kelly. It became one of his most successful works. The Vineyard is considering the opera for next season, when it acquires a new theatre, on Union Square. I hope it does do "Il Re Teodoro." Although Vineyard productions, like most of those put on by New York's more adventurous opera companies, leave one with mixed feelings—admiration for enterprise, despondency that the level of professional performance should in this great city be so low—on the whole, to anyone with a special interest in this Viennese repertory, they give more pleasure than pain. The performances, if unstylish, are at least spirited. And the musical texts are carefully considered.

—ANDREW PORTER

◆

Shulman admits that Bergdorf Goodman will no longer be Bendel's primary competitor. But will Saks be the new target? Or Neiman-Marcus? Or will Bendel's need the kind of radical and unexpected formula that Stutz gave it two decades ago? "It's too early to tell," Shulman says. "I just want to look for voids where we can carve a niche."—*Jesse Kornbluth in New York.*

Lots of luck, Shulman.

◆

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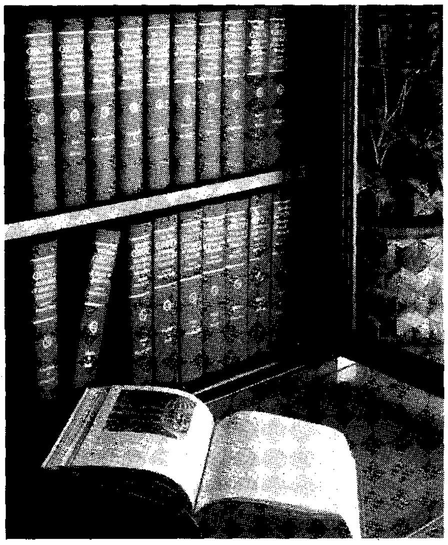

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BOOKS

God Within the Shadow

AGITATION—politics conducted from outside the system—depends for its success on constant creativity. A politician works on a schedule. He campaigns at regular intervals and on well-beaten paths; once elected, he begins a routine round of business, each year building a budget, each year deciding on taxes. By contrast, no one automatically listens to the rebel, who has no power to enact laws. There's not even the set period of an election campaign to focus attention on him (which is why, of course, some activists run for offices they have no hope of winning). Life as a political rebel may demand more creativity even than a career as a novelist or a composer or a painter. A writer must fashion fresh content from nothing each time he sits before the typewriter, but when he is finished his creation can be fed to a machine (publishers, book reviews, B. Dalton, Phil Donahue) that assimilates it into the culture. A political agitator must create both a message and a means of delivering it, and that may help to explain the scarcity of such men and women in our post-Revolutionary political history. Occasional rebels—John Brown, the suffragettes, Eugene Debs—have made their presence felt, but their number is too small and their careers are too varied to provide much in the way of models.

David Garrow's "Bearing the Cross: Martin Luther King, Jr. and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference" (Morrow; $19.95) demonstrates just how harrowing the demand for unceasing creativity can be. The King who emerges in this splendidly detailed new life owns a nearly inhuman strength. And yet much of the book shows him in despair, unsure how to keep his movement (which depended on public interest, not electoral power) from fizzling. King had one tremendous insight: that his message—the dignity of black men and women—could be embodied in the means of its delivery, nonviolent struggle. But that realization, though it gave him the possibility of success, did not remove the endless problems of strategy, tactics, personality, and morality which he faced from the Montgomery bus boycott until his death in Memphis. What mattered most—public accommodations or voting rights or economic progress? Was it time to take the movement North? Which injunctions should be violated? Which Southern city—Albany or St. Augustine or Birmingham or Selma—would best dramatize the struggle? Was Jesse Jackson operating too independently in Chicago? Why was the Southern Christian Leadership Conference staff so inefficient? Often a single decision had elements of the moral, the tactical, and the personal. King knew that his conscience demanded he speak out against America's involvement in Vietnam, for instance, but he also knew that speaking out would complicate his civil-rights work, infuriate many of his allies, and give comfort to his enemies. Quite often, too, decisions had to be made on the fly. S.C.L.C. staffers spent countless hours preparing and squabbling over extravagant campaigns that never got off the ground—campaigns that until now have received scant attention. Other plans of theirs bogged them down in all manner of sinkholes; a chapter describing the effort to desegregate and de-slum the Chicago neighborhoods, for example, makes it clear that King and his colleagues badly overestimated their power to force economic change. The campaigns that did work often started spontaneously, or through the work of other groups, and King was called in only after the foundations, crooked or straight, had been laid.

Again and again, though, as if by some magical force, King managed to say and do the right thing, to create the necessary confrontation, to write the perfect sermon. Garrow's book lacks an adequate description of that mysterious force, just as it lacks any overt conclusions about the less mystical aspects of King's public life. Instead, Garrow spent many years collecting documents under the Freedom of Information Act, interviewing King's surviving friends and colleagues, living with the records of the determinedly unorganized S.C.L.C., and fashioning it all into a careful, sober, readable account. He is relentlessly chronological; at first, this seems to lead to endless repetition, but then one remembers that most lives, even most fascinating lives, are endlessly repetitive. The real-time feel of this volume will give those who follow King as rebels an idea of what to expect, and allows the rest of us to draw some informed conclusions about a life that has too often been shrouded in clouds of adoration.

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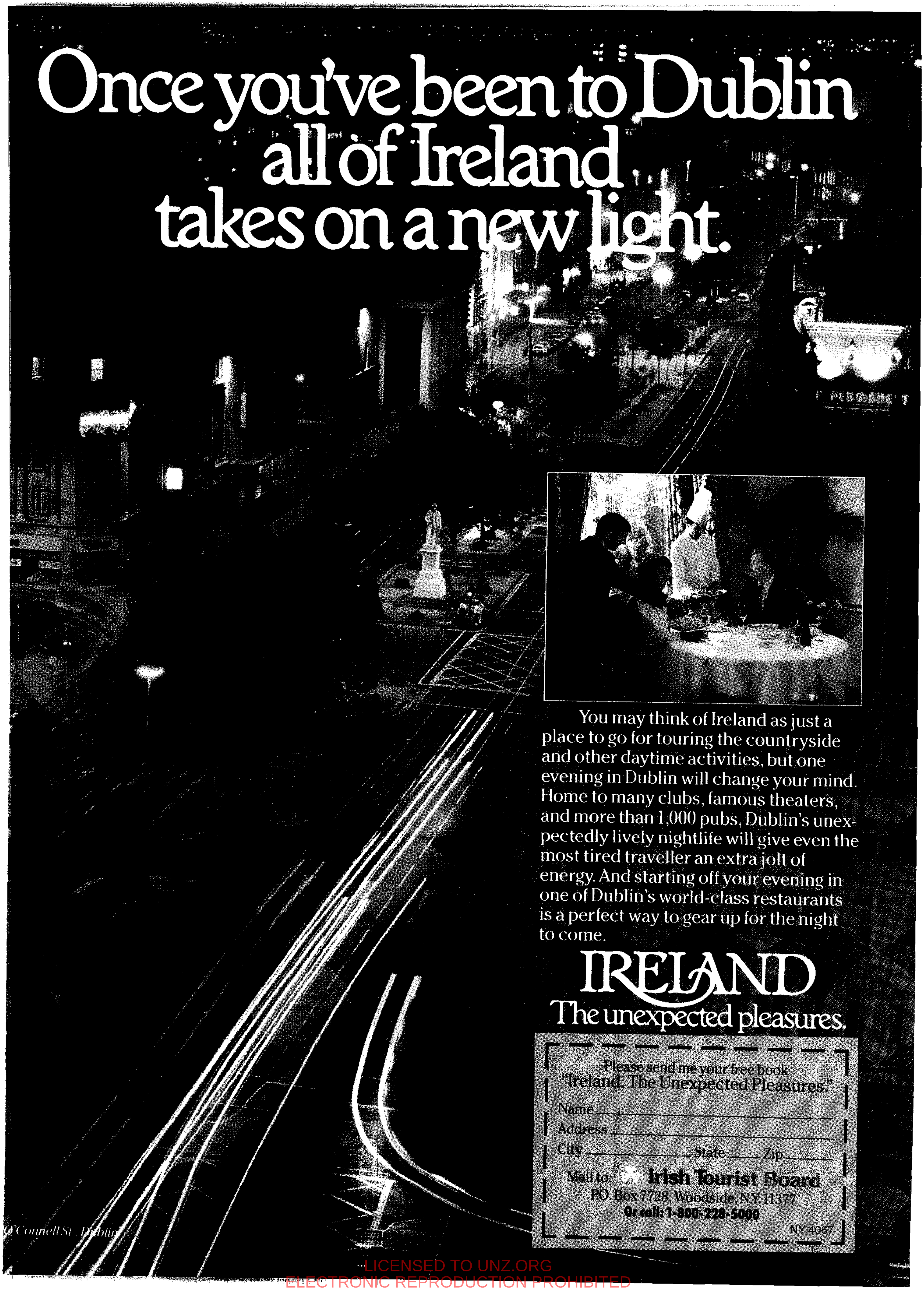
BOOKS
M. IAN

The most striking of those conclusions, as I've already suggested, may be that King's life was almost unimaginably difficult. Not his early life but his public life—the life that began when, as a twenty-six-year-old preacher, he was persuaded to lead the ministerial alliance coördinating the Montgomery bus boycott. Many people have said in retrospect that "the time was ripe" for racial progress in the late fifties and early sixties. Garrow reminds us that King had to fight hard—*hard*—and that his obvious enemies, the diehard segregationists, were in some ways the least of his problems. Their viciousness—the four little black girls killed in the Birmingham Sunday-school bombing; Chaney and Schwerner and Goodman buried in a cattle-pond dam near Philadelphia, in central Mississippi; Viola Liuzzo shot driving to Montgomery to help transport marchers; Medgar Evers killed on his lawn—must never be downplayed. But in a curious sense the Wallaces and the Ross Barnetts and the White Citizens Councils were the honorable opponents—the opposition that King and his followers had signed on to fight.

A worse enemy, in a way, both for its invisibility and for its implacability, was the federal government—especially the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Garrow, in "The F.B.I. and Martin Luther King, Jr." (Norton; 1981), detailed the campaign of harassment; here he fits it into the stream of King's life to show how it devastated King psychologically. The



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"And this, as we used to say, is my boyfriend."

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F.B.I. tapped his phones for many years, because J. Edgar Hoover wanted proof that he was linked to nternational Communism and that he went to bed with women to whom he was not married. Hoover had mixed success with the first smear (King did rely on several former or inactive Communists, but they did not manipulate him) and great luck with the second. He kept tapes of King's assignations, and an agent—the assistant director of the F.B.I., William Sullivan—sent King a copy of some of the recordings along with an anonymous note urging him to commit suicide. "King," it said, "there is only one hing left for you to do. You know what this is . . . You are done. There s but one way out for you. You better ake it before your filthy abnormal raudulent self is bared to the nation."

Suicide must have seemed an attracive proposition at times. Garrow makes a convincing case that living with the steady fear of what Hoover's evelations would do to him and to his ause darkened the last years of King's fe. And it wasn't as if the course of he public struggle provided constant heer. In hindsight, it may seem a time f rapid and almost smooth progress, ut the short bursts of real action around the Freedom Rides, Selma, and Birmingham came before and after long periods that left plenty of room for despair. The behavior of many of those who considered themselves his allies disappointed King enormously (and helps give the lie to the notion that the civil-rights movement was an inevitability). We think of Walter Mondale, for instance, as a good liberal. He was a good liberal in 1964, too, when, as Garrow reminds us, he helped lead the behind-the-scenes battle to make sure that the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party delegation was not seated at the National Convention in place of the segregationist regulars. Again and again, King was way out in front, and half the fire he weathered came from his rear. Two days after he gave a sermon at Riverside Church outlining his opposition to our participation in Vietnam, the Washington *Post* solemnly and patronizingly explained that he "had done a grave injury to those who are his natural allies [and] an even graver injury to himself. Many who have listened to him with respect will never again accord him the same confidence." In the last month of his life, after violence marred a Memphis march that King had not even organized, the *Times* called it a "powerful embarrassment" to him and warned that he ought to call off his Poor People's Campaign for fear of further disruptions. Fellow civil-rights leaders, of course, were forever damning him, publicly and privately, as too rash (Roy Wilkins, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) or too tame (the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee, the Panthers, Malcolm X).

King had himself to contend with as well. He caused those around him and (more to the point of this story) himself great pain—both spiritual and practical—by his dalliances and infidelities. Yet one senses from this book that though the fear of Hoover's revelations cost him sleepless nights a sense of guilt did not. He recognized that he was a sinner, and that he was not the man people thought he was; but he also seemed to believe, quite sincerely, that God forgave sinners. "There is a schizophrenia . . . within all of us," he once told his Atlanta congregation. "There are times when all of us know somehow that there is a Mr. Hyde and a Dr. Jekyll in us." Still, "God does not judge us by the separate incidents or the separate mistakes that we make, but by the total bent of our lives." The

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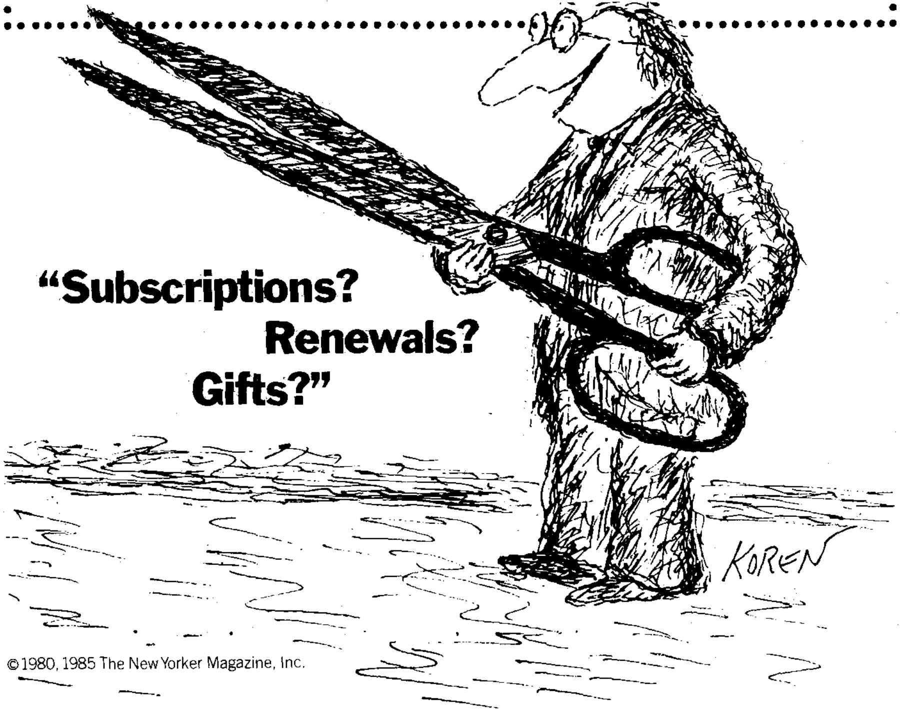
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world needn't think that he was a saint, he said. "I want you to know this morning that I am a sinner like all of God's children, but I want to be a good man, and I want to hear a voice saying to me one day, 'I take you in and I bless you because you tried. It was well that it was within thy heart.' " It takes monumental faith to believe that much in God's mercy, but King probably came as close as anyone to possessing it. Nonetheless, on top of his public troubles his own weakness must have grieved him.

So how, in the face of all this, was he able to go on? In answer, Garrow makes extensive use of an early incident in King's life as a rebel. One Friday night about eight weeks into the Montgomery boycott, a day after his first arrest, King returned home late from an organizing meeting. The phone rang, and an anonymous caller—not the first, and certainly not the last—said, "Nigger, we are tired of you and your mess now. And if you aren't out of this town in three days we're going to blow your brains out and blow up your house." All his doubts, King later said, came suddenly to the fore when the caller hung up—he thought about his wife, and his newborn daughter, Yolanda, and the people he was leading into far fro metaphorical battle. He prayed—prayed out loud at his kitchen table "Lord, I'm down here trying to do what's right. I think I'm right. I think the cause we represent is right But Lord, I must confess I'm weak now. I'm faltering. I'm losing my courage. And I can't let people see me like this because if they see me weak and losing my courage, they'll begin to get weak." At that moment, King said, "it seemed . . . I could hear an inner voice saying to me, 'Martin Luther, stand up for righteousness. Stand up for justice. Stand up for truth. And lo I will be with you, even until the end of the world' . . . I heard the voice of Jesus saying still to fight on. He promised never to leave me, never to leave me alone. No never alone. No never alone. He promised never to leave me, never to leave me alone.' Three days later, his house wa bombed, but King took it calmly: "M religious experience a few nights before had given me the strength to fac it."

Over and over, Garrow returns t that dramatic visitation in the Montgomery kitchen in an attempt to explain what kept King going throug the struggles within the movemen the setbacks in Georgia and Florida, the sick frothings of the F.B.I., and premonitions of his approaching death. After a wilier-than-usual sheriff—Laurie Pritchett, of Albany, Georgia—prevented overt violence against protesters, robbing them of publicity and sympathy and dealing a real blow to the tactical prestige of nonviolence, King, though despondent, knew he had the responsibility to continue: "He had known ever since that Friday night in the kitchen in Montgomery that it could not be shirked." As King grew increasingly to symbolize the entire movement, and to be held accountable by the press and the public for any of its failings, "the revelation in the kitchen seven years earlier . . . fundamentally eased his acceptance of that responsibility, for the tangible experience of a transforming faith is a profoundly strengthening and liberating event." After the S.C.L.C. foray into Chicago in 1966—a debacle that produced only a wishy-washy accord with local realtors—King told his Atlanta congregation that he would continue even if it meant dying, "because I heard a voice saying 'Do something for others.' " It was, Garrow writes, "the voice he had heard in the kitchen in Montgomery ten years earlier, the voice that gave him the stamina to carry on when others were . . . falling victim to the angry sentiments of 'black power,' or castigating the Chicago settlement as a 'sellout.' Even when times were bad—and it was hard to remember when events had been more frustrating and debilitating than over the past three months—that voice sustained him. He was profoundly uncertain of what would come next, terribly vulnerable to doubts about where he and the movement were headed, but still he had the strength to go forward."

SOMETHING crucial happened in that kitchen, of that there can be no doubt. But Garrow has perhaps overplayed the importance of this one ncident. Or, rather, he has used it as convenient shorthand that removed he need to delve very deeply into King's religious thought. For King had faith, surely, but that faith had *content*—content that stretched well beyond the bounds of his own life. Another recent, and thick, book, "A Testament of Hope: The Essential Writings of Martin Luther King, r.," edited by James M. Washington Harper & Row; $22.50), makes it lear that the ideas embedded in his

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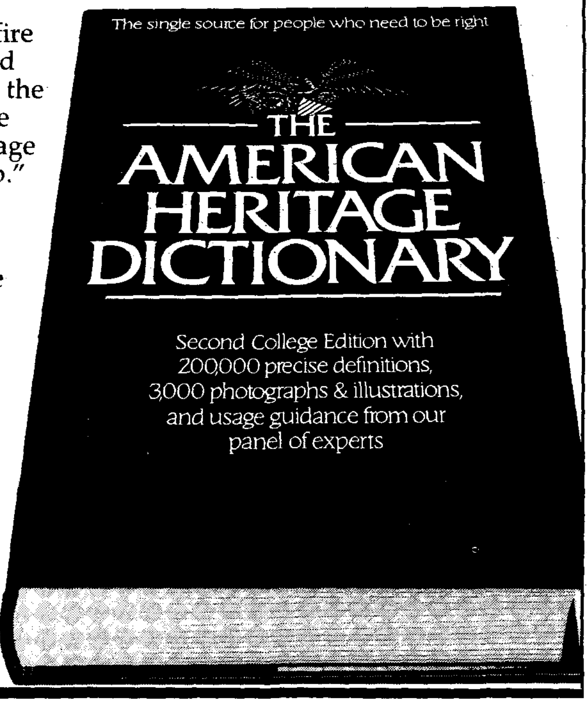
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The word is *hopefully.* The use of *hopefully* to mean "it is hoped" as in *Hopefully we'll get there before dark,* is now such a bugbear to traditionalists that it is best avoided on grounds of civility, if not logic. See the Usage Notes in THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY.

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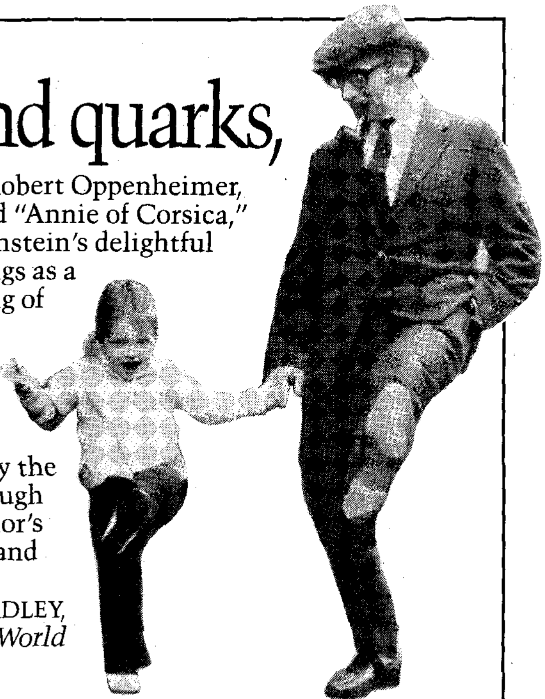

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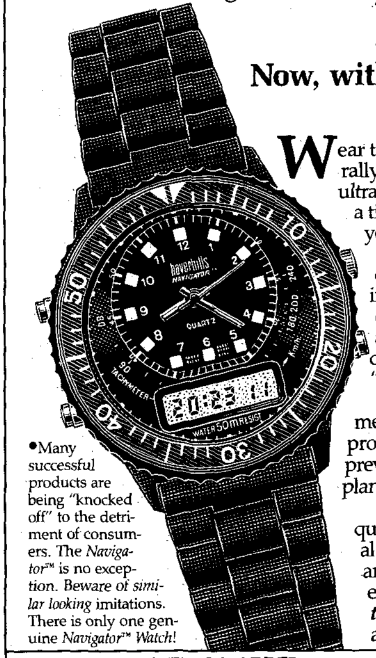

faith mattered as much as its personal experience. (This should not surprise us. Millions of Americans believe sincerely that they have a "personal relationship" with God, and that He is sustaining them in time of trouble, but that personal relationship doesn't necessarily lead them to do any of the things Martin Luther King did.) "A Testament of Hope" collects parts of five books by King, all the famous sermons and addresses, and a sampling of his many essays on nonviolence. It is startling to see how often King returns to the same few quotations and passages, especially for his thundering perorations—the parts of his speeches he knew would stay ringing in the ears of his hearers. Simply because it is typical, I will quote at some length from the end of a fairly obscure speech he delivered before the Fellowship of the Concerned, an interracial Atlanta group, in November of 1961. He spoke of the sufferings of the Freedom Riders earlier that year, and then said:

> There is something in this student movement which says to us, that we shall overcome. Before the victory is won some may have to get scarred up, but we shall overcome. Before the victory of brotherhood is achieved, some will maybe face physical death, but we shall overcome. Before the victory is won, some will lose jobs, some will be called communists, and reds, merely because they believe in brotherhood, some will be dismissed as dangerous rabblerousers and agitators merely because they're standing up for what is right, *but we shall overcome. That is the basis of* this movement, and as I like to say, there is something in this universe that justifies Carlyle in saying that no lie can live forever. We shall overcome because there is something in this universe which justifies William Cullen Bryant in saying truth crushed to earth shall rise again. We shall overcome because there is something in this universe that justifies James Russell Lowell in saying, truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne. Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown, standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above Hi own.

It is almost a shame that King's most famous words—the "I Have a Dream" speech delivered in Washington—were so eloquent, for the absolute confidence of the conclusion cite above is even more standard than th merely optimistic "dream" of tha mighty sermon. Over and over again he quotes Bryant; in many of hi speeches, he gives the concluding line from Lowell's powerful hymn "Onc to Every Man and Nation" (a produc of the abolition era). At the end of th bloody march from Selma, on the step of the building that was once the capitol of the Confederacy and is now the capitol of the State of Alabama, he ended a short, punching speech in this fashion:

> I know that you are asking today, "How long will it take?" I come to say to you this afternoon, however difficult the moment, however frustrating the hour, it will not be long, because truth pressed to earth will rise again.
>
> How long? Not long, because no lie can live forever.
>
> How long? Not long, because you still reap what you sow.
>
> How long? Not long, because the arm of the moral universe is long but it bends toward justice.
>
> How long? Not long, 'cause mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword. His truth is marching on.
>
> He has sounded forth the trumpets that shall never call retreat. He is lifting up the hearts of man before His judgment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him. Be jubilant, my feet. Our God is marching on.

And the night before his assassination, at a time of exhaustion and despair, he finished his speech at the Mason Temple in Memphis with the now famous words "He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight, that we as a people will get to the promised land. And I'm happy tonight. I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Did he actually believe such things, or was it wishing—mere moral support for his flock in an hour of trouble? I think he did believe them, and strongly. He knew that his ideas were controversial. If he knew that Carlyle had said no lie can live forever, he also knew that Carlyle's contemporary, friend, and intellectual foe John Stuart Mill had written, "It is a piece of idle sentimentality that truth, merely as truth, has any inherent power denied to error, of prevailing against the dungeon and the stake." And he certainly knew that many Americans not only did not share his optimism but looked at the modern world with ever more skepticism and doubt. There are, I think, serious sources for his serious belief. One set of reasons had to do with America: the country's democratic heritage and rhetoric, he thought, gave him a lever to pry open its institutions and "bring into full realization the American dream." More important was his one great strategic idea: he placed enormous trust in active, nonviolent resistance to evil. His experience in Montgomery and his pilgrimage to "the land of Gandhi" solidified early in his public career his belief in the tactic he had begun to think about in theological school (and had been exposed to all his life in the Gospels). But his belief in nonviolence was not purely practical—and in this he differed from many of the student militants, who used nonviolence, at least for a time, because it seemed to work in an American context, but who did not commit their lives to it or urge it upon their brothers in the decolonizing Third World. At some level, his faith in nonviolence came out of his faith in the universe.

And the reason for his faith in the universe—his almost anachronistic assurance that good would triumph—can be understood only by examining his understanding of God. He talked less specifically about this before secular America than from the pulpits of his Montgomery and Atlanta churches, before the black congregations that would be sympathetic to his argument and his language. A few of these sermons are gathered in "A Testament of Hope," and give some idea of the content of this huge faith. Speaking one Sunday on a text in Jude ("Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling"), he outlined his belief in an omnipotent God. Against the rising belief in man, amidst the replacement of the church by the laboratory and of the prophet by the scientist, "the ringing testimony of the Christian faith is that God is able." Evil lives in the world, and "the Hitlers and the Mussolinis have their day, and for a period they may wield great power, spreading themselves like a green bay tree, but soon they are cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb." For God "has placed within the very structure of this universe certain absolute moral laws. We can neither defy them nor break them. If we disobey them, they will break us." As an example of this, King says that God gives one the "interior resources" to confront the difficulties of life, and cites specifically his visitation in the Montgomery kitchen. In another sermon, entitled "Antidotes for Fear," he recommends courage and love but, above all, faith. "Religion," he says, "endows us with the conviction that we are not alone in this vast, uncertain universe. Beneath and above the shifting sands of time, the uncertainties that darken our days,

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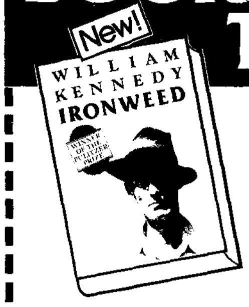

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the vicissitudes that cloud our nights, is a wise and loving God. This universe is not a tragic expression of meaningless chaos but a marvelous display of orderly cosmos."

ONE cannot fault Garrow for ignoring the substance of King's beliefs. His intention was not to write an intellectual biography—if he had tried, he would only have muddied the splendid stream of his detailed scholarship—and there is little that is tremendously new in King's view of the world. For a preacher of King's background at that time, it was a conventional view—and yet there were other conventional views, and other notes to sound, and King chose over and over to stress this one. To understand how he could do what he did without understanding how he saw the universe is impossible: his confidence gave him the ability to stand up under attacks that would have crippled men who thought differently, who believed that the battle they fought was a personal slog against hopeless odds. He did grow depressed and despondent, did eat constantly, did turn to casual sex as a "form of anxiety reduction" and a solace, and yet when he stood at the rostrum or took up the pen, when he concentrated all his dispersed private energies into his pure public self, he *always* concluded that "deep down within there is something in the very structure of the cosmos that will ultimately bring about the fulfillment and the triumph of that which is right." "And this," he would add, "is the only thing that can keep one going in difficult periods." This King, though not as accessible to the biographer, is at least as real as the private, doubting King.

It is hard to trace much more deeply the sources of King's belief in an ultimately just universe. He was not a theologian, except in the theology of praxis, but if it was in some way a simple belief (much like his belief in justice, equality, and liberation) that does not diminish its power in his life. The rest of us, who may not share such a belief a priori, and, indeed, may think the world to be just the opposite sort of place, should probably not demand proofs that his faith was correct—the meaning of faith, of course, is that the question of correctness cannot be objectively answered. But as citizens of a divided America, in the chill shadow of the events at Howard Beach, we need to ask if, in a limited historical period, his optimism was

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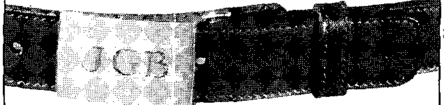

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justified. The experience of virtually all of our lives in residentially and economically divided cities and towns might lead us to refute his hope; the persistence of racism should perhaps convince us that there is some ineradicable malign force at work in the universe. We live in a country, and a world, with vast and increasing gaps between the fed and the hungry: What does that mean? But it is worth remembering that when Martin Luther King, Jr., began the modern phase of the civil-rights movement in Montgomery his audience included the children of people who had been slaves. And we should remember, too, that when the bus boycott began it did not even challenge segregation but merely asked for the right to sit in the back of the bus unmolested, and not be forced to give up a seat to a white man if the bus was full. That was barely thirty years ago.

Yet there is no denying that progress has stalled since the late nineteen-sixties, just as it stalled after Reconstruction until the King era. Since King was killed in the late nineteen-sixties, another question arises: How vital was King, as an individual, to the movement? Garrow, after six hundred and twenty-four pages of tightly focussed biography, appends a bizarre epilogue that runs just three-quarters of a page. It argues that, in the words of a civil-rights colleague, “the movement made Martin rather than Martin making the movement.” This is important, another civil-rights worker is quoted as saying, because “if people think that it was Martin Luther King's movement then today they—young people—are more likely to say, Gosh, I wish we had a Martin Luther King here today to lead us.' If people knew how that movement started, then the question they would ask themselves s, 'What can I do?' ” Garrow cerainly has earned the right to try to summarize the meaning of King's life, but his book, which is wonderful for ts concentration on King largely to he exclusion of an analysis of the rest of the movement, much less the soci-ty, gives no authority to these claims. They serve only to stifle an important debate about how social change hapens. For it could be that Martin Luher King, Jr., was absolutely necesary for the civil-rights movement to evelop in the time and shape it did, nd that without him it might have taken different turns or made less rogress (or, theoretically, more).

I don't have the answer to this ques-

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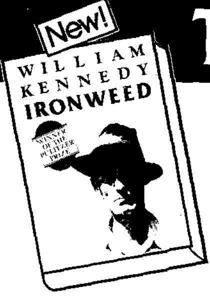

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tion, either, but I would like to end by describing the march on Washington held several years ago, on the twentieth anniversary of the "I Have a Dream" speech. The day dawned hot and at noon was hotter, but hundreds of thousands of people gathered anyway around the reflecting pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial. A long procession of men and women spoke, one after another, on into the afternoon. They talked of legislation—of affirmative action, of enforcing the Voting Rights Act, and so on. These were good men and women who, living on past Memphis, had worked longer than King and at least as hard. But their speeches sounded a little hollow. There is in this rich nation no majority about to be argued into blessing the powerless with power and the hungry with food. Hearts need still to be converted. King had a method—nonviolent courage—for doing that, and he had the firm belief, through all his depressions, that it could be done. Perhaps without him that belief has faded, and with it the chance for conversion. Perhaps it would have faded anyway, even in his heart—perhaps the Poor People's Campaign would have collapsed, and his nonviolence would have crumpled against the invisible miseries of poverty. But perhaps not, for faith is contagious. Or maybe a stove is a better metaphor—a hot stove sending out heat to warm the cold around it. Faith is not necessarily a private matter. Its manifestations touch even those of us who cannot bring ourselves to share it. We may be made uneasy even by the discussion of faith as a political tool, but that does not mean King's speeches did not affect us for reasons beyond their content. In any event, late that afternoon, as the crowd began to filter out through the stands of trees on either side of the pool a tape of King's great sermon filled the space it had filled twenty years before. Then his words, and his presence, had inoculated people with hope and confidence. Now, as I looked around, many were weeping.

—BILL MCKIBBEN

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Finally, realizing there was a stop sign ahead on Hwy. 25, where the cross traffic did not stop but could be seen for about a mile in either direction, my friend plotted his coup de gras. (It's allowable to use French cliches when talking about a French car; if it had been a Cadillac, it might have been a coupe de ville.)—*John Gilbert in the Minneapolis Star & Tribune.*

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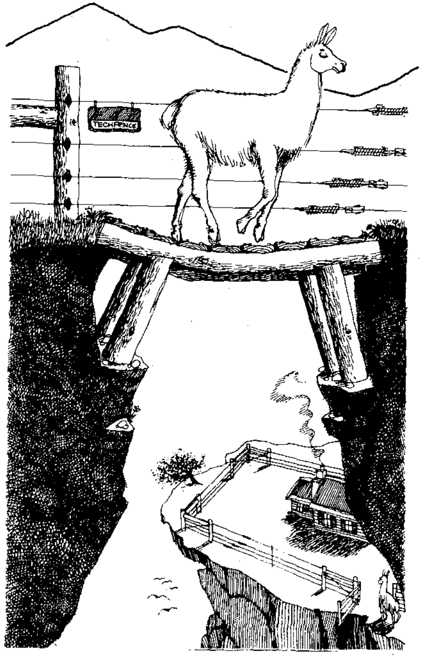

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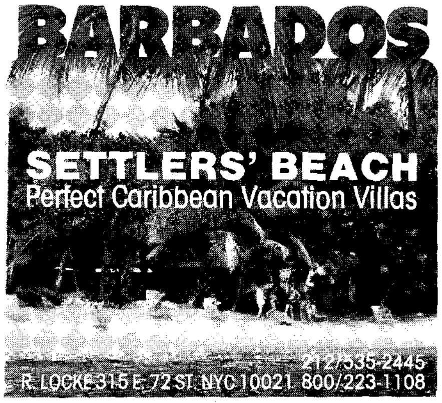

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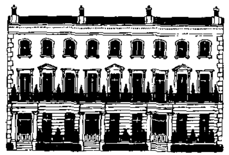

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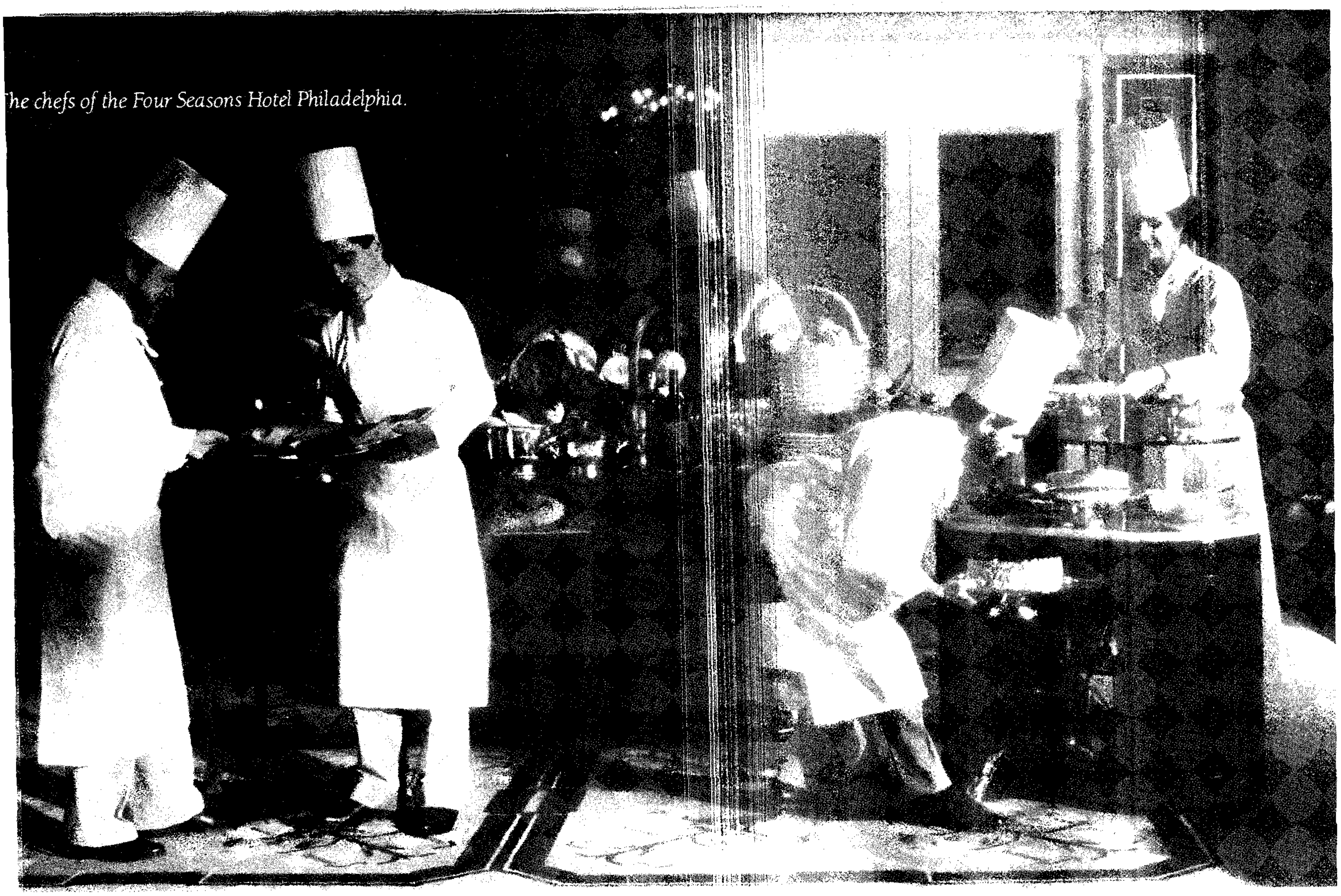

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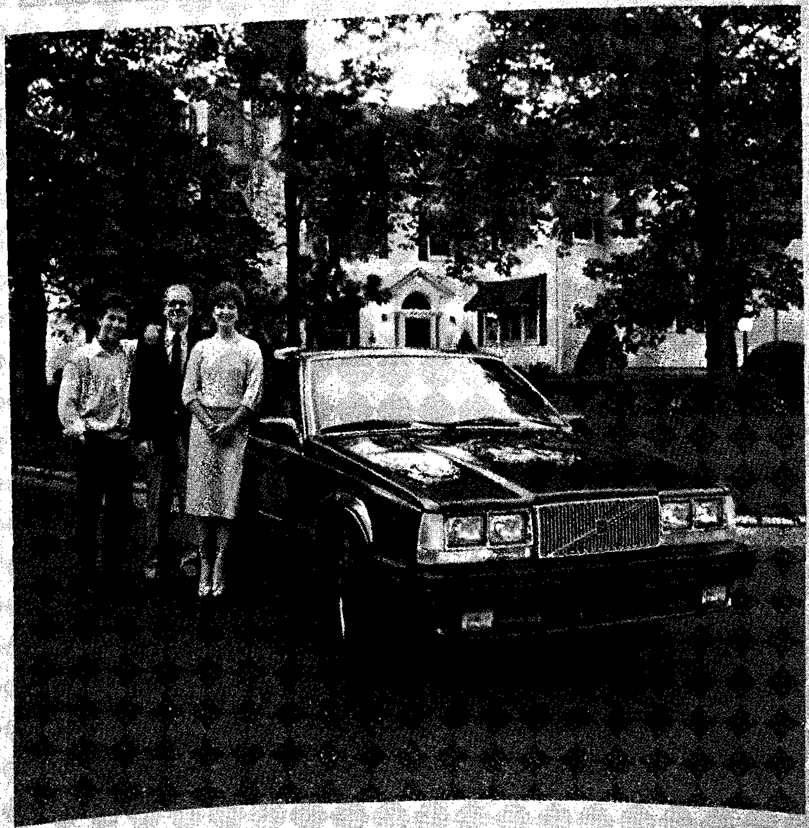

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